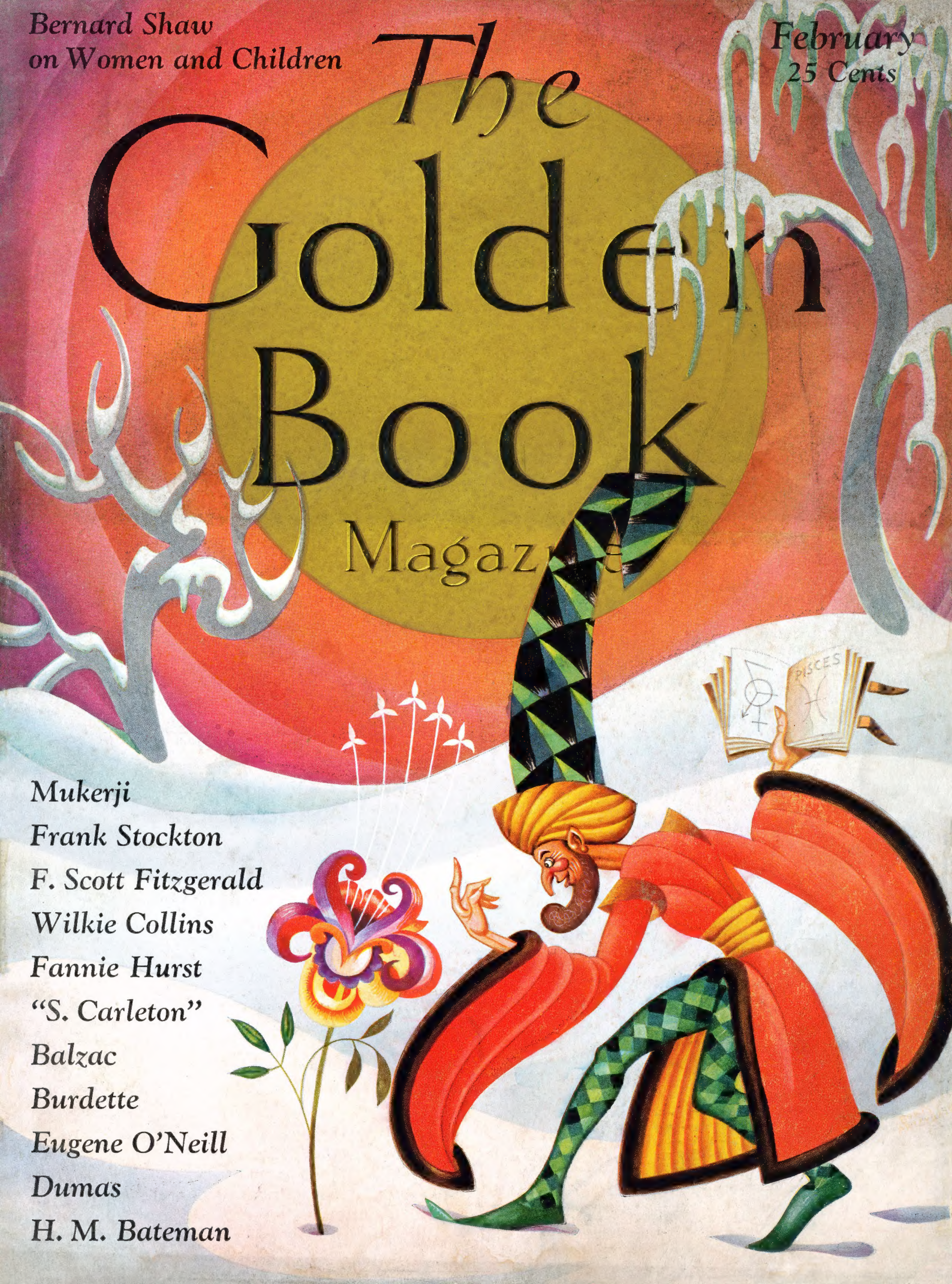

Bernard Shaw on Women and Children

The Golden Book Magazine

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Mukerji
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F. Scott Fitzgerald
Wilkie Collins
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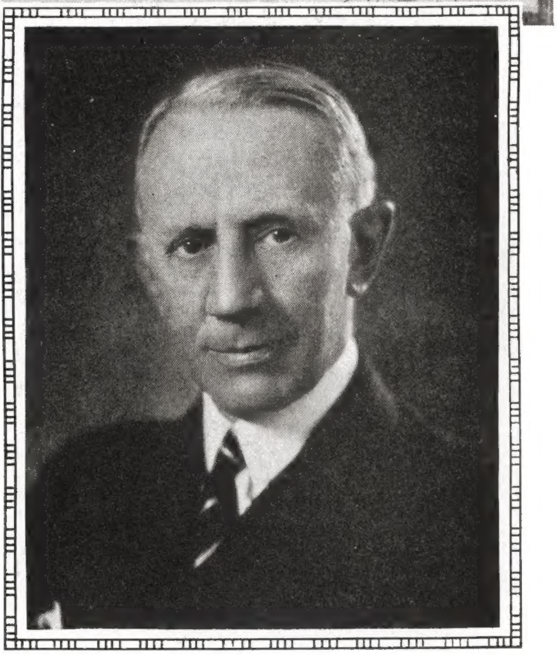
"S. Carleton"
Balzac
Burdette
Eugene O'Neill
Dumas
H. M. Bateman

A Schooner in the offing
Bathing Pavilion
Good treasure digging here
Chicken houses
Canopus
Watch tower
Grape fruit grove
The Lazy Locked Lagoon
Turtle & Fish Cralls
The Auxiliary
Sandy Hook
The Reef
Lobster Rocks
Spanish Cove
The Residency
Fort Canopus
Kitchen Cove
Uncle Sam Head
Good bathing here
Coral Sands
Old Wreck on Beach
School of fish
Caves
Dragon Rocks
Pork Fish Rocks
Dense Jungle very spooky!
Coral rocks
Sponge Fleet
E
W
S

A map from Mr. McCutcheon's own hand. It represents Treasure Island, Mr. McCutcheon's estate in the Bahamas.



by John T. McCutcheon

Famous cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune, who has recently won distinction also as the writer of two very unusual novels.

Give me a map!

My earliest home was in Lafayette, Indiana, which, as most people know, is on the Wabash River. When I was a very small boy, I used to think a lot of that river. It seemed almost as important to me as the Tippecanoe County Courthouse, Lafayette's grandest building.

As it must to all boys, however, the time came at last for me to study geography and make the acquaintance of maps. Imagine my surprise, one fine day, to discover that the Wabash wasn't really a part of Lafayette at all, but that Lafayette was just one of the many places which the Wabash River passed by in its travels!

And the Wabash flowed into the Ohio, the Ohio into the Mississippi, the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, which opened into the Atlantic Ocean.

After that, whenever I threw a stick into the Wabash, I would speculate upon its eventual landing place. Often I opened my geography book and traced on a map the possible course of just such a stick.

Naturally, I followed it myself in imagination. And the things I saw, the adventures I had, the heroic exploits I performed on foreign shores, the strange lands I visited, the treasures I gathered to distribute unselfishly, upon my return, to the various members of my family!

It was fun then. It still is now. For I still love to look at maps and permit my fancy to wander all over them and the lands they represent.

The hours I have spent with maps are among the most profitable in my life. Not only have they given me a solid grounding in geography. They have truly broadened my outlook. They have helped to keep my imagination in trim.

Give me a good map! I can learn as much from it as from any book!

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THE
GOLDEN BOOK*
MAGAZINE

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EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, N. Y.

Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

Modern magic—music coming from the air, skyscrapers rearing themselves overnight, iceless refrigerators, ten-cent stores—can never outshine the old-fashioned magic of the Oriental sorcerer of a thousand storybooks. This wily gentleman, with his inevitable turban and fur-trimmed robe, can, with a glance at his Book of Magic and a wave of his hand, turn a beautiful princess into a dove, or make fabulous flowers grow out of the snow, as he is doing on our cover. . . .

Boris Artzybasheff, creator of this sorcerer, is himself a conjurer—of fanciful and beautiful design. He is a young Russian who has won recognition as a book illustrator and cover-designer in the ten years that he has been in America. He was born in the Ukraine, the son of the novelist Michael Artzybasheff, whose *Sanine* and *The Breaking Point* are well known in this country. At the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, in 1917, young Boris, then eighteen, joined the Ukrainian White Army. Later—hoping to join General Kolchak's troops in Siberia—he volunteered as a sailor on a vessel leaving Odessa for the East. The ship headed not for Siberia, however, but for America, and Mr. Artzybasheff was landed in New York knowing not a word of English, and with only fourteen cents in his pocket. He tried several jobs, and finally, after ventures in commercial art, theatrical and mural decorating, he found his true field. The first book he illustrated for an American publisher was Edmund Wilson's *The Undertaker's Garland.* Some of the most charming of the volumes he has since done are Siberiak's *Verotchka's Tales,* Padraic Colum's *The Forge in the Forest,* S. Lustig's *Roses of the World,* E. Young's *The Wondersmith and His Son,* and Mukerji's *Ghond the Hunter.*

"What Boris Artzybasheff has as an illustrator is, first of all, integral design," writes Padraic Colum. "What he does comes out of a single clear conception. Artzybasheff is a serious and wise artist. . . . He has exploited the grotesque and the fantastic. Now he is getting a human quality in his work that is rare in illustrations—something broad and humourous."

* * *

Were you to name a half-dozen of America's exquisite literary workmen, the chances are you would include Lafcadio Hearn. And this although he was not an American, nor did he spend even half of his lifetime in this country.

Born on the Ionian Island of Lefcada, from which he took his name, he was the son of an Irish army officer and a beautiful Greek woman. His youth was spent in Dublin and later in Wales. He came to America at the age of nineteen, and left it again twenty-one years later, in 1890. In that year he went to Japan, and fell so in love with the country that he never left it again. He married a Japanese woman, became a Japanese citizen, and ended his days teaching in Japanese universities and writing glowing interpretations of the East.

While he was in America, most of the time as correspondent on the New Orleans *Times-Democrat,* he wrote *Creole Sketches, The Diary of an Impressionist,* and *Fantastics.* He so beautifully embodied in them the spirit of the American places about which he was writing that America proudly adopted him as her own. And surely such descriptive prose as "The Fountain of Youth"—pages from the *Diary of an Impressionist* —has been rarely surpassed.

Hearn was sensitive, humourous, delightfully eccentric. Elizabeth Bisland, editor of the complete edition of his works, describes him thus:

"He was at this time (1882) a most unusual and memorable person. About five feet three inches in height, with unusually broad and powerful shoulders for such a stature, there was an almost feline grace and lightness in his step and movements. . . . He spoke always in short sentences, and the manner of his speech was very modest and deferential. . . . A more delightful or—at times—more fantastically witty companion it would be impossible to imagine, but it is equally impossible to attempt to convey his astounding sensitiveness. To remain on good terms with him it was necessary to be as patient and wary as one who stalks the hermit thrush to its nest."

* * *

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald, the great-grandson of the composer of the "Star Spangled Banner," shot into fame as the spokesman of the wild younger generation with his first novel, *This Side of Paradise.* Mr. Fitzgerald was then—1917—a young man in training camp, fresh from college. With the appearance of his second book, *The Beautiful and Damned,* he seemed permanently established as a portrayer of flaming youth. But soon persons of literary discrimination began to realize that they could not dismiss him merely as a clever and flippant young man. More and more of his short stories, and then his novel *The Great Gatsby,* later dramatized, showed an ability to work with as successful artistry in a much wider and more important field than that of his early writings.

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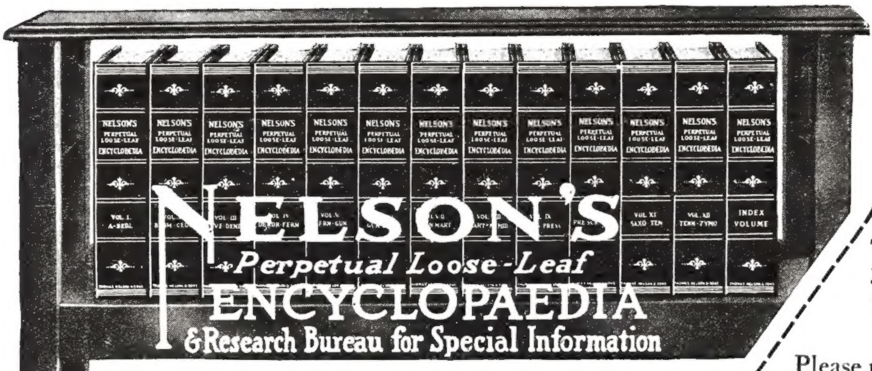

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Increasingly, Fitzgerald is considered one of the most promising young American writers.

* * *

> To be called a "sordid realist" one day, a "grim pessimistic Naturalist" the next, a "lying Moral Romanticist" the next, is quite perplexing. . . . So I am really longing to explain and try and convince some sympathetic ear that I've tried to make myself a melting pot for all these methods, seeing some virtues for my ends in each of them. . . . Where I feel myself most neglected is where I set most store by myself—as a bit of a poet, who has laboured with the spoken word to evolve original rhythms of beauty where beauty apparently isn't . . . and to see the transfiguring nobility of tragedy, in as near the Greek sense as one can grasp it, in seemingly the most ignoble, debased lives. And just here is where I am a most confirmed mystic, too, for I'm always, always trying to interpret Life in terms of lives, never just lives in terms of character. I'm always acutely conscious of the Force behind—(Fate, God, our biological past creating our present, whatever one calls it—Mystery certainly)—and of the one external tragedy of Man in his glorious self-destructive struggle to make the Force express him instead of being, as an animal is, an infinitesimal incident in its expression. And my profound conviction is that this is the only subject worth writing about. . . .

So Eugene O'Neill tries to explain himself. And certainly one sees why he is led to try, for no modern playwright is more continuously discussed, more divergently assessed, more enthusiastically praised and heartily denounced. On one point, though, most of his critics agree. Whether good or bad art, his plays are significant experiments in the development of the American drama.

Mr. O'Neill was born in New York City—although before he began to write plays he had journeyed all over the western hemisphere. After a brief stay in Princeton University and a few months in a mail-order house, he set off for Spanish Honduras on a prospecting expedition. He returned with a bad case of malarial fever, following, in his own words, "much hardship, little romance, no gold." But soon he was off again: this time to Buenos Aires on a Norwegian barque. During the next few years he did everything from selling sewing machines to minding the stock on a cattle ship. He also spent several months living on the Buenos Aires beach, where food and lodging were uncertain.

He returned to the United States, joined his actor-father in a New Orleans vaudeville circuit performance of *Monte Cristo,* and spent some time as a newspaper reporter in New London, Conn. He began to write plays in 1913, and soon finished a dozen. "Of these," he says, "*Bound East for Cardiff* is the only one worth remembering." This play definitely launched his dramatic career. It was produced in 1916 by the Provincetown Players, with whom he was thereafter associated. In 1920, with *Beyond the Horizon,* he won the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. In 1922 he won it again with *Anna Christie.* In the meantime, *Emperor Jones* and *Diff'rent* appeared, and, to a rising crescendo of recognition, *The Hairy Ape, Welded, Desire Under the Elms, Marco Millions, The Great God Brown, Strange Interlude,* and *Lazarus Laughed. Ile* was written in 1919, and is a good example of the intensity of desire with which Eugene O'Neill usually characterizes the outstanding figures in his dramas.

* * *

You would never suspect that "S. Carleton," author of "The Clasp of Rank," was a woman. Certainly the story is everything that one expects a man's story to be, and yet there are plenty of adventure-loving women, like "S. Carleton" herself, who relish such striking tales of the North Woods.

Mrs. Susan Carleton Jones was a Nova Scotian, the wife of Maj. Gen. Guy Carleton Jones, C. M. G., a director of the Canadian Medical Service. Mrs. Jones wrote only a handful of stories. In America they appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and created an immediate sensation. "The Clasp of Rank" was first printed in the London *Sketch* in 1926, the year in which Mrs. Jones died.

* * *

Honoré de Balzac began writing each night at midnight, and continued at a furious rate until three or four o'clock the next afternoon. Even

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G. B. 2-29

then it is hard to understand how, in his fifty-one years, he produced so many hundreds of thousands of words, and still maintained a standard that ranks him one of the great novelists of the world. By 1824, before he was twenty-five years of age, he had written two-score volumes now unheard of, and not included in his collected works—novels in which the true Balzac had not yet shown himself. In 1829, when he had but twenty years more to live, he first found his real manner.

Working always under a pressure of debt—the result of an unfortunate venture into the publishing business, a love of travel, a fancy for collecting beautiful trifles—he produced an average of six full-length novels a year until the time of his death. At the same time, he was producing a succession of short stories—many of them superb—and of plays—most of which would have better remained unwritten.

He first conceived the idea of the *Comédie Humaine* in 1842. Under this title all of his works were to be presented as one great panorama of humanity. It was a stupendous vision, more embracing perhaps than that which any other author has ever had, and it was of course incomplete when he died. Zola compares the gigantic and uneven achievement to a cyclopean palace, with splendid halls and wretched corners, broad corridors and narrow passageways. . . . Balzac's style is not beautiful, but it is forceful. Stories such as "In the Time of the Terror," unvarnished but powerful, depend for their excellence, as do his novels, upon his minute observation, illumined with imagination.

◆

FANNIE HURST once crossed the ocean in the steerage, but she did not begin life in America with a shawl on her head. The daughter of comfortable St. Paul (Minn.) folks, she made the steerage journey not long ago to gather atmosphere for a story. She has worked as a shop girl and a waitress for the same purpose. She would undergo any hardship, we believe, to gain a closer insight into her favourite types—the working girl, the delicatessen-keeper's wife, the first-generation Americans whose old-world ideas are often tragically at war with the desires of flimsy, silk-stockinged daughters.

In none of her stories does she portray her working-girl with more delicacy, tenderness and charm than in "The Vertical City."

Of Miss Hurst's story-telling art, Edward J. O'Brien has said: "Dealing with sentimental types and yet avoiding sentimentality, the perfect fidelity of her dialogue and the subtle definition of her characters are fused into a vitally compelling substance. Miss Hurst's stories . . . may prove to be the most essential literary documents of our city life to the inquiring library historian of another century."

◆

ALL HIS LIFE Wilkie Collins, master-creator of plots, longed to be a delineator of character like his friend Charles Dickens. And Dickens, for his part, desired as ardently to contrive the ingenious plots of his friend Wilkie. This mutual admiration even survived collaboration on books, mutual ventures in private theatricals, and travels on the Continent.

Wilkie Collins was the son of the landscape painter William Collins, and a biography of his father was Wilkie's first literary venture. But biography gave little opportunity for him to exercise his particularly melodramatic genius, and he soon turned to the writing of "thrillers." His first great popular success was *The Woman in White*, published serially in 1860 in Dickens's magazine, *All the Year Round*. By the time *The Moonstone*, his most famous book, appeared, he was considered one of the great novelists of the day. Collins believed that a novel should be a "drama in prose," and he carried over this idea into the writing of short stories. "A Terribly Strange Bed" is an excellent example of this, and is Wilkie Collins at his best.

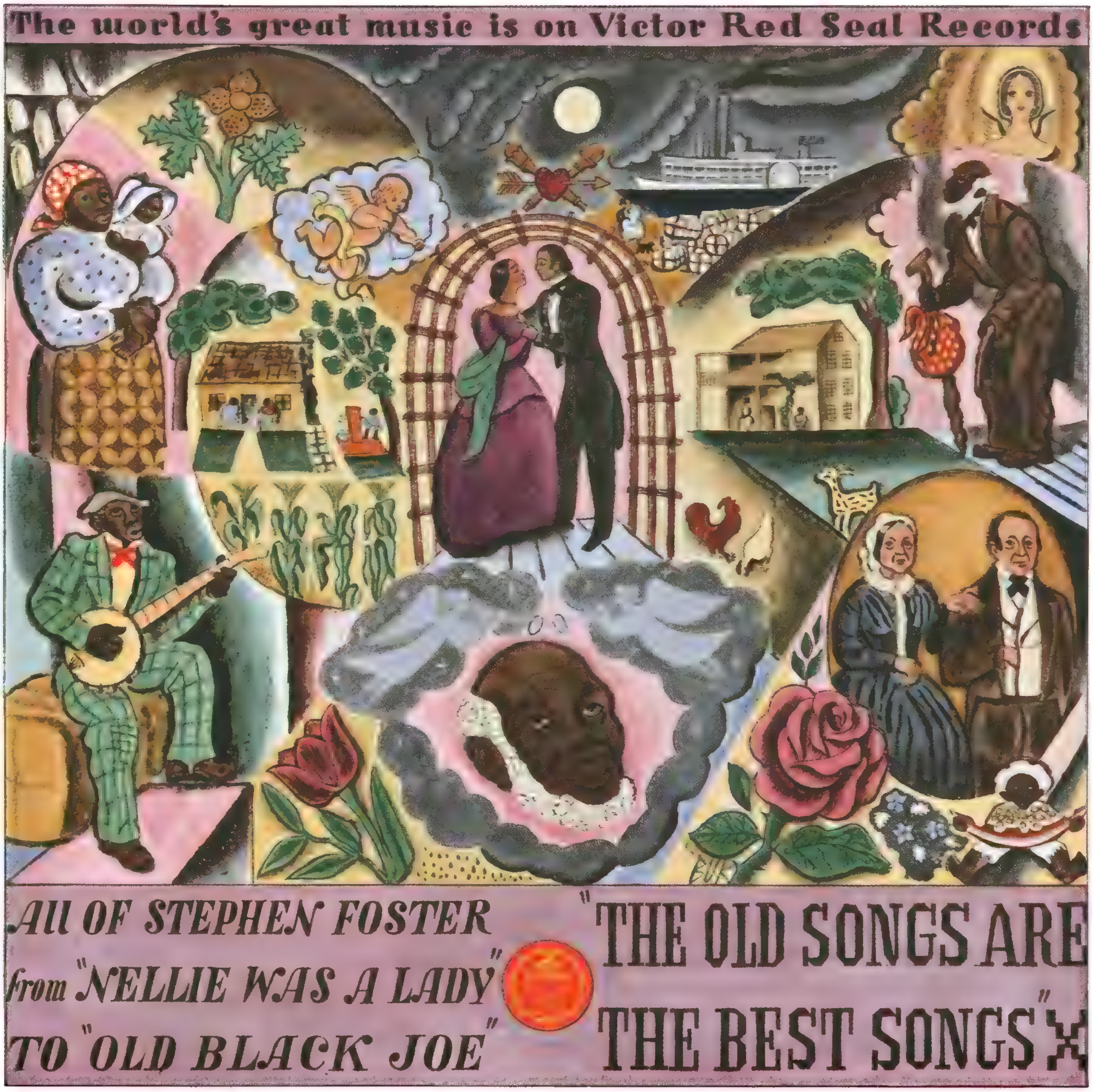
◆

. . . The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set up myself as the one person able to answer it. So I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door—the lady or the tiger?

NEVER WAS A short-story reading public more heartily surprised than when it came to the end of Frank R. Stockton's story "The Lady or the Tiger?" and found that there was no answer to the question. And no way in the world to discover what happened. Hundreds of excited readers wrote to Mr. Stockton begging him to tell how the story came out. . . . Finally Mr. Stockton consented to do so—at least he went so far as to write "The Discourager of Hesitancy."

Besides being the author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" one of the famous short stories of all time, Mr. Stockton wrote many other stories and novels illuminated with the same adroit humour. He delighted to create unbelievable situations and to try for a moment to beguile his readers into thinking he was being quite sensible.

Mr. Stockton was born in Philadelphia in 1834, and died in 1902. Although he was trained as a wood-engraver, he deserted this profession to take up editing. Later he took charge of *St. Nicholas Magazine* and became a writer of children's stories. He did not begin to write for grown-ups until he was thirty-eight. Some of his best-known books are *Rud-*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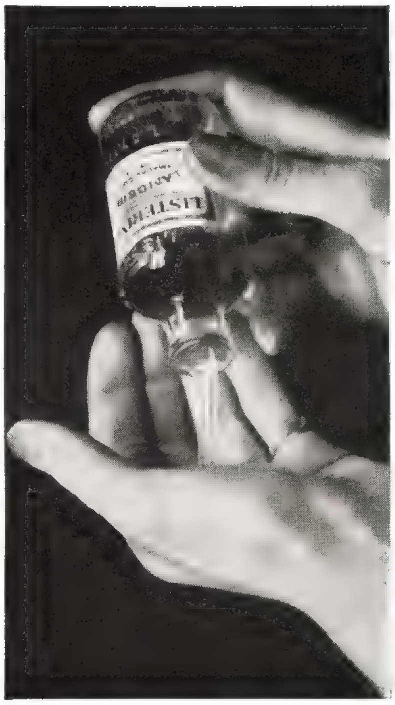

Tests show amazing power against bacteria

Kills typhoid germs in 15 seconds

MORE than fifty diseases, some slight, some dangerous, have their beginning in the nose or throat.

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Listerine, used full strength as a gargle, is a powerful aid in killing germs. Repeated tests by laboratories of national repute prove it. For example, Listerine, full strength, in 15 seconds destroyed even the virulent M. Aureus (pus) and B. Typhosus (typhoid) germs.

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Now you can understand why millions rely on Listerine to avoid ordinary sore throat and colds entirely, and to check them should they gain a throat hold. You'll be amazed to find how quickly Listerine brings relief.

If, however, a feeling of soreness persists, call your physician. It is no longer a matter with which an antiseptic can deal.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office, and at the first sign of throat irritation gargle repeatedly with it full strength. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Prevent a cold this way? *Certainly!*

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown before, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

der Grange (1879), *The Christmas Wreck* (1886), *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* (1886), *The Hundredth Man* (1887), and *The Watchmaker's Wife* (1893).

◆

"I INTRODUCE YOU to 'Saki' confident that ten minutes of his conversation will have given him the freedom of your house," writes A. A. Milne in a preface to "Saki's" collected works. "Saki" (Hector Hugh Munro) had, during his lifetime, a small but enthusiastic following, which has grown steadily since his death—both in size and enthusiasm. His wit, wisdom and gaiety, the polish of his compact little stories have for many years charmed the discriminating.

Munro was born in Burmah in 1870, the son of a British army officer. He spent his youth in England, editing a newspaper for the amusement of his brother and sister. Later he traveled all over Europe, and tried military service in the East, although his health could not long withstand the climate. The result of these wanderings is a cosmopolitan flavour to his writing which adds uniquely to its charm. He adopted the name of "Saki" when he began to write political satires for the *Westminster Gazette,* afterwards collected in a book called *Alice in Westminster.* Between 1902 and 1908 he flitted between the Balkans, St. Petersburg and Paris, as correspondent of the London *Post,* then settled down in London as a short-story writer. At the outbreak of the war, in spite of bad health, he managed to enter the army as a private, and soon reached the front. He was killed in action in November, 1916.

◆

WHEN *The Story of an African Farm* was published in 1883, its author, a young South African governess named Olive Schreiner, suddenly became one of the famous women of her day. Critics hailed a writer of genius; furious discussion waged over her agnostic views; a most amazing personality had bloomed in the far-off colony of South Africa. Later came her *Dreams*—parables of which "Three Dreams in a Desert" is the most notable—and other books setting forth a doctrine of woman's freedom which does not seem extreme today, but which at that time marked Miss Schreiner as a most revolutionary thinker.

Miss Schreiner was born in a mud-floored missionary's hut in Basutoland, in 1855. During a difficult youth and unhappy years as a governess she found consolation in writings of which *The Story of an African Farm* is by far the most famous. At the age of thirty-nine she married Samuel Cron Cronwright, who, in 1923, three years after her death, published a full and interesting biography of this remarkable woman.

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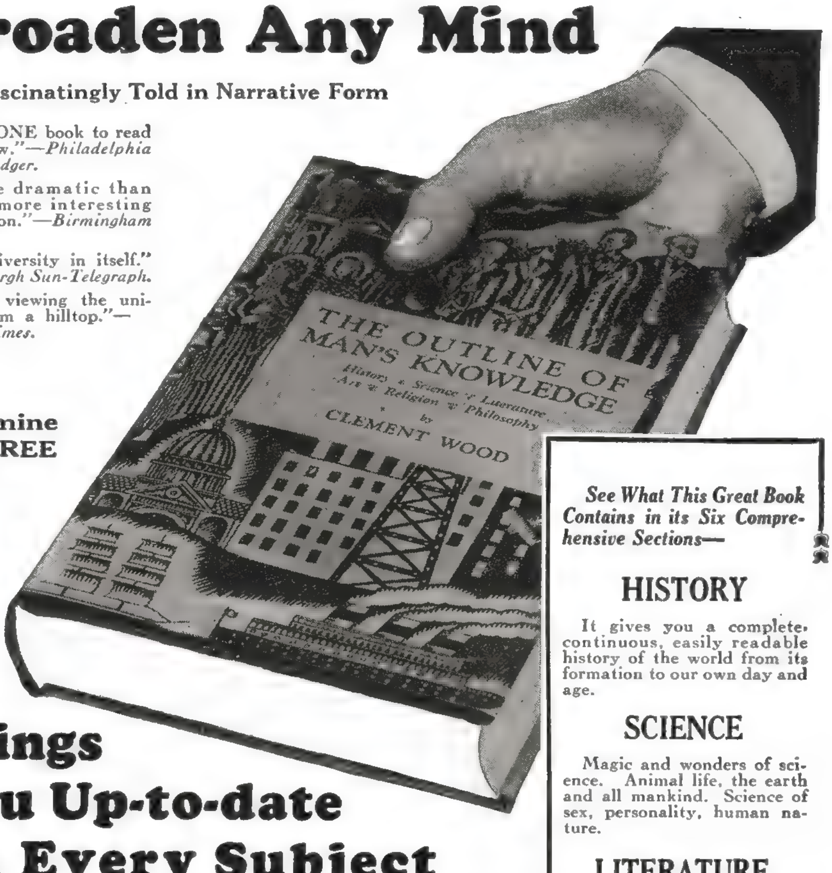
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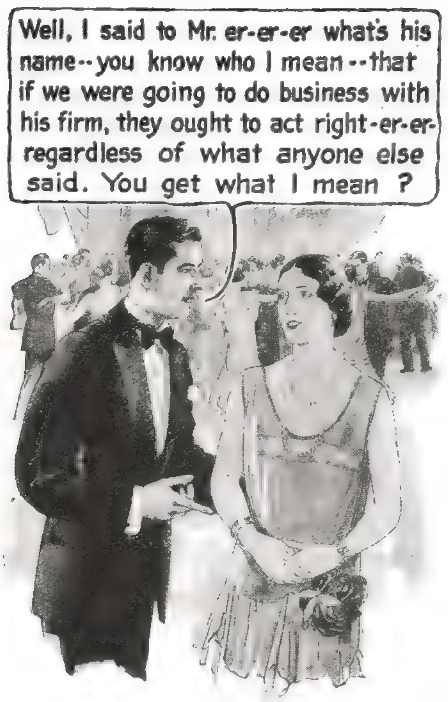
Well, I said to Mr. er-er-er what's his name--you know who I mean--that if we were going to do business with his firm, they ought to act right-er-er-regardless of what anyone else said. You get what I mean ?

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DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI spent just such a boyhood as he describes in "Drought." For although he is now an American citizen he was born near Calcutta, India, the son of Brahmins. He was in his early twenties when he came to America, and in 1914 he graduated from Leland Stanford University.

Mukerji is a spokesman of the best kind for his country. He explains the East to the West, not in dry dictums and philosophical discussions, but in colourful pictures of Indian village and jungle life which give the reader a sympathetic understanding of the country and its people. One of his books, *Gay-Neck*, won the Newbery Medal as the most distinguished children's book of 1927. Others of his books are *Caste and Outcast*, an autobiography; *The Face of Silence*, *My Brother's Face*, *Secret Listeners of the East*, and *Ghond the Hunter*. Mr. Mukerji also lectures extensively all over this country.

◆

With several districts still to be heard from, we hope the voting, as this goes to press, is distinctly favourable to the new GOLDEN BOOK.

Being human as well as editorial, we cannot resist quoting first an appreciation written on the letterhead of Yale University:

> Dear Editor:
>
> I have just been reading the January copy of the GOLDEN BOOK, and I wish to state that I believe its new form is especially attractive. Although I am not a regular subscriber, I read various numbers now and then as time permits, and I have always found it an attractive, illuminating and excellent magazine. I believe that it is of real service to the public in that it contains only first-class material. I might further state that I am of the opinion the market is certainly not over-crowded with first-class magazines.
>
> Wishing the GOLDEN BOOK the best of success in the New Year. . . .

The above braces us for the really amazingly few "knocks." Unfortunately for our personal feelings, the disappointed and indignant subscribers are particularly close to our hearts, by reason of the fact that they are almost exclusively old friends of the Magazine, who liked it for what it was *not*, as well as for what it was—because it was not the larger size, because there was no editorial text in the advertising pages, because it was not mailed to them rolled, and so on. If there were more complaining letters, instead of less than a score, our former negative virtues might haunt us.

Here is one subscriber who has judged us in advance:

> I have just learned that you are proposing next year to publish the GOLDEN BOOK Magazine in a larger size. If this be the fact, I must ask you to discontinue my sub-

A correspondent from the State of Washington does not believe that time will change his feelings. He writes:

> The new GOLDEN BOOK has just come, has been searched, and I don't like it, and I am not going to be gracious enough to withhold judgment, for I am certain waiting will make no change in my opinion. . . . I had the same disappointment in the M—— when it also got mixed up with profit-making.

A subscriber writing from Albany, New York, has some valuable suggestions:

> The GOLDEN BOOK in its new dress is much more attractive, especially the larger type. . . . Now that I am writing you, let me suggest more American and English productions of the past, and less foreign products, except perhaps French. And please, oh, please, give us less translations of poetry from the Chinese, and all that sort of rot. . . . Don't forget the good old American poets, either. There are a few of us who like Longfellow—witness the editorial on him in the New York *Times* when his daughter died lately. And now, last, please send me the latest Index, and keep my name on file to receive it every six months.

From Washington, D. C., comes a letter in which there is not a word of approval. It begins: "Well, you have allowed to be practically ruined the GOLDEN BOOK," and closes with the accusation: "Of course, I suppose the change was made to make money."

In the same mail, also from Washington, D. C., comes the following:

> Congratulations on the improved appearance of the GOLDEN BOOK!
>
> The new dress and presentment should make even more entertaining the reading of an already highly interesting and unique publication. Wishing the GOLDEN BOOK family a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. . . .

There are two characteristics of all the complaining letters—the assumption that the new GOLDEN BOOK is likely to attract readers and to become a greater financial success, and an absence of any unfavourable criticism of the actual contents of the January issue. So far, the selection of fiction, articles, verse, play and departmental material has been unchallenged. And from both of these facts we obtain a certain amount of nourishment and cheer.

Only one letter, from Illinois, was written so promptly that we have had time to reply and to receive another letter from a subscriber who was exceedingly indignant at finding the format of the Magazine changed in the midst of a five-year subscription. His opening paragraph left no doubt as to his feelings:

> I was surprised—shall I be frank and say "disgusted"?—to see the GOLDEN BOOK has lost its distinctive appearance, to adopt the garb and figure of the latest and sensational.

In answer to our letter replying in detail to a number of questions asked and

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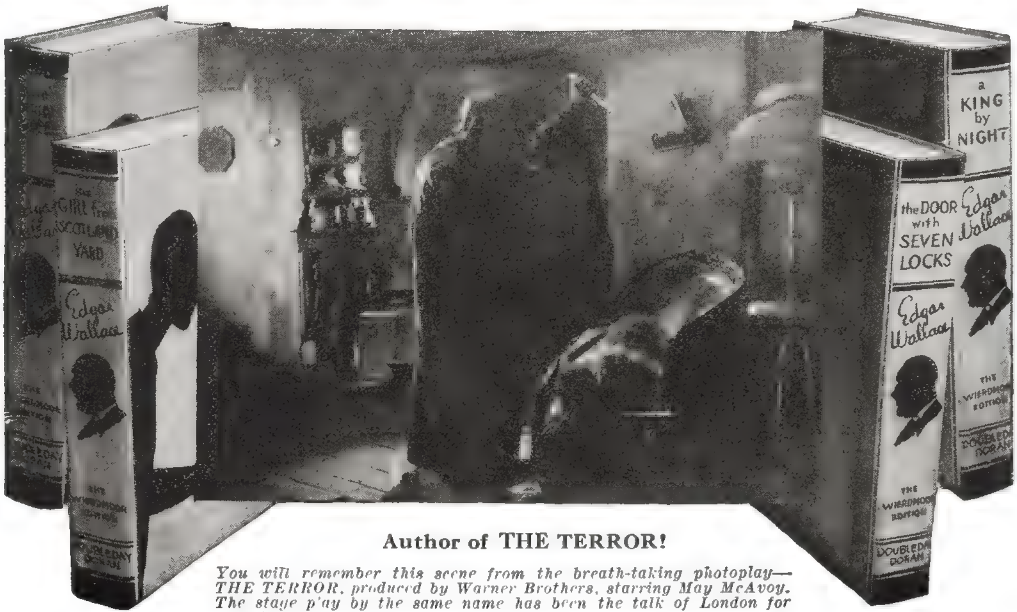

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Mrs. A. E. Purvis, Box 220, Redwood, N. Y. "I am happy to write to you that I was appointed out-of-town correspondent for the Watertown, N. Y., Times during my second month with the N. I. A. The work is very interesting, and the actual experience of newswriting is very helpful."

F. J. Wade, Box 505, Sullivan, Mo. "After only a few months of training, I am in receipt of two checks so far this month. One was for an article for the American Machinist; the other was for a humorous story in the American Merchant Magazine."

Miss A. Ethel Lorio, 419 Chetimaches St., Donaldsonville, La. "I am now on the reportorial staff of The Donaldsonville Chief. I thank you for the letter you wrote the managing editor about my work. He likes my style in writing. I know that I owe my knowledge of writing and any success in that line to the N. I. A. and its interesting, graphic and altogether praiseworthy training."

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we received a handsome acknowledgment, in which the subscriber showed a genuine appreciation of our problems, and an open-minded willingness to be pleased with us. In the course of valuable, constructive suggestions, he says:

> I wish to congratulate you on the real quality of the January number. I shall be able to bear with the size of the Magazine, which is not a fatal handicap. . . . Having been thoroughly disagreeable (referring to the earlier letter) when really I know nothing about magazine editing, I desire to divert to wish you the compliments of the season.

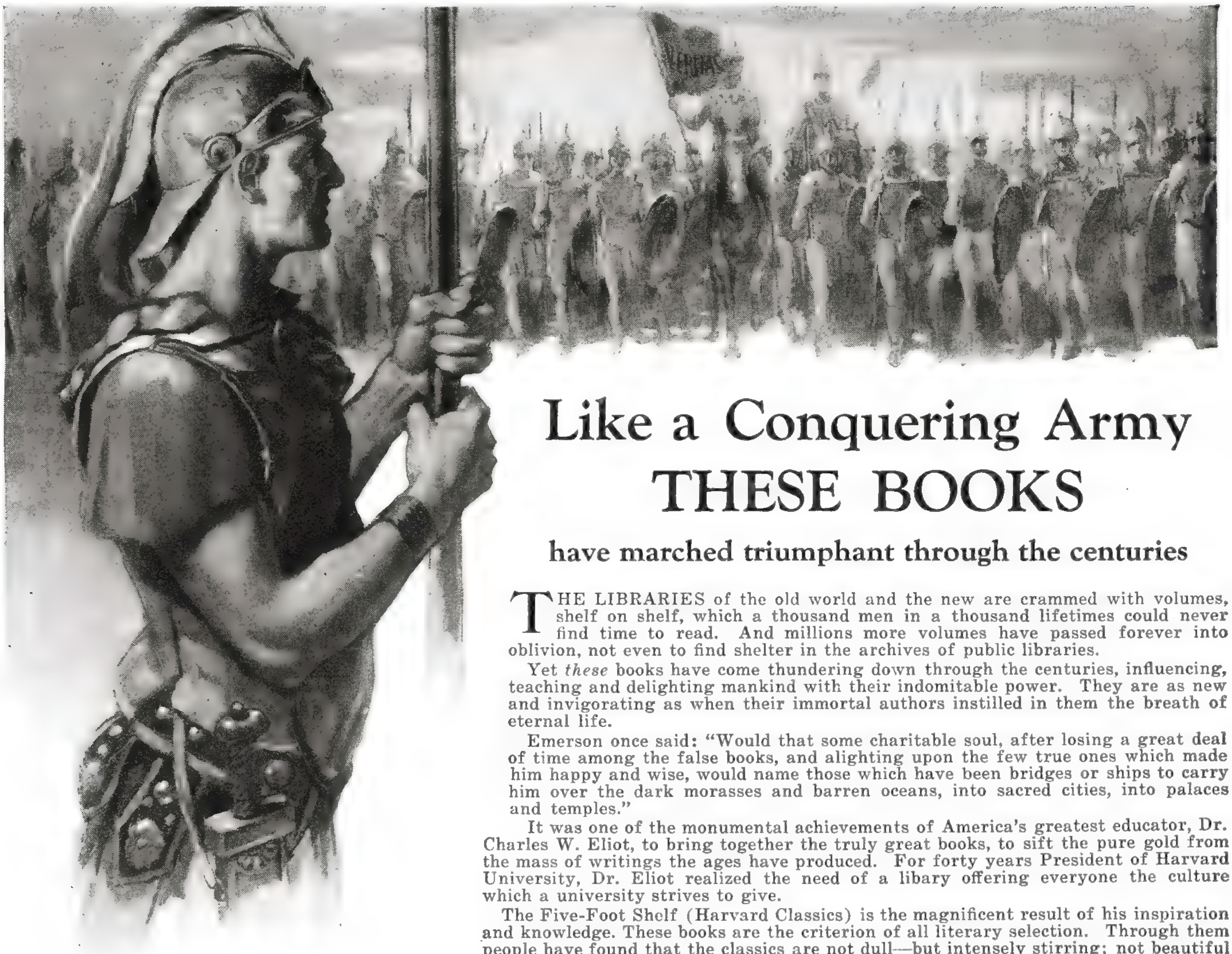
It is not our intention to fill this space with appreciations, but we cannot omit a delightful letter that reached us from an R. F. D. address in Wisconsin. It represents so satisfactory a reason for the existence of the GOLDEN BOOK.

> I was born on a farm, and at the age of twenty-three I see no further than that I will evidently die here. Real pleasures for a cultured mind would be few were it not for some of the good reading matter sent out today, as easily available in the country as in the city. When I first saw the GOLDEN BOOK on a newsstand in a nearby town, among so many others that I had given a trial, I felt as one finding a pearl in a gravel-pit. "A gem," I said to myself as I turned over the leaves, and found the works of authors usually hard to get in a magazine.
>
> Your GOLDEN BOOK does much toward making life bearable. The new form surprised me much, of course, but I am pleased with it. It is impossible to express in words how much I am really satisfied with the reading contents of every issue, and a trend toward even a better quality is noticed in the January issue. I admire your fiction—but what could be better than the article on Bernard Shaw?

And still another reader not only heartily approves our change of dress, but gets right to the heart of the matter when he notices that the contents of the magazine are after all the same as they always were. He writes:

> Do I like the new GOLDEN BOOK? I should say I do. It is the same gold mine of good literature it always was since I've known it—a magazine whose every issue is a feast of literature so rare that I couldn't afford to miss it. It is always high in quality—has no depression periods.

And to complete the variety of purposes the GOLDEN BOOK may serve, we find in William Bolitho's column in the New York *World* that the GOLDEN BOOK was read aloud at the "Gab Fest" in New York, at which one thousand dollars was to be paid to the contestant who could continue speaking for a certain number of days and nights. Perhaps in this case we should have felt more flattered if those readers of the GOLDEN BOOK had obtained sufficient wisdom from the magazine to cease competing.



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Emerson once said: "Would that some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon the few true ones which made him happy and wise, would name those which have been bridges or ships to carry him over the dark morasses and barren oceans, into sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

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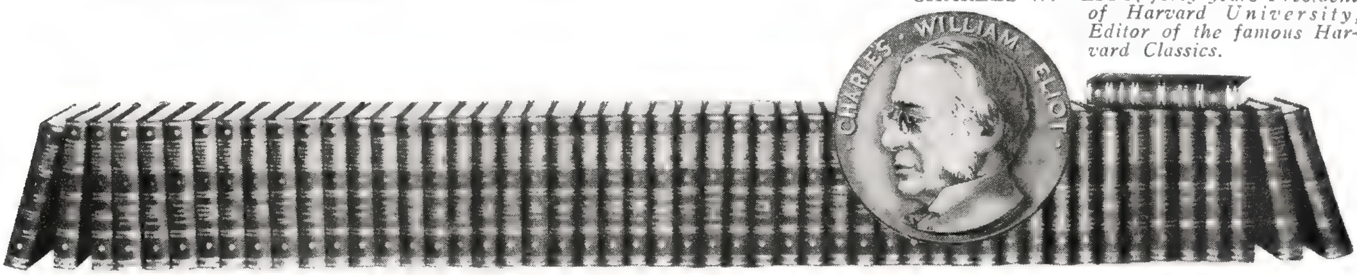

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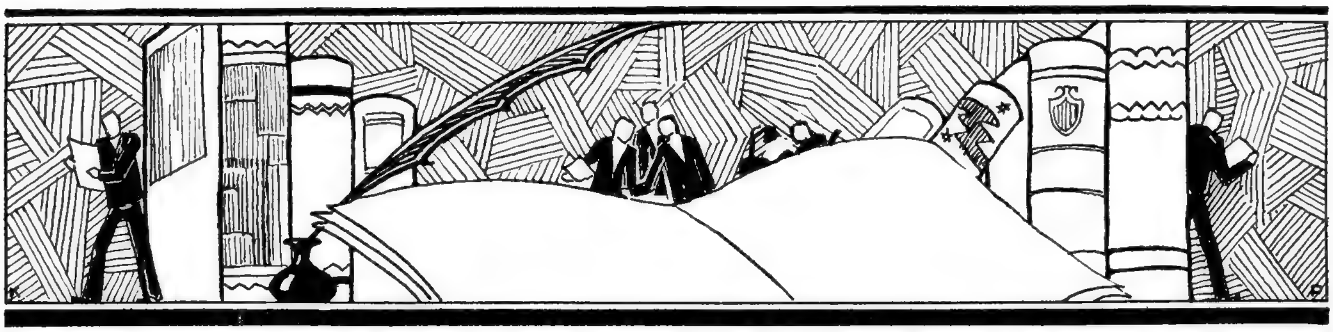


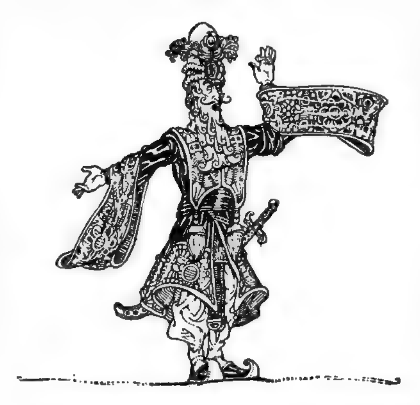
Authors and Books

There is always a slight lull in book production between Christmas and the Spring floods. The publishers relent, and let the poor reviewer catch up a little . . . that is, leave only fifty unread books on the shelf over his head instead of a hundred or two. . . . Perhaps the publishers themselves need a rest. . . . But even in this dull season there are so many things to talk about that we don't know where to begin. . . .

Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* probably comes first. . . . It is as incredibly good as his *Queen Victoria,* which revolutionized the art of biography-writing when it appeared six years ago. . . . This is not just our own opinion; in fact, we have yet to find a reviewer whose opinion it is *not*. . . . Elizabeth, the fascinating, passionate, vacillating old woman of sixty, with her dyed red hair and unquenchable queenliness, wars with her beloved Essex and the powerful groups of nobles that surround her . . . while in the background of the book, the Elizabethan Age takes shape before your eyes . . . its brutalities and beauties, its barbarism and its Shakespeare become vivid and understandable. . . . Another book by Lytton Strachey only makes more clear the gulf between his work, human but scholarly, and biographers of the so-called "Strachey manner," who startle rather than inform, shock rather than interpret. . . .

Arnold Zweig, the author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa,* is a young German writer in his early forties, a student of Hardy and Meredith, and a translator of Kipling's poetry. This is his first novel, although his reputation was already established as playwright, short-story writer and essayist. . . . Europe has taken to its heart the lovable, bewildered Grischa, a Russian peasant condemned to die, though innocent, for discipline's sake . . . and America is promptly following suit. The novel was the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December. and is on all the best-seller lists, while critics everywhere are calling it "the first great book about the War," "remarkable," "touching," "an interpretation of a changing world," "intensely interesting. . . ."

More than twenty years of reading, and a year and a half of hard editing have gone into the making of Mark Van Doren's *Anthology of World Poetry*—not to mention the previous work of Greek, Latin, Chinese, Japanese, Persian, Arabian, Sanskrit, Egyptian, Hebrew, Scandinavian, Russian, German, French, Spanish, Italian, English, Irish, and American poets. It is a gem of a volume. A. and C. Boni, the publishers, cannily remind us that the collection represents at least $5,000 worth of poetry, should the volumes containing the individual poems be purchased separately. . . . Mark Van Doren, besides several books of original verse, has written critical studies of Thoreau and Dryden, been an editor of the *Nation,* and, with his brother Carl, prepared a history of *American and British Literature Since 1890*. . . . One of the things we like particularly about this anthology is the care and taste that have been shown in the choice of translators. . . . It is a collection, says Louis Untermyer, which some one should have made long ago, and "which no one has had the courage—or the erudition—to attempt. . . ."

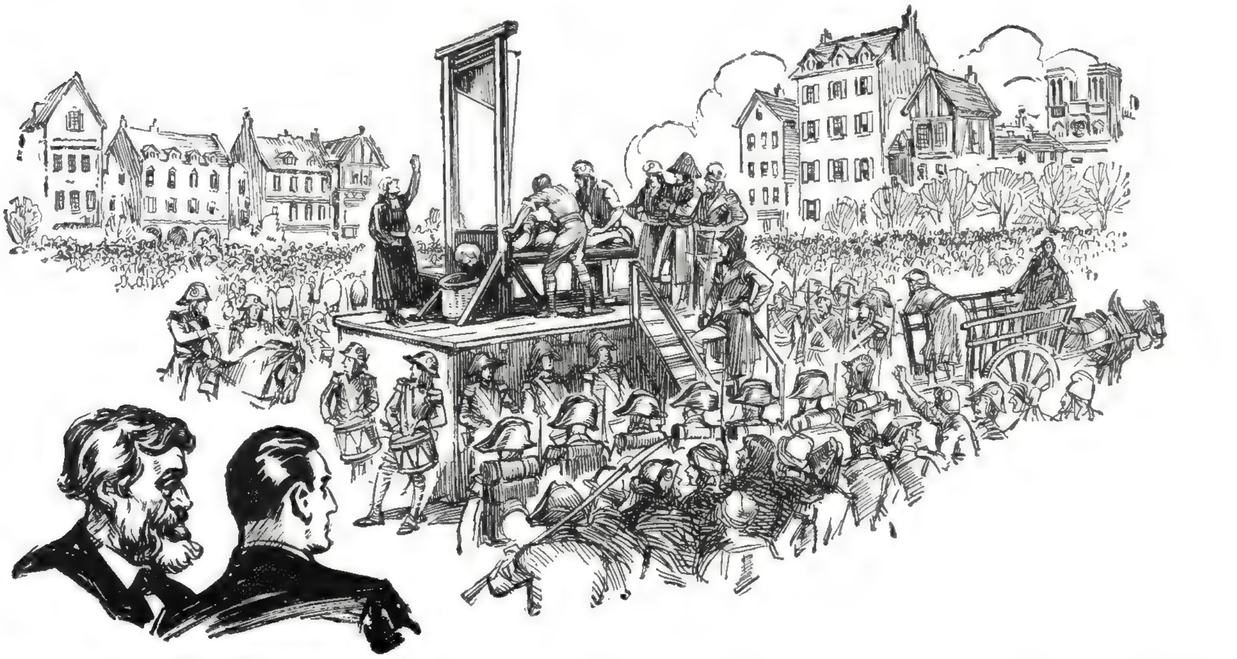


A drawing by Mahlon Blaine, from *Vathek*

When Jesse Lynch Williams was a cub reporter on the New York *Commercial Advertiser,* back in 1895, he was once thrown into a huge flurry by being given a book to review . . . He wrote a long and enthusiastic appreciation which impressed the literary editor, and calling in the young reporter whose name he did not even know, he said, "You liked the book?" "Tremendously," replied Mr. Williams, "and I hope to read many, many more by the same author." The book was *Princeton Stories,* by Mr. Williams himself . . . Mr. Williams' latest novel is *They Still Fall in Love,* published by Scribner's. . . .

Mr. Williams has another story, this one about his friend Booth Tarkington, whose gay reminiscences, *The World Does Move,* sell more merrily every month. . . . Mr. Williams and Mr. Tarkington, it seems, were both making their maiden speeches at the same dinner. "I can't remember Tarkington's speech," says Mr. Williams. "I can't remember my own. For that matter, I couldn't even remember it that evening when I arose, trembling, to deliver it. But I do remember that just before that ghastly moment, Tarkington, who was also suffering, leaned over to me, and with a terrified expression whispered, 'I'll hold your knees when you get up, if you'll hold mine.' And we did. It worked admirably. . . ."

If you are born in the New York Ghetto, the chances are that you will have to become a world-famous comedian or a distinguished novelist in order to meet your neighbours. . . . At least, it was not until Eddie Cantor had become Eddie Cantor and David Freedman had published his novel *Mendel Marantz* that these two boys got together and discovered that they were born and grew up on



Last night~I saw Louis the Sixteenth beheaded in Paris

MY friend Carlyle and I watched the tragic scene, standing in the crowded Place de la Revolution. All Paris was packed in the square—hushed, expectant. It is not every day that a nation kills its King.

When, in the very shadow of the guillotine, the King was allowed to say a few words, he cried simply.

"Frenchmen, I die innocent! I pardon my enemies! I desire that France—"

Then an officer yelled "Tambours!"—the drums rolled, Samson pulled the cord, and I covered my eyes.

Carlyle had been living in Paris all through the Revolution. How vividly he made me see it all—the attack on the Tuileries, the fall of the Bastile, Charlotte Corday's murder of Citizen Marat, and the final "whiff of grapeshot" with which young Major Bonaparte ended it all.

Tonight I Shall Walk in London with Dickens

He is going to take me through the silent streets to the old Curiosity Shop. Perhaps we shall catch a glimpse of little Nell's face at the window—and see her strange old grandfather stealing home.

Then we may walk over to Folly Ditch, to the house where murderer Bill Sykes was surrounded by the mob, and fell to death from the chimney. Perhaps we shall stop at "Golden Cross Inn" for ale and a diverting hour with Mr. Pickwick. My friend Dickens knows his London. He will take me wherever I ask.

Tomorrow Night I Shall Wander in Spain with Don Quixote

I wonder if the "knight of the woeful countenance" is a bit cracked from reading too many chivalrous romances? But he is gorgeous company—and his servant, Sancho Panza, has a heart of gold.

We shall not be surprised when his doughty master mistakes a windmill for a giant, charges it with his lance and is promptly spilled from the faithful, though bony, Rozinante.

There is never a dull moment—for either Sancho or myself. The knight is much more diverting than many sane people I could name!

What nonsense, I hear someone saying, to think that you can walk and talk with people now dead, in surroundings that no longer exist.

If *you* do not know what I mean, I am sorry for you. For you are missing a great pleasure which costs next to nothing—the joy of traveling when and where you will in time and space, on the winged words of the greatest books.

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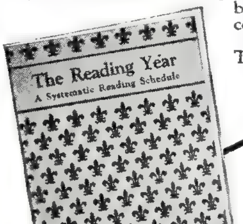
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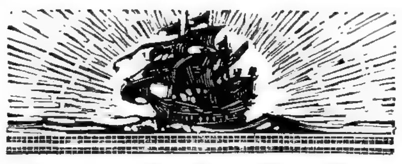
If only those of us who waded unhappily through Cæsar's *Commentaries* had been allowed to read Arthur Weigall's *Personalities of Antiquity* first! How it would have pleased us if we had been able to picture the divider of Gaul and crosser of Rubicons as a mincing young man with powdered nose, rouged cheeks and crimped hair, who buttonholed reluctant friends in order to read them his verses in a high, reedy voice. . . .

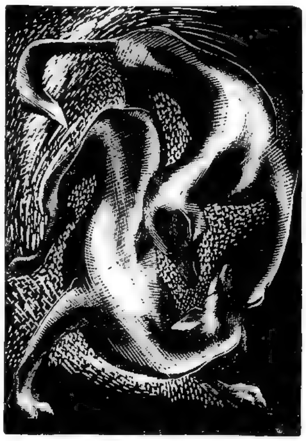


A woodcut by Paul Honoré, from *Heroes from Hakluyt*

Those who cherished the brief perfection and humourous fantasy of *Lolly Willowes* and *Mr. Fortune's Maggot,* will rejoice to learn that the Viking Press is bringing out a third book by Sylvia Warner. *The True Heart* will appear any minute now. . . . Miss Warner is meantime packing her trunk to come to this country for a visit. . . .

The only white man who has undergone complete initiation into the blood rites and religious ceremonies of the blacks of Haiti has decided to tell us all about it in *The Magic Island*—published by Harcourt, Brace, and the Literary Guild choice for January. . . . W. B. Seabrook found plenty of Voodoo worshippers living in the electric-lighted towns of Haiti, and everywhere a mad medley of old superstition and modern civilization; Catholic crucifixes on the altars of Damballa Oueddo, the serpent-god; Christian invocations pronounced as the initiate drinks a cup of blood. But the book has its less esoteric side, too. Colourfully and humourously it describes all sorts of everyday happenings in modern Haiti. . . . Mr. Seabrook has spent more than a year seeing Europe as a hobo; he has been in the advertising business and a secretary of the Rotary Club; he has spent fifteen months in Arabia . . . and is off next to Siam, Cambodia, and nearby equatorial lands.

Even persons who don't know anything about art, and don't want to, will enjoy thumbing through the pages of *The History of Wood Engraving,* by Douglas Percy Bliss. Dutton may well be proud of publishing a book with such beautiful format and illustrations, and such a raft of information. . . . We have already waylaid several passersby to tell them the hidden secrets of wood engraving. . . .



A wood engraving by Gertrude Hermes, from *A History of Wood Engraving*

And while we are on the subject of beautiful books. . . . The John Day Company has done it again. . . . This time it is the inimitable story of *Vathek,* the mad caliph, by William Beckford of Fonthill, whose neighbours—back in 1784—thought he was as mad as his book. . . . The volume is a wonderful bright green on the outside, with Mahlon Blaine's illustrations—dozens of them—inside. . . . The John Day Company are also about to sponsor an edition of Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle* with illustrations by Alexander King. . . .

Then, too, there is *Heroes from Hakluyt,* edited by Charles J. Finger, decorated with wood cuts by Paul Honoré, and published by Henry Holt. . . . Richard Hakluyt, in case you do not already know, set out in 1598 to write a history of exploration. Soon he had filled eight fat volumes with a mad medley of fact and fable, science and superstition. Drake's voyages are all mixed up with stories of waterspouts, upon the tops of which hapless vessels balanced for days. . . . Magellan shares honours with mountains of magnetic iron which surprised you by drawing all the nails out of your ship as you sailed by. . . .

When Carrie Nation visited Yale University in 1903 she found a sad state of affairs. . . . The college authorities were wantonly serving the college boys with ham soaked in champagne sauce. . . . She did her best to stop it, you may be sure, and then she went about the campus snatching pipes and cigarettes from the mouths of surprised young men. . . . How popular she was you may learn in Gilbert Seldes' *The Stammering Century,* published by the John Day Company. . . .

Would you like to know the truth about demon lovers? The inside story of Hell? . . . Well, Philip F. Waterman will tell you in a book called *The Story of Superstition,* to be published by Knopf. . . .

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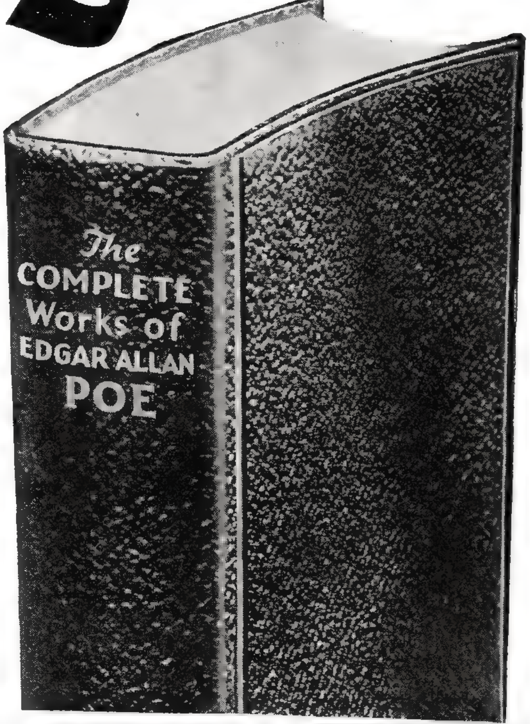

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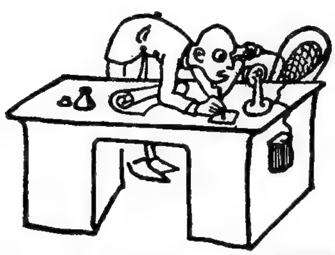

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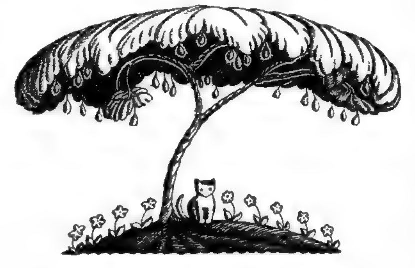

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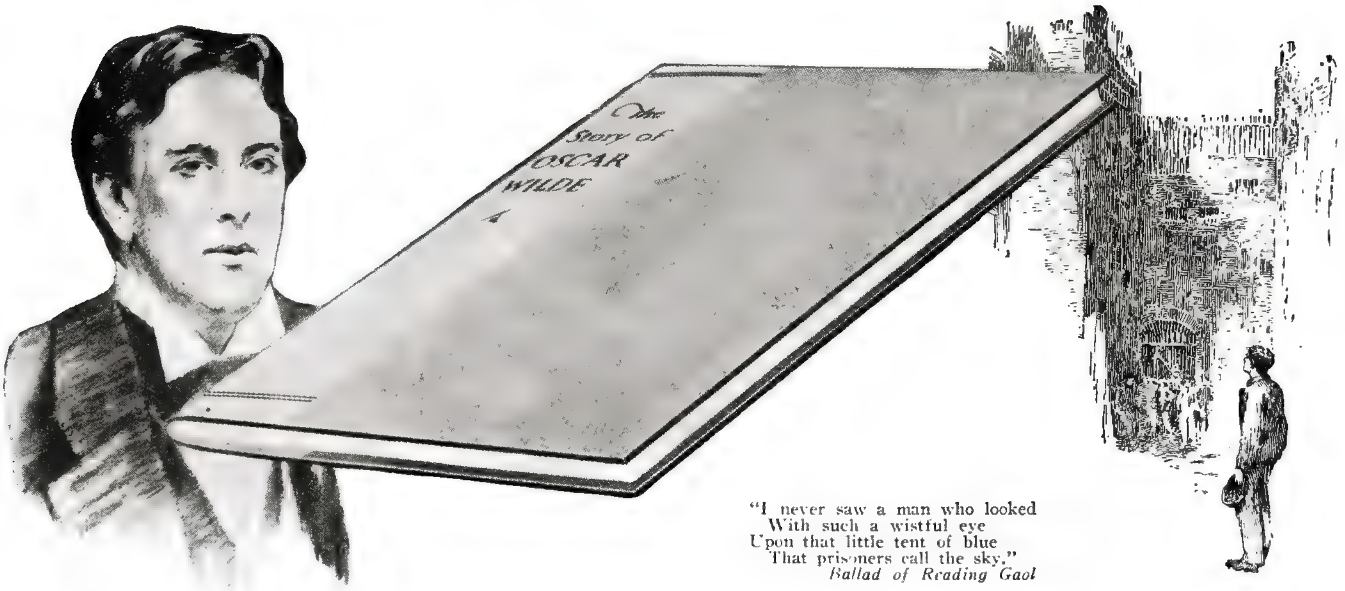
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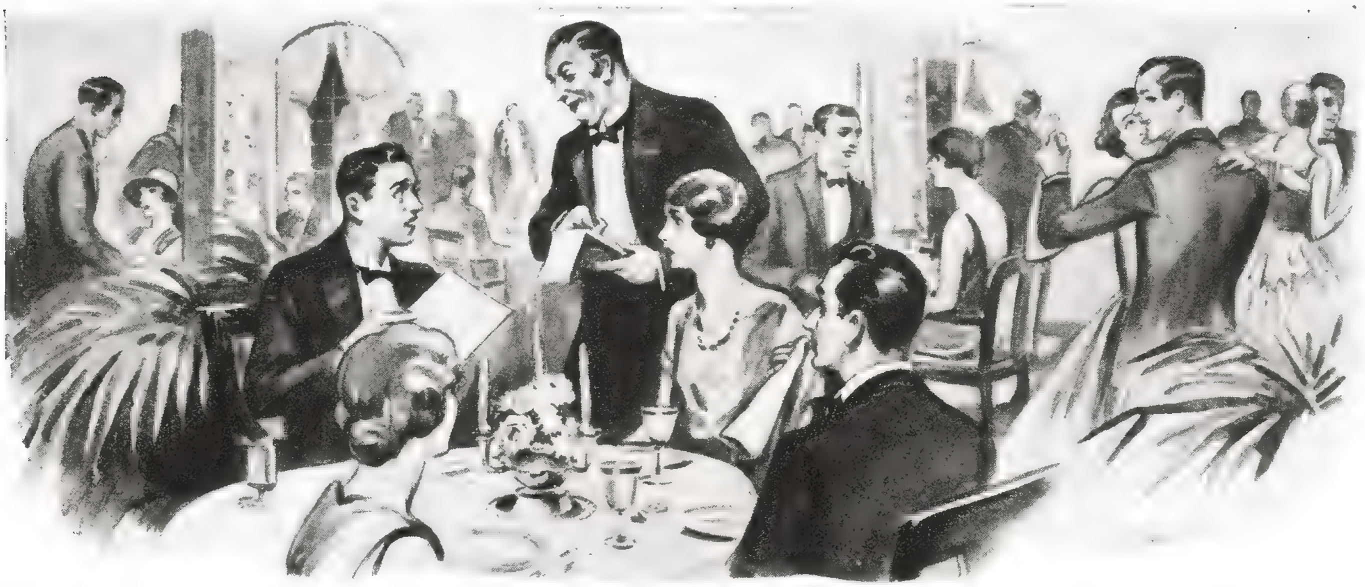

"*Hors d'œuvre*, you mean, Sir?"

–*and the waiter's smile at Bob's mistake made Betty "feel like two cents"*

BOB and Betty had their big chance. Bob's boss had invited them to a Company affair at the Country Club.

"Here," Bob thought, "for the first time we are able to mix with these people socially. These connections are invaluable. They'll help me in business, and through them we'll meet other interesting people."

At first everything went swimmingly—Bob was "going strong." Betty was proud of him. Then they sat down to dinner—and Bob made one of those "little" mistakes that people sometimes joke about, but which really are so costly.

Bob ordered *hors d'œuvre.* He felt sure he knew the right way to pronounce it. The waiter repeated it—pronouncing it correctly. Bob flushed, and Betty, as she noted the waiter's half-hidden smile and the astonished stares of other guests, felt that she had never before been so embarrassed.

But let Bob finish this story:

"That affair opened my eyes to the vital importance of correct pronunciation. My embarrassing mistake led me to wonder what others I was making. So I made this test: I took a list of words, including *cuisine, culinary, ennui, bona fide, repertoire,* and even such simple, every-day words as *suite, address, decade, adult.* I was surprised at the number of words I either did not know how to pronounce, or felt *sure* of and yet pronounced wrongly. Dozens of words incorrectly pronounced, each at some time an obstacle in my path to success! I resolved to remove this bar to my own advancement.

"I turned to one of the greatest living authorities on the English language—Sherwin Cody. He has developed an amazing new method to give the HABIT of correct pronunciation. Through the use of special Phonograph Records and a set of printed Self-Correcting Lessons, he teaches by *ear* as well as by *eye*—the only logical and effective way. Sitting in a comfortable chair, with the particular lesson in my hand, I just listened to Mr. Cody's voice correctly pronouncing the many words I unconsciously mispronounced.

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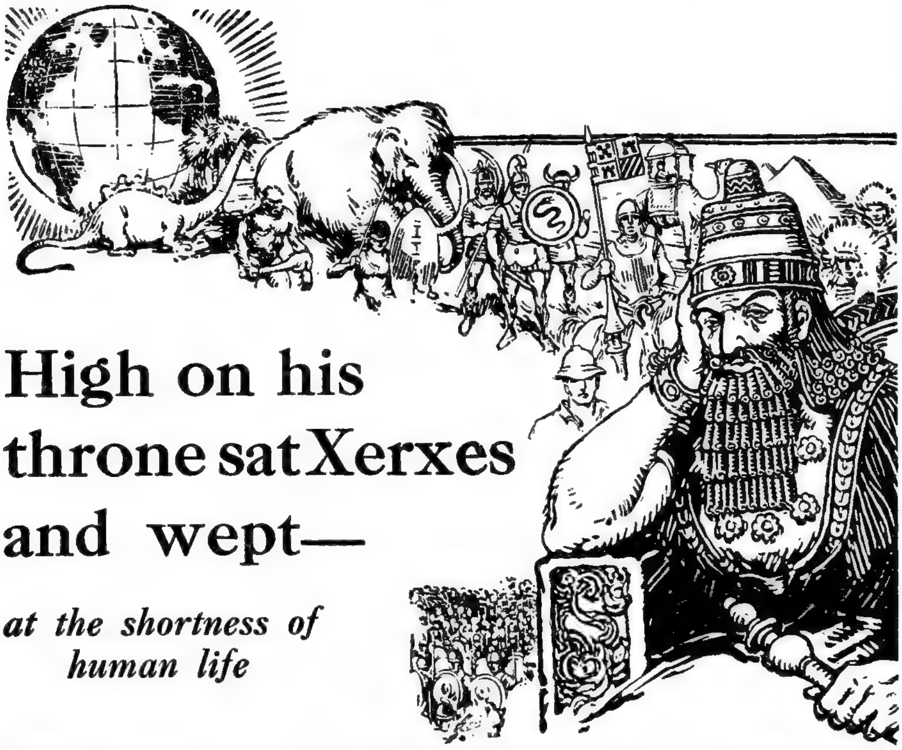

High on his throne sat Xerxes and wept—

at the shortness of human life

THE Hellespont was white with his ships; the plains were covered with the greatest army the world had ever seen. *"Why should YOU weep?" his uncle asked. "You have EVERYTHING?"*

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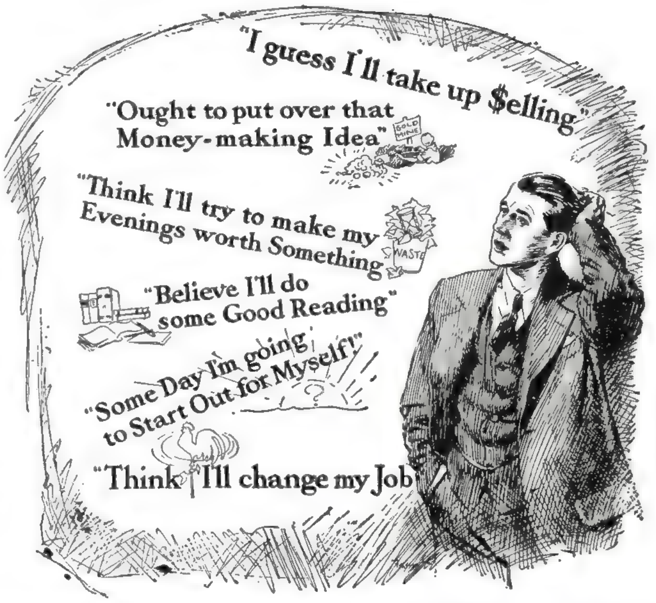
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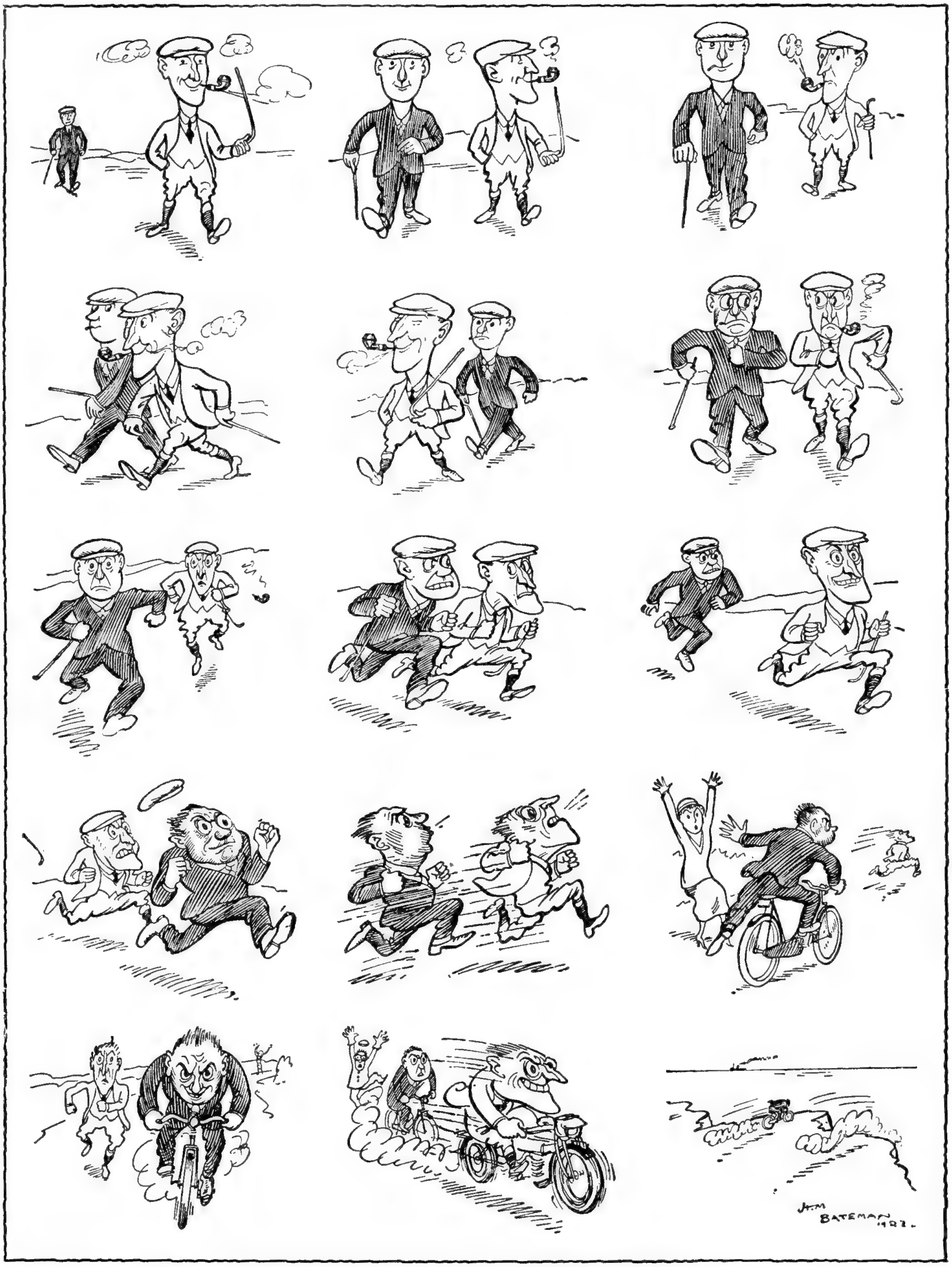
H.M BATEMAN 1927.

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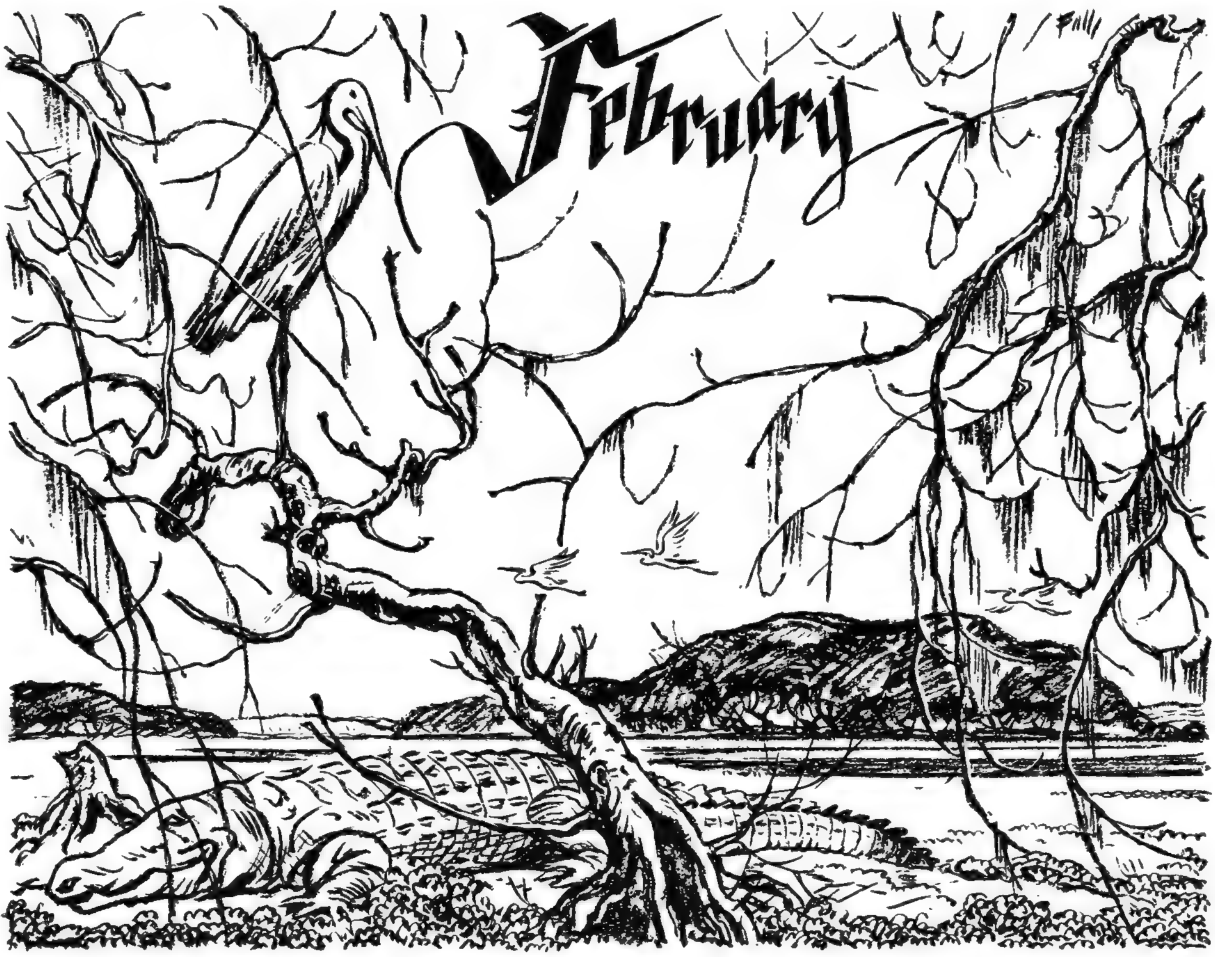

C. B. Falls

To the Fountain of Youth

By LAFCADIO HEARN

THOUGH THE DAYS of faith be dead, men look for that Phantom Fountain still. Yearly, from the gray cities of wintry lands, thousands hasten to the eternal summer of this perfumed place, to find new life, new strength . . . in the elixir-breath of this tropical Nature. . . .

It was among the Bahamas that Juan Ponce de Leon first sought for the waters of youth. Then it was he heard of the mainland where "the wished-for waters flowed as a river upon whose banks lived the rejuvenated races in serene idleness and untold luxuriance." . . .

Narrow and labyrinthine the river is, but so smooth that like a flood of quicksilver it repeats inversely all the intricacies of tangle growths, all delicate details of leaf and blossom, all the bright variations of foliage colour. . . . But whether radiant or sombre, the colour is seen as through a gauze—through the gray veil ubiquitously woven by the aërial moss that fringes every crest, that drools from every twig, that droops in myriad festoons, that streams in hoary cascades from every protruding bough. And mistletoe mingles with the moss, and air-plants nestle in the arm-pits of the cypresses, and orchids bloom on dead limbs; while, from the morass below, extraordinary parasitic things, full of snaky beauty, climb and twine and interwreathe, often to lose their strangling hold at last, and fall back in spiral coils. . . .

Little frogs, metallically bright as the lily-leaves on which they sit, chant in chorus; butterflies flutter on vermilion wing from bank to bank; sometimes the nose of an alligator furrows the river.

The Diary of an Impressionist.

The Golden Book Magazine

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One of My Oldest Friends

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

F. Scott Fitzgerald

ALL AFTERNOON MARION had been happy. She wandered from room to room of their little apartment, strolling into the nursery to help the nurse-girl feed the children from dripping spoons, and then reading for a while on their new sofa, the most extravagant thing they had bought in their five years of marriage.

When she heard Michael's step in the hall she turned her head and listened; she liked to hear him walk, carefully always, as if there were children sleeping close by.

"Michael."

"Oh—hello." He came into the room, a tall, broad, thin man of thirty with a high forehead and kind black eyes.

"I've got some news for you," he said immediately. "Charley Hart's getting married."

"No!"

He nodded.

"Who's he marrying?"

"One of the little Lawrence girls from home." He hesitated. "She's arriving in New York tomorrow, and I think we ought to do something for them while she's here. Charley's about my oldest friend."

"Let's have them up for dinner"——

"I'd like to do something more than that," he interrupted. "Maybe a theatre party. You see——" Again he hesitated. "It'd be a nice courtesy to Charley."

"All right," agreed Marion, "but we mustn't spend much—and I don't think we're under any obligation."

He looked at her in surprise.

"I mean," went on Marion, "we—we hardly see Charley any more. We hardly ever see him at all."

"Well, you know how it is in New York," explained Michael apologetically. "He's just as busy as I am. He's made a big name for himself, and I suppose he's pretty much in demand all the time."

THEY ALWAYS SPOKE of Charley Hart as their oldest friend. Five years before, when Michael and Marion were first married, the three of them had come to New York from the same Western city. For over a year they had seen Charley nearly every day, and no domestic adventure, no uprush of their hopes and dreams was too insignificant for his ear. His arrival in times of difficulty never failed to give a pleasant, humorous cast to the situation.

Of course Marion's babies had made a difference, and it was several years now since they had called up

Charley at midnight to say that the pipes had broken, or the ceiling was falling in on their heads; but so gradually had they drifted apart that Michael still spoke of Charley rather proudly as if he saw him every day. For a while Charley dined with them once a month, and all three found a great deal to say; but the meetings never broke up any more with, "I'll give you a ring tomorrow." Instead it was, "You'll have to come to dinner more often," or even, after three or four years, "We'll see you soon."

"Oh, I'm perfectly willing to give a little party," said Marion now, looking speculatively about her. "Did you suggest a definite date?"

"Week from Saturday." His dark eyes roamed the floor vaguely. "We can take up the rugs or something."

"No." She shook her head. "We'll have a dinner, eight people, very formal and everything, and afterwards we'll play cards."

SHE WAS ALREADY SPECULATING on whom to invite. Charley, of course, being an artist, probably saw interesting people every day.

"We could have the Willoughbys," she suggested doubtfully. "She's on the stage, or something—and he writes movies."

"No—that's not it," objected Michael. "He probably meets that crowd at lunch and dinner every day until he's sick of them. Besides, except for the Willoughbys, who else like that do we know? I've got a better idea. Let's collect a few people who've drifted down here from home. They've all followed Charley's career, and they'd probably enjoy seeing him again. I'd like them to find out how natural and unspoiled he is, after all."

After some discussion they agreed on this plan and within an hour Marion had her first guest on the telephone:

"It's to meet Charley Hart's *fiancée*," she explained. "Charley Hart, the artist. You see, he's one of our oldest friends."

As she began her preparations her enthusiasm grew. She rented a serving-maid to insure an impeccable service, and persuaded the neighbourhood florist to come in person and arrange the flowers. All the "people from home" had accepted eagerly and the number of guests had swollen to ten.

"What'll we talk about, Michael?" she demanded nervously on the eve of the party. "Suppose everything goes wrong and everybody gets mad and goes home?"

He laughed.

"Nothing will. You see, these people all know each other——"

The phone on the table asserted itself and Michael picked up the receiver.

"Hello . . . why, hello, Charley."

Marion sat up alertly in her chair.

"Is that so? Well, I'm very sorry. I'm very, very sorry . . . I hope it's nothing serious."

"Can't he come?" burst out Marion.

"Sh!" Then into the phone, "Well, it certainly is too bad, Charley. No, it's no trouble for us at all. We're just sorry you're ill."

With a dismal gesture Michael replaced the receiver.

"The Lawrence girl had to go home last night, and Charley's sick in bed with the grippe."

"Do you mean he can't come?"

"He can't come."

Marion's face contracted suddenly and her eyes filled with tears.

"He says he's had the doctor all day," explained Michael dejectedly. "He's got fever, and they didn't even want him to go to the telephone."

"I don't care," sobbed Marion. "I think it's terrible. After we've invited all these people to meet him."

"People can't help being sick."

"Yes, they can," she wailed illogically; "they can help it some way. And if the Lawrence girl was going to leave last night why didn't he let us know then?"

"He said she left unexpectedly. Up to yesterday afternoon they both intended to come."

"I don't think he c-cares a bit. I'll bet he's glad he's sick. If he'd cared he'd have brought her to see us long ago."

She stood up suddenly.

"I'll tell you one thing," she assured him vehemently. "I'm just going to telephone everybody and call the whole thing off."

"Why, Marion—"

But in spite of his half-hearted protests she picked up the 'phone book and began looking for the first number.

THEY BOUGHT THEATRE TICKETS the next day, hoping to fill the hollowness which would invest the evening. Marion had wept when the unintercepted florist arrived at five with boxes of flowers, and she felt that she must get out of the house to avoid the ghosts who would presently people it. In silence they ate an elaborate dinner composed of all the things that she had bought for the party.

"It's only eight," said Michael afterwards. "I think it'd be sort of nice if we dropped in on Charley for a minute, don't you?"

"Why, no," Marion answered, startled, "I wouldn't think of it."

"Why not? If he's seriously sick I'd like to see how well he's being taken care of."

She saw that he had made up his mind, so she fought down her instinct against the idea and they taxied to a tall pile of studio apartments on Madison Avenue.

"You go in," urged Marion nervously, "I'd rather wait out here."

"Please come in."

"Why? He'll be in bed, and he doesn't want any women around."

"But he'd like to see you—it'd cheer him up. And he'd know that we understood about tonight. He sounded awfully depressed over the 'phone."

He urged her from the cab.

"Let's only stay a minute," she whispered tensely as they went up in the elevator. "The show starts at half-past eight."

"Apartment on the right," said the elevator man.

They rang the bell and waited. The door opened and they walked directly into Charley Hart's great studio room.

It was crowded with people; from end to end ran a long lamp-lit dinner table strewn with ferns and young roses, from which a gay murmur of laughter and conversation arose into the faintly smoky air. Twenty women in evening dress sat on one side in a row chatting across the flowers at twenty men, with an elation born of the sparkling Burgundy which dripped from many bottles into thin chilled glass. Up on the high narrow balcony which encircled the room a string quartet was playing something by Stravinski, in a key that was pitched just below the women's voices and filled the air like an audible wine.

The door had been opened by one of the waiters, who stepped back deferentially from what he thought were two belated guests—and immediately a handsome man at the head of the table started to his feet, napkin in hand, and stood motionless, staring toward the newcomers. The conversation faded into half silence and all eyes followed Charley Hart's to the couple at the door. Then, as if the spell was broken, conversation resumed, gathering momentum word by word—the moment was over.

"Let's get out!" Marion's low, terrified whisper came to Michael out of a void, and for a minute he thought he was possessed by an illusion, that there was no one but Charley in the room after all. Then his eyes cleared and he saw that there were many people here—he had never seen so many! The music swelled suddenly into the tumult of a great brass band and a wind from the loud horns seemed to blow against them; without turning, he and Marion each made one blind step backward into the hall, pulling the door to after them.

"Marion—"

She had run toward the elevator, stood with one finger pressed hard against the bell which rang through the hall like a last high note from the music inside. The door of the apartment opened suddenly and Charley Hart came out into the hall.

"Michael!" he cried, "Michael and Marion, I want to explain, I tell you."

He talked excitedly—his face was flushed and his mouth formed a word or two that did not materialize into sound.

"Hurry up, Michael," came Marion's voice tensely from the elevator.

"Let me explain," said Charley frantically. "I want——"

Michael moved away from him—the elevator came and the gate clanged open.

"You act as if I'd committed some crime," Charley was following Michael along the hall. "Can't you understand that this is all an accidental situation?"

"It's all right," Michael muttered, "I understand."

"No, you don't." Charley's voice rose with exasperation. He was working up anger against them so as to justify his own intolerable position. "You're going away mad, and I asked you to come in and join the party. Why did you come up here if you won't come in? Did you?—"

Michael walked into the elevator.

"Down, please!" cried Marion. "Oh, I want to go down, please!"

The gate clanged shut.

They told the taxi-man to take them directly home—neither of them could have endured the theatre. Driving uptown to their apartment, Michael buried his face in his hands and tried to realize that the friendship which had meant so much to him was over. He saw now that it had been over for some time, that not once during the past year had Charley sought their company, and the shock of the discovery far outweighed the affront he had received.

When they reached home, Marion, who had not said a word in the taxi, led the way into the living-room and motioned to her husband to sit down.

"I'm going to tell you something that you ought to know," she said. "If it hadn't been for what happened tonight I'd probably never have told you—but now I think you ought to hear the whole story." She hesitated. "In the first place, Charley Hart wasn't a friend of yours at all."

"What?" He looked up at her dully.

"He wasn't your friend," she repeated. "He hasn't been for years. He was a friend of mine."

"Why, Charley Hart was—"

"I know what you're going to say—that Charley was a friend to both of us. But it isn't true. I don't know how he considered you at first, but he stopped being your friend three or four years ago."

"Why—" Michael's eyes glowed with astonishment. "If that's true, why was he with us all the time?"

"On account of me," said Marion steadily. "He was in love with me."

"What?" Michael laughed incredulously. "You're imagining things. I know how he used to pretend in a kidding way—"

"It wasn't kidding," she interrupted, "not underneath. It began that way—and it ended by his asking me to run away with him."

Michael frowned.

"Go on," he said quietly, "I suppose this is true or you wouldn't be telling me about it—but it simply doesn't seem real. Did he just suddenly begin to—to—"

He closed his mouth suddenly, unable to say the words.

"It began one night when we three were out dancing," Marion hesitated. "And at first I thoroughly enjoyed it. He had a faculty for noticing things—noticing dresses and hats and the new ways I'd do my hair. He was good company. He could always make me feel important, somehow, and attractive. Don't get the idea that I preferred his company to yours—I didn't. I knew how completely selfish he was, and what a will-o'-the-wisp. But I encouraged him, I suppose—I thought it was fine. It was a new angle on Charley, and he was amusing at it just as he was at everything he did."

"Yes—" agreed Michael with an effort, "I suppose it was—hilariously amusing."

"At first he liked you just the same. It didn't occur to him that he was doing anything treacherous to you. He was just following a natural impulse—that was all. But after a few weeks he began to find you in the way. He wanted to take me to dinner without you along—and it couldn't be done. Well, that sort of thing went on for over a year."

"What happened then?"

"Nothing happened. That's why he stopped coming to see us any more."

Michael rose slowly to his feet.

"Do you mean—"

"Wait a minute. If you'll think a little you'll see it was bound to turn out that way. When he saw that I was trying to let him down easily so that he'd be simply one of our oldest friends again, he broke away. He didn't want to be one of our oldest friends—that time was over."

"I see."

"Well—" Marion stood up and began biting nervously at her lip, "that's all. I thought this thing tonight would hurt you less if you understood the whole affair."

"Yes," Michael answered in a dull voice, "I suppose that's true."

MICHAEL'S BUSINESS took a prosperous turn, and when summer came they went to the country, renting a little old farm-house where the children played all day on a tangled half acre of grass and trees. The subject of Charley was never mentioned between them and as the months passed he receded to a shadowy background in their minds. Sometimes, just before dropping off to sleep, Michael found himself thinking of the happy times the three of them had had together five years before—then the reality would intrude upon the illusion and he would be repelled from the subject with almost physical distaste.

One warm evening in July he lay dozing on the porch in the twilight. He had had a hard day at his office and it was welcome to rest here while the summer light faded from the land.

At the sound of an automobile he raised his head lazily. At the end of the path a local taxicab had stopped and a young man was getting out. With an exclamation Michael sat up. Even in the dusk he recognized those shoulders, that impatient walk—

"Well, I'm damned," he said softly.

As Charley Hart came up the gravel path Michael noticed in a glance that he was unusually disheveled. His handsome face was drawn and tired, his clothes were out of press, and he had the unmistakable look of needing a good night's sleep.

He came up on the porch, saw Michael and smiled in a wan, embarrassed way.

"Hello, Michael."

Neither of them made any move to shake hands, but after a moment Charley collapsed abruptly into a chair.

"I'd like a glass of water," he said huskily, "it's hot as hell."

Without a word Michael went into the house—returned with a glass of water which Charley drank in great noisy gulps.

"Thanks," he said, gasping, "I thought I was going to pass away."

He looked about him with eyes that only pretended to take in his surroundings.

"Nice little place you've got here," he remarked; his eyes turned to Michael. "Do you want me to get out?"

"Why—no. Sit and rest if you want to. You look all in."

"I am. Do you want to hear about it?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, I'm going to tell you, anyhow," said Charley defiantly. "That's what I came out here for. I'm in trouble, Michael, and I haven't got anybody to go to except you."

"Have you tried your friends?" said Michael coolly.

"I've tried about everybody—everybody I've had time to go to. God!" He wiped his forehead with his hand. "I never realized how hard it was to raise a simple two thousand dollars."

"Have you come to me for two thousand dollars?"

"Wait a minute, Michael. Wait till you hear. It just shows you what a mess a man can get into without meaning any harm. You see, I'm the treasurer of a society called the Independent Artists' Benefit—a thing to help struggling students. There was a fund, thirty-five hundred dollars, and it's been lying in my bank for over a year. Well, as you know, I live pretty high—make a lot and spend a lot—and about a month ago I began speculating a little through a friend of mine—"

"I don't know why you're telling me all this," interrupted Michael impatiently, "I—"

"Wait a minute, won't you?—I'm almost through." He looked at Michael with frightened eyes. "I used that money sometimes without even realizing that it wasn't mine. I've always had plenty of my own, you see. Till this week," he hesitated, "this week there was a meeting of the society and they asked me to turn over the money. Well, I went to a couple of men to try and borrow it, and as soon as my back was turned one of them blabbed. They told me unless I handed over the two thousand this morning they'd send me to jail——" His voice rose and he looked around wildly. "There's a warrant out for me now—and if I can't get the money I'll kill myself, Michael; I swear to God I will; I won't go to prison. I'm an artist—not a business man. I——"

He made an effort to control his voice.

"Michael," he whispered, "you're my oldest friend. I haven't got anyone in the world but you to turn to."

"You're a little late," said Michael uncomfortably, "you didn't think of me four years ago when you asked my wife to run away with you."

A look of sincere surprise passed over Charley's face.

"Are you mad at me about that?" he asked in a puzzled way. "I thought you were mad because I didn't come to your party."

Michael did not answer.

"I supposed she'd told you about that long ago," went on Charley. "I couldn't help it about Marion. I was lonesome, and you two had each other. Every time I went to your house you'd tell me what a wonderful girl Marion was, and finally I—I began to agree with you. How could I help falling in love with her, when for a year and a half she was the only decent girl I knew?" He looked defiantly at Michael. "Well, you've got her, haven't you? I didn't take her away. I never so much as kissed her—do you have to rub it in?"

"Look here," said Michael sharply, "just why should I lend you this money?"

"Well," Charley hesitated, laughed uneasily, "I don't know any exact reason. I just thought you would."

"Why should I?"

"No reason at all, I suppose, from your way of looking at it."

"That's the trouble. If I gave it to you it would just be because I was slushy and soft. I'd be doing something I don't want to do."

"All right," Charley smiled unpleasantly, "that's logical. Now that I think, there's no reason why you should lend it to me. Well"— he shoved his hand into his coat pocket and throwing his head back slightly seemed to shake the subject off like a cap, "I won't go to prison—and maybe you'll feel differently about it tomorrow."

"Don't count on that."

"Oh, I don't mean I'll ask you again. I mean something—quite different."

HE NODDED HIS HEAD, turned quickly and walking down the gravel path was swallowed up in the darkness. Where the path met the road Michael heard his footsteps cease as if he were hesitating. Then they turned down the road toward the station a mile away.

Michael sank into his chair, burying his face in his hands. He heard Marion come out of the door.

"I listened," she whispered, "I couldn't help it. I'm glad you didn't lend him anything."

She came close to him and would have sat down in his lap but an almost physical repulsion came over him and he got up quickly from his chair.

"I was afraid he'd work on your sentiment and make a fool of you," went on Marion. She hesitated. "He hated you, you know. He used to wish you'd die. I told him that if he ever said so to me again I'd never see him any more."

Michael looked up at her darkly.

"In fact, you were very noble."

"Why, Michael—"

"You let him say things like that to you—and then when he comes here, down and out, without friend in the world to turn to, you say you're glad I sent him away."

"It's because I love you, dear—"

"No, it isn't!" he interrupted savagely. "It's because hate's cheap in this world. Everybody's got it for sale. My God! What do you suppose I think of myself now?"

"He's not worth feeling that way about."

"Please go away!" cried Michael passionately. "I want to be alone."

Obediently she left him and he sat down again in the darkness of the porch, a sort of terror creeping over him. Several times he made a motion to get up, but each time he frowned and remained motionless. Then after another long while he jumped suddenly to his feet, cold sweat starting from his forehead. The last hour, the months just passed, were washed away and he was swept back years in time. Why, they were after Charley Hart, his old friend. Charley Hart who had come to him because he had no other place to go. Michael began to run hastily about the porch in a daze, hunting for his hat and coat.

"Why, Charley!" he cried aloud.

He found his coat finally and, struggling into it, ran wildly down the steps. It seemed to him that Charley had gone out only a few minutes before.

"Charley!" he called when he reached the road; "Charley, come back here. There's been a mistake!"

He paused, listening. There was no answer. Panting a little he began to run doggedly along the road through the hot night.

IT WAS ONLY half past eight o'clock, but the country was very quiet and the frogs were loud in the strip of wet marsh that ran along beside the road. The sky was salted thinly with stars, and after a while there would be a moon, but the road ran among dark trees and Michael could scarcely see ten feet in front of him. After a while he slowed down to a walk, glancing at the phosphorus dial of his wrist watch—the New York train was not due for an hour. There was plenty of time.

In spite of this he broke into an uneasy run and covered the mile between his house and the station in fifteen minutes. It was a little station, crouched humbly beside the shining rails in the darkness. Beside it Michael saw the lights of a single taxi waiting for the next train.

The platform was deserted and Michael opened the door and peered into the dim waiting-room. It was empty.

"That's funny," he muttered.

Rousing a sleepy taxi driver, he asked if there had been anyone waiting for the train. The taxi driver considered—yes, there had been a young man waiting, about twenty minutes ago. He had walked up and down for a while, smoking a cigarette, and then gone away into the darkness.

"That's funny," repeated Michael. He made a megaphone of his hands and facing toward the wood across the tracks shouted aloud.

"Charley!"

There was no answer. He tried again. Then he turned back to the driver.

"Have you any idea what direction he went?"

The man pointed vaguely down the New York road which ran along beside the railroad track.

"Down there somewhere."

With increasing uneasiness Michael thanked him and started swiftly along the road which was white now under the risen moon. He knew now as surely as he knew anything that Charley had gone off by himself to die. He remembered the expression on his face as he had turned away and the hand tucked down close in his coat pocket as if it clutched some menacing thing.

"Charley!" he called in a terrible voice.

The dark trees gave back no sound. He walked on past a dozen fields bright as silver under the moon, pausing every few minutes to shout and then waiting tensely for an answer.

IT OCCURRED TO HIM that it was foolish to continue in this direction—Charley was probably back by the station in the woods somewhere. Perhaps it was all imagination, perhaps even now Charley was pacing the station platform waiting for the train from the city. But some impulse beyond logic made him continue. More than that—several times he had the sense that someone was in front of him, someone who just eluded him at every turning, out of sight and earshot, yet leaving always behind him a dim, tragic aura of having passed that way. Once he thought he heard steps among the leaves on the side of the road but it was only a piece of vagrant newspaper blown by the faint hot wind.

It was a stifling night—the moon seemed to be beating hot rays down upon the swealtering earth. Michael took off his coat and threw it over his arm as he walked. A little way ahead of him now was a stone bridge over the tracks, and beyond that an interminable line of telephone poles which stretched in diminishing perspective toward an endless horizon. Well, he would walk to the bridge and then give up. He would have given up before except for this sense he had that someone was walking very lightly and swiftly just ahead.

Reaching the stone bridge he sat down on a rock, his heart beating in loud exhausted thumps under his dripping shirt. Well, it was hopeless—Charley was gone, perhaps out of range of his help forever. Far away beyond the station he heard the approaching siren of the nine-thirty train.

Michael found himself wondering suddenly why he was here. He despised himself for being here. On what weak chord in his nature had Charley played in those few minutes, forcing him into this senseless, frightened run through the night? They had discussed it all and Charley had been unable to give a reason why he should be helped.

He got to his feet with the idea of retracing his steps, but before turning he stood for a minute in the moonlight looking down the road. Across the track stretched the line of telephone poles and, as his eyes followed them as far as he could see, he heard again, louder now and not far away, the siren of the New York train which rose and fell with musical sharpness on the still night. Suddenly his eyes, which had been traveling down the tracks, stopped and were focused suddenly upon one spot in the line of poles, perhaps a quarter of a mile away. It was a pole just like the others and yet it was different—there was something about it that was indescribably different.

And watching it as one might concentrate on some figure in the pattern of a carpet, something curious happened in his mind and instantly he saw everything in a completely different light. Something had come to him in a whisper of the breeze, something that changed the whole complexion of the situation. It was this: He remembered having read somewhere that at some point back in the dark ages a man named Gerbert had all by himself summed up the whole of European civilization. It became suddenly plain to Michael that he himself had just now been in a position like that. For one minute, one spot in time, all the mercy in the world had been vested in him.

He realized all this in the space of a second with a sense of shock and instantly he understood the reason why he should have helped Charley Hart. It was because it would be intolerable to exist in a world where there was no help—where any human being could be as alone as Charley had been alone this afternoon.

Why, that was it, of course—he had been trusted with that chance. Some one had come to him who had no other place to go—and he had failed.

All this time, this moment, he had been standing utterly motionless staring at the telephone pole down the track, the one that his eye had picked out as being different from the others. The moon was so bright now that near the top he could see a white bar set crosswise on the pole and as he looked the pole and bar seemed to have become isolated as if the other poles had shrunk back and away.

SUDDENLY A MILE DOWN THE TRACK he heard the click and clamour of the electric train when it left the station, and as if the sound had startled him into life he gave a short cry and set off at a swaying run down the road, in the direction of the pole with the crossed bar.

The train whistled again. Click—click—click—it was near now, six hundred, five hundred yards away and as it came under the bridge he was running in the bright beam of its searchlight. There was no emotion in his mind but terror—he knew only that he must reach that pole before the train, and it was fifty yards away, struck out sharp as a star against the sky.

There was no path on the other side of the tracks under the poles but the train was so close now that he dared wait no longer or he would be unable to cross at all. He darted from the road, cleared the tracks in two strides and with the sound of the engine at his heels raced along the rough earth. Twenty feet, thirty feet—as the sound of the electric train swelled to a roar in his ears he reached the pole and threw himself bodily on a man who stood there close to the tracks, carrying him heavily to the ground with the impact of his body.

There was the thunder of steel in his ear, the heavy clump of the wheels on the rails, a swift roaring of air, and the nine-thirty train had gone past.

"Charley," he gasped incoherently, "Charley."

A white face looked up at him in a daze. Michael rolled over on his back and lay panting. The hot night was quiet now—there was no sound but the far-away murmur of the receding train.

"Oh, God!"

Michael opened his eyes to see that Charley was sitting up, his face in his hands.

" 'S'all right," gasped Michael, " 's'all right, Charley. You can have the money. I don't know what I was thinking about. Why—why, you're one of my oldest friends."

Charley shook his head.

"I don't understand," he said brokenly. "Where did you come from—how did you get here?"

"I've been following you. I was just behind."

"I've been here for half an hour."

"Well, it's good you chose this pole to—to wait under. I've been looking at it from down by the bridge. I picked it out on account of the crossbar."

CHARLEY HAD RISEN unsteadily to his feet and now he walked a few steps and looked up the pole in the full moonlight.

"What did you say?" he asked after a minute, in a puzzled voice. "Did you say this pole had a crossbar?"

"Why, yes. I was looking at it a long time. That's how—"

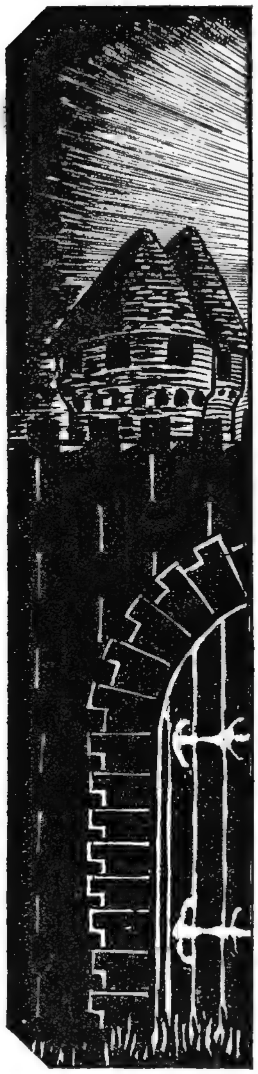
Charley looked up again and hesitated curiously before he spoke.

"There isn't any crossbar," he said.

* * *

The Listeners

By WALTER DE LA MARE



"IS THERE ANYBODY there?" said the Traveler,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveler's head;
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveler;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveler's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came," and no one answered
"That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Drought

Decorations by
Boris Artzybasheff

THE FIRST PERSON in the village of Mayavati to rouse herself from sleep was always my aunt. Day after day, month on month, year after year, the thud of her bare feet on the village road marked the beginning of morn for every villager. They knew by the sound of her slow walk that it was she who was going to bathe in the river. She returned home exactly when the sun was leaping off a peak of the Himalayas. Even when the sky was veiled with clouds, our village surmised that the sun had risen because Kuri had returned from her ablutions of the morning. In India all the hours of the day have their rituals, the daybreak first of all. In Mayavati the summer days are not so long as in the valley, owing to the high Himalayan peaks that cast their shadows on us from the northeast and west. In the winter, on the contrary, when the sun goes south, the days are longer.

Winter or summer the day's ritual rarely varied. Most of the villagers awoke during the last hour of the night, performed their ablutions, and then, before the sun swung over the diamond peaks of the Himalayas, prayed and meditated at least half an hour. The prayers they said were numerous, but under all of them ran the perpetual rhythm of the same thought:

O energy of repose in my heart,
O compassionate Silence,
Lead me from the unreal to the real,
  From darkness into Light,
From death into Immortality!
Make me so serene that I may be stiller than the hills
And also swifter than the swiftest flight of man's mind.

Anejadeko manasajabiya!
Kamasya yatrapta Kamastatro mam amritam Krisi.

Where longings have been quieted, there make me live.

After meditation was over, boys of my age went to the house of the Pulwan Lathiwal, our teacher of wrestling and fencing. (*Pulwan* means wrestler, and *Lathiwal,* fencer.) He was a clean-shaven athlete of about thirty, whose duty it was to teach wrestling and fencing to the youngsters of the village. He taught all castes, at all times, and in any kind of group. Under the thatched roof of his open pavilion lay the silt from the bed of the river Avati, which had been dried and pounded till it had become soft as cotton. On that soil-mattress, dressed in *jangiyo,* or tight shorts, we wrestled with one another and with Pulwan Lathiwal. Lads had wrestled thus from time immemorial in India, and it is generally called *kusthi.*

As we came out from the *kusthi* exercises and went to the river to wash off the dust and grime therein, the day had generally begun in earnest. The herdsmen drove their cattle to the field; the tiller clicked his tongue and urged his bullocks to pull the plow; crows, kites, and hawks flew far away in the heavens; while men set to work at their separate tasks. The weaver fretted at the tearings of the thread that he wove, the potter grumbled at the dry clay under his hand, and the smith wondered why it was so hard to work at his forge. In the meantime the cows lowed a distinct foreboding, and the horses neighed their distaste for toil. Purohit, who had felt a premonition of what was coming, said as he gave me my lessons, "The dry season has begun, maybe we shall have a terrible drought this year. Let God avert the bolt of calamity from this land!" But without doubt misfortune was upon us. Each day the heat grew more and more unbearable as the sun rose higher in the sky. Yet work went on. The cowherds blew their flutes as if they were gods playing in a grove. The plowmen sang thus:

How shall I stay at home and mind the fire
When I hear the flutings of my love?

By
DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

From "Ghond the Hunter"
E. P. Dutton & Co.

The weaver who was working at a saffron bridal veil softened his threads with this chanting:

> O my friend, I could not see him well! Through my veil I looked at my beloved; I could not see him well. In the breast of the cloud the lightning scorches and escapes. How can I tell you of him, for I am blinded by seeing his face.

As for the blacksmith, in spite of the din and clamour of steel on steel, he too sang as he wrought hard iron into the flowing designs of beauty:

Hammer and anvil
Sing, brothers, sing!
Tame the tongue of iron red,
Its eyes of scarlet,
Its body—a flint.
Tame, tame, tame,
Sing, and shape,
Hammer and anvil
This iron red.

THE POTTER IS BENDING over a large wheel at least two feet in diameter, resting at its centre on a spoke about three inches high. We see only his turban of ochre, his brown body wrapped in a white coat, and his limbs covered with white *payjama*—a Hindu word from *paya* (leg) and *jama* (covering), and meaning "trousers." His long sensitive fingers are on the clay dug from the bottom of the river when the water is very low. He is piling the clay about a foot high on the wheel at its centre. Now that is done, he twirls the wheel. It turns slowly at first, then with gathering momentum it spins faster and faster. Now he presses it with slight touches here and there, till the whole thing spins on an even level. Feeling sure that all is ready, he puts his two thumbs on the clay at the centre and presses on it. Like magic the clay blossoms into a cup. Quickly he takes a wet thread lying in a cup of water on the ground, and applies it under the new-born cup. It goes on spinning as if it had not been separated at all from the rest of the clay. The potter with his two forefingers touches and slows down his wheel a little, then deftly lifts up the full-fledged cup with his hand as a fancier lifts a tame dove from its nest. He puts it down in the sun, and then twirls his wheel again, but instead of making his second cup blossom quietly under his thumbs, he sings to its clay matrix:

Lilies on water,
Stars in the sky,
The curve of a bird-wing,
The grace of a bride,
Come all, come—
And abide in the cups that I build!

IN THE TEMPLE the priest went on explaining to me addition, subtraction, and all the other mysteries of numbers. What he told me about them you should know. For instance, he said that all the so-called Arabic numerals that the whole world uses are not Arabic at all; they were invented by the ancient Hindus. In the seventh century A. D., the Arabs, when they came to India, learned them from the Hindus, and took along with them the decimal system of notation to Europe and gave it to the Christian nations. Without that twofold product of Hindu genius, mathematical science would not have progressed so rapidly.

But I was most interested in the priest's story of the origin of the decimal system. Purohit said, "You notice how natural it is to count up to ten, and then stop? That system of ten man did not get from looking at the sky. He got it by looking at himself."

"What do you mean, my lord?" I questioned in bewilderment.

Purohit answered, "Count your fingers. How many are there?"

"Ten, my lord."

"How many toes have you?" he asked again.

I answer, "Ten, my lord."

"Well," continued the priest, "it is the recurrence of ten that amazed the ancient Hindus. You know, my son, men counted on their fingers then as they do now, and every time they did so they either counted up to ten or to a fraction thereof. In the dim past, there was a clever man who noted down what he counted. He made marks on the ground with a stick, and any counting that did not come up to ten he put down as a fraction, or part of ten—a mark with a decimal-point before it. That is how the decimal system orginated along with the numerals in ancient India. The only thing we should thank the old Hindus for is that they knew how to use their fingers."

THE STORY OF MY EDUCATION under Purohit would fill a volume. But the instance of the numerals shows how he presented science, whether the science of mathematics, or any other branch of study. My training was a mixture of meditation, science, scriptures, and literature.

At about eleven the artisans and the workers stopped their work. The increasing heat of the April day drove school-boy and labourer to bathe in the river. But no Hindu walks directly into the water, for that would be sacrilege. We would sit down on the water's edge, scoop up some of it, and pray thus:

> No matter what your colour or quality, I pray that you be as sacred and blessing-laden as the seven sacred rivers. O Mother, permit me to bathe in you.

After that prayer, I plunged into the water. Oh, it felt so refreshingly cool! The river was very shallow and its current not swift, so I went across, just for fun. But on the other side I saw something that made me pause and think. Along the river lay pugs (footprints) of tigers, not one but many, before them the spoor of elephant had marked the ground, and there were footprints of other beasts too. At the sight of them I felt as thrilled as a doctor who finds out a cure for a new sickness. Instead of telling anybody anything, I recrossed the river, performed my ablution, and went home. I meant to keep my discovery to myself until meeting Purohit the following afternoon.

When I reached home I changed my clothes, then went into our family chapel and meditated for a quarter of an hour, listening to the noonday silence. Is there anything more awe-inspiring than the heat of a tropical noon vibrating like a stinging harp-string?

Our dinner began with lentil soup. After that Kuri and I had rice cooked in water and seasoned with butter, and curried potatoes, and egg-plants fried in ghee (clarified butter). For dessert we had curd and sugar. To the Hindu, eating is something in the nature of a sacrament. In hotels we eat alone in our rooms: at home we eat one or two at a time, and talk very little.

Today, however, I had to speak; I had to tell my aunt all that I had seen. She listened in silence through the meal to my sentences between the courses. After dinner was over, as I lay down in my room for the siesta, she came over to speak her mind, saying:

"I saw the animals pass the river bank very early this morning when I went to bathe."

"No!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes. Now that you have seen their footprints, let us watch them pass tonight."

"Are you serious, Kuri?"

"Yes, my child," she reassured me. "I promise to take you with me."

"But how do you know they will come back?" I asked, fearing that the animals would not return. The very thought filled me with disappointment.

"There will be others. The numerous footprints that you saw indicate that the animals are going downstream because the drought has dried up the springs of the hills. Last night only the vanguard passed by our village. Many more herds will follow. No fear, we shall see them all tonight. Now rest, O beloved of blessedness!"

But I could not rest. Those animals going by our village proved too much for my imagination, their long procession was marching across my brain and yet I had to wait till nightfall to witness their exodus seawards.

THE LIFE OF OUR VILLAGE went on that afternoon as if nothing uncanny was in the air; and I, who knew what was in store for us, went about my business as if nothing had happened or was going to happen. About three in the afternoon, the heat relented, and I went to play with the boys of our village. Though I was a friend of all of them, yet I kept aloof from them, and very rarely told them of my adventures. Even to this day, though many people like me, and I love most of them, yet I cannot unburden my soul and mind in their hearing. There is always something that I keep entirely to myself, and that is why from time to time human beings misunderstand me.

On that particular afternoon we played *Keet Keet*, *Gooli Danda*, and Lathi. *Keet Keet* is a simple game; in its essence it is a primitive form of American football without a ball. It is played on an open field of the size and nature of a tennis court, where the place of the net is taken by a white line drawn on the turf. After the marking of the field into two sections, the next thing we did was to divide ourselves into two teams, the Reds and the Blues. Now the rule of the game is that if a Red crosses the line to the other side and is made captive by the Blues, he is counted out as dead. Imagine the amount of wrestling a single individual has to do with a whole flock of boys in order to free himself and get home to his own team alive!

Now after we had divided ourselves into Reds and Blues and occupied our respective courts as the toss-up indicated, one of the boys on our side, myself a Red, had to cross over shouting, *"Keet Keet,"* which means, "Catch me if you can, and hold me until I admit defeat." I must say my shouting and bragging could not be backed up very long by wrestling. The nine Blues fell upon me like an avalanche of humanity, and sat on my head, neck, and trunk, till I admitted defeat. Now that I was counted dead I sat on the edge of the court and rooted for our team. A Blue came over to our side of the court shouting, *"Keet Keet."* Our men did their best to grapple with him. Alas, he dragged himself away from them and returned a victor to his team. For the achievement of this Blue, another Red was counted out as dead. No doubt the loss of two of its members at the outset told upon the resistance of our team. In fifteen more minutes all the Reds were dead and the Blues triumphant and cheering.

After that game we began *Gooli Danda*. This consisted of hitting a piece of wood about three inches long with a stick about a foot long. *Keet Keet* is a form of Rugby, and *Gooli Danda* a primitive kind of baseball or cricket. The *gooli*, or little piece of wood, is thick in the middle, and has two fine tapering ends. It is laid on the ground at a given wicket, and then one boy takes the *danda* or stick (bat, as it were) in his hand and aims at the *gooli*. Our batsman struck one end of it, and ball-like it rose in the air flying and twirling like a top. If anyone missed hitting it while it lay on the ground, he lost his chance and became a dunce; but if nobody missed, the fellow whose hit sent it the shortest distance from the wicket becomes the dunce.

I happened to be the dunce on this particular afternoon. Each one of the nineteen boys stood at the wicket and hit the *gooli* in the air, and I had to catch it before it reached the ground. Such is the punishment for a dunce. If I failed, my next chance of winning out would be to throw back the *gooli* from where it fell at the wicket and hit the *danda* that lay on the ground. If I failed again, then the same boy who had hit the *gooli* last would pick it up and send it flying through the air again with a stroke of the *danda*. Well, half an hour before sundown I caught the *gooli* coming down through the air the nineteenth time. I was nearly exhausted!

FROM THE FIELDS we hastened to the house of Palwan Lathiwal. There twenty boys divided into ten pairs and fenced, first with *chota lathi*, small staves, about two feet and a half long, for twenty minutes. Before the British became rulers of India, the *chota lathi* was practised by masked men with swords, but since then the country has been disarmed and now we fence with sticks. In the art of stroke-and-parry I was quite an adept. Our teacher, Palwan Lathiwal, watched each pair carefully, and if anyone made a mistake he corrected him at once. After the *chota lathi* was over, we took up the real *lathi*, which were brass-shod rods about six feet long. The *chota* could be wielded with one hand, but the *bara*, or big *lathi*, could be lifted only with two. Now began the battle royal. Ten boys, brandishing the big sticks, attacked ten more

similarly armed. It reminded me of a riot, but with a few bruises on our bodies and several bumps on our hands, we finished *lathi* altogether for the day.

Now came the hour of prayer. We went to the temple near by, washing hands, faces, and feet, and thence to the outer chapel to meditate on infinite tranquillity. This is something that all boys and girls must do in India.

Purohit, our priest, sat facing us all and chanted in Sanskrit, to Silence:

Yasyantam nabidu sura suragana
Devaya tasmai namo

> O, thou fathomless Light whom not even the gods can describe, we salute Thee!

Each one of us tried to conceive of Life in this wise. I said to myself: "All is tranquil. Animals, men, birds—all are tranquil. I, too, am tranquil. May my tranquillity become so great that whatever I touch will become serene. What I feel is calmly felt. What I think is calmly thought. What I do shall be charged with calm.

Calm Calm Calm
Peace Peace Peace
Peace be unto all!"

Then I began to listen to silence. Though that is difficult, one must try. Let me illustrate the art of hearing silence. Suppose you are in the country listening to all the sounds. If you are attentive you will hear every sound in various tones. The wind, for instance, does not make the same noise when it shakes a pine-tree as when it trembles through the leaves of a poplar, and when it sighs among the reeds it strikes our ears differently from when it breathes upon the water. But if you think you have heard the farthest reach of the wind stilling itself in the distance, you are mistaken. It may be almost inaudible when it shivers on the calm surface of the lake, but yet it can be heard. You must go deeper, till you can hear it hover like a dragon-fly in its even flight. Sometimes I have heard the wind far off like the tremble of a piece of gauze; then, as I meditated deeper, that stopped suddenly and silence rose like a fountain from the void.

Have you ever heard silence? It is not stillness which is the absence of sound. Silence is not empty, it is full of content. It is like the sky—intangible yet containing the stars, the sun, the moon, and all existence. That is silence, and it is full of tongues.

WHEN OUR MEDITATION was over, the priest blessed us, and we went to our respective homes. After supper, consisting of *chapati* (very much like *tortilla,* Mexican bread) soaked in butter, eaten with beans cooked in water, seasoned with curry-powder, and mangoes for dessert, Kuri and I went to the temple to hear the epic *Mahabharata* read and explained by Purohit. Men and gods war with each other in that epic. This evening, it was the story of the battle of Titans and the gods, with the special episode in which Garuda, the Thunder-bird, steals the secret of Immortality from Heaven. It was a most thrilling account, for it is the Hindu equivalent of Prometheus. I did not realize how time passed.

The majority of the Hindus still go to the temples in the evening to hear the epics, in much the same fashion as the Americans go to the movies. Though my mind was full of the animals passing by our village, yet the story from the epic was rendered with such art by the priest that it held my attention completely, and I forgot all about everything else for the time being. The tale of stealing the secret of Immortality from the gods is not only dramatic but universal, and appears, I am told, in the epics of other nations as well as ours.

AT LAST THE READING was over, and after the priest had blessed the congregation, Kuri and I slipped out into the dry, windy night. In India, from the end of February, the wind blows from the south and very rarely from any other direction until after August. That particular night was not exceptional. It was very fortunate for us, because, since Kuri had planned to stay on the northern shore of the river, the animals who were likely to pass would get no wind of us. If anyone were to receive the scent it would be ourselves. After searching about the all-too-familiar hither shore, we at last found a screen of trees, and below them some larches. There we sat down comfortably and listened for sounds from the opposite bank, whose vague outline we perceived before us.

Suddenly we heard something growl behind us. I almost jumped forward into the river, but Kuri, who had great presence of mind, grabbed my hand and restrained me. She said, "That is a man coughing—maybe it is the priest, bent on the same errand as ourselves."

"Yes," a voice said near us, "I, too, wish to see the animals." There was no mistaking the priest's voice now.

"Come and sit near us," said my aunt. "But don't go coughing about this place and startling men and beasts."

"I saw them pass last night, so I thought—" began Purohit, sitting down beside me.

You know, animals in nature are not stupid enough to perform as punctually as do their tamed brothers in a circus. The priest, next to him myself, and then my old aunt, sat in a row waiting for the show to begin. Nothing happened. Even the wind grew tired of waiting and almost fell asleep, and I, unable to ward off slumber any longer, put my head on Kuri's lap and sank into sleep. I know not how long I had slept when I was gently shaken. It did not have to be repeated; in a trice my whole being was all attention. I sat up while I was opening my eyes, but what they saw was disappointing, only a stretch of empty field surrounded by trees that stood out like a wall of stiff paper in the light of the risen half-moon. Apart from its light, nothing new had come on the stage before us. I made a gesture of disgust and prepared to lie down again.

But the priest whispered, "Listen! something is stirring in the stillness far off."

I listened carefully, but received no impression whatsoever.

My aunt remarked very softly, "Elephants—they walk so quietly!"

I, who had stretched my hearing to the finest point, heard nothing but the shiver of the dying wind on the water and the tiniest throb of the tassels on the larches. Nothing, nothing more.

But that something was happening in the dark forest to the west, there was no doubt. There was a tension in the air, which moved eastward. Like curtains parting imperceptibly, the darkness parted to our right, and then, like a scene in a theatre, there stood before us a mammoth tusker. How still he stood—as if he were carved out of black marble. The moonlight on his trunk flashed like a column of white water, and his tusks, which must have been very long, looked white as the moon itself. That stone-still figure slowly took on motion. Have you ever seen a vast banyan tree slowly assume colour at dawn? Then you can imagine how motion touched and quickened that colossal immobility. He raised his trunk to the moon whose light ran like roots of a tree gripping a granite rock. Streaks of moonlight slid down his front legs. The entire mass before us now became charged with energy. He flung his trunk far forward to sniff the air, then to right and left. "No," he seemed to say to himself, "no odour of danger in any direction. Better move on!"

Swiftly the creature, as massive as a temple, moved and vanished. And just where it had emerged into sight a few moments before, stood a big female elephant. She walked on, followed by a young tusker. Thus, they passed, one after the other—an entire herd. Hardly had they gone, when a very large male elephant emerged, of exceptional height. Though he appeared a straggler, there was no doubt he was the second chief of the herd; the first one's business was to lead, and the last tusker's duty lay in protecting the rear of the herd from any attack. One could tell this by his peculiar gesture of flinging his trunk backward on the right and on the left, which meant that he was inhaling the air behind him to make sure that no danger was dogging the footsteps of the herd. Like a dream dreamt, he, too, was gone.

But their passage had transfigured the river bank, as if the Holy of Holies had traversed the space before us and left it charged with majesty and wonder. There was a feeling of tension in the air. Hours seemed to have passed when an enormous sambur (a deer as big as a bull) stalked out of the west and stood before us. As if they were treading a line made straight under their feet, deer after deer followed him eastward, quiet and calm, without any fear in them at all. The only thing that made their march memorable was the flash of moonlight that fell on their muzzles as each one stepped out of the forest shadows.

An utterly eventless half-hour passed, and then came a quick snap, snap, snap from the west—and lo, a tiger and tigress were drawing their sinuous path on the shore! A shiver of terror and pleasure seized us. I put one hand in Kuri's and the other in Purohit's, and squeezed them hard. In spite of the reassuring pressure from both of them, I was unable to control my fear and enjoyment, for it was my first vision of wild tigers. Like a hypnotized creature my eyes were riveted on the other bank of the river long after they had gone. It seemed to me that no time had elapsed before another pair of felines had come and with lightning-like speed disappeared from west to east. Whether they were leopards or tigers was hard to tell.

Now took place the most poignant scene of the night. The moon had already risen toward its meridian when half a dozen boars and then buffaloes passed. Following them came a small herd of elephants. But they were very noisy. The snapping of twigs, and crackling of dry leaves rent the air with explosive sounds as they descended from the river bank to the slender rill at its centre to take a drink. They grunted and complained at the mud into which their feet sank. After they had drunk their fill, they quieted down, and slowly, one by one, they climbed back on to the bank. The way they put up their forefeet, and dragged up their heavy hind feet, was a study in leverage, as faultlessly functioning as perfectly-built, smooth machinery.

But the noises that they had hitherto made they ceased to repeat, as if some majestic presence had awed and silenced their animal senses. We, too, felt an awe-compelling reverence for something approaching. A palpitating stillness possessed animals, trees, and human beings. Slowly and inevitably some intangible yet adamantine weight descended down the air.

Two stars set, one after the other like candles snuffed out.

The elephants lifted their trunks as if in salutation. Just then a doel (Indian nightingale) gave out a piercing cry of joy, that ran zig-zagging like chain-lightning through the granite stillness. As implements of magic are gathered up in the wizard's wallet, the elephant herd slipped out of sight into the copse to the left.

And the day broke a fountain of gold in the east.

The Clasp of Rank

By S. CARLETON

S Carleton

MY SOLITARY JOB in the winter bush was over. But, coming back over the high barrens to my metropolitan cabin—three miles from the dizzy centre that the priest's house, the Indian agent's, one trader's and a few shacks have labeled "settlement" on the maps—it struck me that it was still a far cry to spring.

The morning was bitter—so cold that the water froze in my eyes and the breath in my nostrils, though it was March, and there should have been some power in the sun. But it hung bleached and bleak over a world of snow, where even the distant spruce belt between me and my cabin stood gray and haggard as I made the shortest cut I could towards it. Once I reached it I was not far from home; say about twice the distance a man could throw a stone. I am perticular, because I have since had reason to measure it. But I was not dreaming of that business then.

I bolted well into the shelter of my belt of spruce-trees, stopped to get my pipe lit—and ducked instinctively under the nearest tree. Something metallic and gleaming had arc-ed in the sombre boughs above me like a falling star. Like a star, too, I had not heard it drop, or I would have sworn some one had thrown a knife at me from behind, and missed. For half a breath I thought I heard the faint rasp of snowshoes running over the crusted snow of the open barrens I had just left. I had seen no one out there, but that said nothing, for between the cold and haste I had never looked anywhere but before my nose. I wheeled to peer through the thick spruces that shut me in like a fence, and laughed outright—for before I had half-faced about, my silly illusion had explained itself, and there was no need to be staring out over any barrens.

The knife that had sheered across my snow-dazzled eyes had been nothing but an icicle, and there was certainly no one running away, for my assailant was before me. There was a squaw crouching under the snow-clogged spruces between me and the barrens, among a mess of tree-icicles that had fallen on the snow. I guessed she had tried to attract my attention by throwing one of them at me, and then changed her mind about it—for she crouched oddly motionless on her hands and knees in the ice-spattered snow, as if she did not think she could be seen. Her face was turned from me, yet all the same I recognized her.

"Why, it's Anne Labrador; Labrador's wife!" I thought, astounded. Labrador was the Indian chief in my district; but he and Anne and their two little children lived forty miles off in a camp they never left, except to look after their lines of traps and their fur *caches*. I always went to see them when I was over their way, and took some sugar and stuff for their funny brown babies, who could just lisp my name. "*Kwa*, Anne," I shouted in Indian. "What was that you threw at me just now? And where's Labrador and the children?"—for she never stirred without them.

Anne neither moved nor answered. It might have been my fancy that she stared detachedly into the spruces in front of her as though she would have drawn my gaze after hers, but it was certainly no fancy that there was an extraordinarily stiff and bloodless look about her. For a moment I could almost have doubted that it *was* Anne. She wore no silver clasp of rank as a chief's wife in the blue shawl over her breast; she had not spoken; and she was not even looking at me, her friend of many years.

Somehow the thing puzzled me into dead silence; and I made no step towards her, either, though she was not fifty feet off. I did turn my head and stare where she seemed to be staring, but I saw nothing—and when I glanced back again, she was gone! She must have shifted as stealthily as a wolf, to have vanished like that into the blue shadows beside her, and the stupid tension of wonder that had held me snapped and left me angry. It was Anne, without doubt, and this was no way for her to behave.

"Stop these fool tricks," I called out. "Come down to my cabin if you want to see me! It's too cold for you or anyone to be hanging round here."

AND IT WAS; for as I strode angrily after the woman, I was shivering, and I shivered even when I brought up suddenly against an impenetrable thicket of brush that showed no sign of her, though I knew perfectly that she must somehow have slipped into it. As I checked in the first low bushes of it, something pricked my ankle viciously, but I was too preoccupied over Anne's idiotic disappearance even to stoop and see if a jagged stick had torn my new leggings. However she had managed it in the deep snow, she was gone; with no more trace than a stone leaves in water—though I might have persevered in looking for her tracks if I had not felt that I was being evaded, and some Indian trick being worked on me. I turned down the short cut that landed me at my own wood-pile; and as I kicked the snow off my leggings against it, I was unwarrantably upset. Anne and her husband were more than friends of mine, and for her to play hide-and-seek with me struck me as a very poor joke. When I got into my shut-up cabin it felt colder than outside it, bar the wind; my fire would not burn; and I mislaid my tobacco. Altogether, everything went so crooked with me that it was with no surprise that I saw Lazier, the Indian agent, walk into my house that afternoon on an unexpected and unasked visit.

"Things seem cut in the piece today," I thought savagely, for he was the one man in the district I really disliked. He had never been in my house before, and I could not see why he had come now; it was absurd to say he wanted to hear my news. I said I had been in the bush and had heard no voice but my own for a month—which was strictly true. For Anne Labrador had certainly not spoken to me that morning, and, in any case, I had forgotten her.

"You're a lonely man, Devlin; but if there is any news, they say you are sure to hear it," Lazier assented drily. I did not know why it struck me that he had come to find out something; there was no curiosity in his face, and it might have been by chance that his eyes searched my bare room. I was not sorry when he suddenly said he must be going, if I saw less than ever why he had seen fit to come all the way from the settlement on such a day.

IT WAS COLDER THAN EVER, and the setting sun beat up from the snow in an intolerable glitter of colour as I watched him walk away from my door. The track he left across my clearing lay dead and blue between the crusted drifts of gold and rose and crimson, and it pleased me to think it the spirit and image of the way the man trod this world.

"Well, deliver me from any dealings with him!" said I, and banged my door. I may as well set down why I hated Lazier. He farmed his Indians; they never saw half of their Government allowance. He was always sniffing out their poor quarrels, and our district was getting a bad name. If a man took out a knife he was a murderer; if he borrowed a pair of moccasins he was a thief—and Lazier confiscated his flour and blanket money for a fine. No one was clever enough to catch him out on it, even if there had been anyone but the settlement priest and myself who cared. He had once tried to drag me into his thief-catching, and I was so angry at the memory that I forgot to throw any wood on my fire, and neither troubled to light my lamp nor close the shutters of my window. It was with a start that I saw my fire was out, and the new moon shining in on me. I stood up to close my shutter, and saw more than the moon.

Lazier had come back—and, at sight of him, I knew I had guessed right that afternoon! He had come to find out something, and when it was clear I did not know it, had returned to discover it for himself. I opened my door soundlessly, and stood waiting to tell him it was no good, that I would have no liars or mischief-brewers in my house; and I must have stood ten minutes before I saw he was not coming in—was not thinking of me at all. He was looking for something in the snow. Sometimes he went on all fours to it; then he peered among the snow-choked spruces; then prowled into my clearing again and pounced at one place and another in the snow.

He was not a pleasant sight as he flitted in and out of the silent bush between me and the moon, and sheer disgust kept me from shouting to know what he wanted in my clearing. But whatever it was, I thought suddenly that he must have found it, for he stood still; so near me that I heard him cough with relief before he vanished into the bush, at a round trot for the settlement. I stared after him, raging that for the second time that day I had missed ordering him off my place.

IT WAS THE COLD that brought me to my senses and the knowledge that I was making a fool of myself; if the man had lost anything in the afternoon, he had a perfect right to come and look for it in the evening. Only I did not believe he had lost anything! It swept over me with a sudden trouble, and with no earthly reason, that it was a strange track he looked for where no one but he and I had walked all day. I hunted, uselessly, for that or anything else he might have been seeking, and ended flatly enough at my woodpile to gather bark to rekindle my forgotten fire. As I carried an armful into my dark house, I thought something fell from it with a ring like metal, but it was not till I knelt in the heartening leap of a four-foot blaze that I turned to look—and I kept on looking.

The thing at my feet was not what Lazier had lost. The only Indian property he owned was a crooked knife with a round handle, of a kind never used in our district. And on my floor lay what never would have been given to him, and even he would not have dared to take—a squaw's *miskaman,* or clasp of rank. They are slightly convex discs of native silver, with a round hole in the middle, through which the two ends of a shawl are pushed, secured by a hinged pin the size of a two-inch nail, but flattened to the point of a dagger. Held in a woman's hand with the pin upright, the clasp would give a nasty wound, but I never heard of one being used as a weapon. Those of the captains' wives in an Indian tribe are perforated in a design of which the motive is a long diamond—and pretty enough—but this was no badge of a captain's wife. It was the

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clasp of a chief's wife, three inches in diameter, cut out in circles and half-circles; dear to the owner as her honour, and as hard to steal. More than that, it was a clasp I knew, for I had often handled it.

"Anne Labrador's!" said I; I remembered irrelevantly how Anne's two children had been wont to finger it where it shone on her breast. "She must have lost it before I met her this morning! But why on earth hasn't she come to look for it?"

THE DULL SILVER of the thing held my eyes where it lay on the floor. I picked it up, wondering if I could be mistaken in it, and saw on it the symbol-writing Labrador himself had taught me how to read. There was only one character, of angles and uprights, that might have represented either a three-branched candlestick or a devil, only I knew it stood for a long word which means "my soul." Anne Labrador's own hand had engraved it there, and I knew the meaning she set to it. Oddly enough, it occurred to me for the first time that it was a terrible meaning. And then I laughed at my own folly, since while Anne was alive the engraving on her clasp meant nothing at all. For the superstition is this:

To cut the symbol of your own soul on your dearest belonging is to make it possible—if you so please, or happen to have earthly business a dead body cannot finish for you—that your spirit can enter into that belonging when you die, and put life into it till it can go where it chooses and work out the desire of the dead. Anne Labrador believed it, for she had often told me so. She never let her silver clasp out of her sight, either, which made it the more unaccountable for it to have been lying on my wood-pile. If she had dropped it, why had she not told me when I met her in the morning? I wondered what could be wrong with the woman to make her prowl around my cabin in secret and run away when I spoke to her, but it is no use wondering where Indians are concerned—even those you know best. I put the clasp away till she chose to come to her senses and ask for it. And it was at that minute that the knock fell on my door.

"Here she is now," I thought crossly, for I wanted to go to bed. But it was not Anne at my door. It was an Indian, not a squaw, who brushed past me and stumbled over to my fire without speech or leave. I had words on my tongue till I saw the set of his mouth, and that the moccasins on his feet were frayed through. Even when he was fed he sat without speaking till I asked what he wanted with me, for he was not an Indian whom I knew.

"Nothing," he answered in English. "We come for the priest. Very bad news we bring. Our chief is killed."

"What chief?" said I stupidly. "Where?"

"Labrador—over there where he camps!"

"What? Anne's husband?" I stood like a fool, realizing that if Anne knew, it was no wonder she had not spoken to me that morning.

The Indian nodded. "Anne's husband. That man who spies always says his woman killed him," and I knew he meant Lazier. He rose, staggering, as the words tore out of him in the Indian tongue he had not used before: "She is my sister, my sister that is younger than I, and he will hang her to a rope when he finds her. He says he saw her running from her dead, without her rank-clasp, that she threw away when she—she was a chief's wife no longer! He says she left her little children to the wolves that they might not weigh down her feet; he has their little shawls all torn and bloody. He says if she did not kill her man, why did she run—and where are the children? He says her rank-clasp, that was her honour, she has thrown away into the snow!"

"*Anne* killed Labrador! I don't believe it. And it's rot about the children—she adored them! As for the rest of the stuff about her rank-clasp and her running away"—I began hotly, and stopped, remembering Anne's face that morning, where she knelt in the snow without the children I had never known her to leave, and her rank-clasp that lay in my pocket. I dared not speak of either. I turned on her brother instead. "Why do you come to *me?*"

"*Too-ok,*" he returned vacantly, which is the last word of an Indian when he does not know or will not say. "I could walk no longer to the priest, and I saw your light."

MY MIND SPUN like a wheel. To the best of my belief, Anne was hidden by my very clearing. Innocent or guilty, she had certainly been there to leave her clasp—but I dared not say so even to her brother till I knew the rights of the story. Oddly enough, neither then nor till long after did I think of the shining thing I had seen arc over my head in my spruce trees, from a direction whence Anne could never have thrown it. Two other thoughts held me in a cold grip: the little bloodstained shawls of two children left to the wolves, and the unostentatious return of Lazier to quarter my clearing in the moonlight for a track. I turned on Anne's brother again. "Why does Lazier say Anne killed Labrador? Has he found her?"

"He looks for her—she is as good as found," dully. "I ran a long way round that he might not know I came to the priest for help. But what can the priest do?"

"Go and see!" But it stuck in my throat, remembering Anne's face as she crouched alone in the snow. What could any man do, if what that said were true? I stopped the Indian as he turned: "Tell me all you know first!"

"All I saw"—he changed the verb to a literal one—"was Labrador lying dead, very lonely in his house. And the little children's shawls where the wolves had left them. My sister no one saw."

"No one will." But I did not think it. I had seen her already, and Lazier had ways of his own in the district. He had used them to get Michael Paul hanged when we all knew he was crazy; and the Sheriff was his led captain.

I put Anne's brother out on his way to the priest, and came back with my mind spinning harder than ever. If Anne had not thrown away her clasp, which was equivalent to throwing away her rank and her people, why was it in my pocket? Unless she had killed her man, why had she crouched from me in silence? And, above all, what in God's name had happened to her little children? I knew in my soul, furiously, that there Lazier was a liar. Anne was a passionately good mother; she would have fought to the death before she left her children to the wolves: there was some explanation of that somewhere, though all the rest was beyond me. But what was not beyond me was that it was a killing night for a woman to be out who dared not light a fire, and that, even if she had killed Labrador, my house could shelter her—it had sheltered worse. But, though I scoured the night till my blood chilled in me, I could not find Anne.

There was no sense in tearing out to her camp to look for her children—the whole settlement was doing that. Lazier told me so when he came up in the morning with a baby's torn shawl, that turned my stomach, in his hand. I did not throw him out of the house, for the sole reason that while he was there he could not be hunting my spruces for Anne, though I was furiously certain he had wormed out that her brother had been to me before he went to the priest, and had come up on the chance that I would let slip what the priest would hide. I expected Anne to be caught any minute, and Lazier to haul me into witnessing against her; how, I did not know, but somehow. Only those were not all the reasons that made me steal out of my shack the second Lazier had left me, and make a swift and devious departure into the tenantless barrens north of me. The others were an errand of my own, though I knew it was more like a crazy obsession, and a black fear that if I stayed Lazier would find Anne's clasp in my pocket. All the time he talked to me I could feel the thing against my breast, and knew what he would have thought if he had guessed it, which only luck had stopped. Therefore, before I crept out of my own house like a thief, and before dinner, I hid the clasp where no one could ever find it. At least I thought I did. Later, I was to know better.

TEN MILES SOUTH of the camp where Labrador was killed lay a district where he had always run a line of traps and kept a fur *cache* or two. A huge green meteorite marked its boundary, and with that crazy obsession of my own in my head I snowshoed all day to get there, and at sunset saw my landmark of the green boulder shining like a jewel under the golden sky.

"Praise be," said I, for I had had enough walking, but it was for something else, too. My real errand to the place had been nothing on earth but a hunt for Anne's children, that without rhyme or reason were in my head day and night, with their little brown fingers that had burrowed in my pockets for sugar, and their friendly, confident eyes. I knew they had been killed by the wolves, and that it was useless to look for them; yet something inside me said passionately that I had to look for them, and that if there were any chance of finding them alive it was out here—by the green rock. I had a perfectly unfounded certainty that, even if she were a murderess, Anne must have taken her children with her in her desperate flight, that even her iron strength would be exhausted by alternately dragging and carrying the two little things till she *must* have stopped by the green rock, and nowhere else, to make a fire and feed them; perhaps hide them in some makeshift camp where they might still be alive. And when I say all that was a crazy obsession, it was, for my own eyes had seen Lazier handling the babies' torn and bloodstained shawls, which was all the wolves had left. But crazy or not, I was so set on the thing that I was absolutely, starkly certain of seeing Anne's dead camp fire waiting for me on the other side of the rock, and Anne's camp built against it, with her children inside. I rounded the green boulder, and I checked with shock; checked till even my breath was still.

THERE WAS NO CAMP; there were no children. But the thing that downed me was that I stared at just the dead embers of a camp-fire that I had expected—only they had not been Anne's! They had not been any Indian's fire, but a white man's; the wide pile of half-burned wood told me that, for an Indian makes as small a fire as he can. Some stray trapper had been here not two days ago; but Anne—Anne had never been here, had never made any camp, and the story the children's shawls told was true!

I felt like a flat fool, but I felt sick, too. I was hurrying to blot out the deadly unexpectedness of those ashes with my own fire when I saw something shining in their blackness. I sweated as I looked at it, as a horse breaks out in the stable. Anne Labrador's clasp lay by that dead fire which had not been hers, and I had left that clasp safely stowed in my own house. I explained the thing to myself slowly, and out loud, because I was ashamed to feel as I did about it.

"You must have put something else in the hole in the back of your chimney! This has been in your pocket all the time, and dropped out when you stooped. Or else it's some other squaw's clasp that has been lost here!"

But I stammered on the lie. There was no other clasp of a chief's wife among the Indians, and I knew well that it was this one I had carried in from my woodpile and hidden later from Lazier. I had no desire to touch it, but in spite of myself I looked for the three-branched candlestick on its back, that meant the soul of Anne Labrador. It was there. And it shone too blood-red in my new firelight for a thing I had left hidden at home. The insane thought that shook me was that if Anne dead could send her soul into the thing, Anne alive might also be able to make it sentient, intelligent; that it had *got out* of the hole in my chimney to follow me like a hunting dog, and that the quest it hounded me on was the search for Anne's children! I was out on that already, but I had no mind to be goaded by superstition or coincidence. I shut my eyes and flung the clasp away from me, into the spruce trees behind my fire, and I breathed easier when it was gone.

But I could not rest. All night long I dreamed of Anne Labrador's children; dreamed till I woke myself, certain I heard them crying. I knew it was nonsense, and that there was nothing round me but the silence of bitter cold, yet with the first gleam of daylight I started to tramp onward in my fool's hunt for them. Anne might have made a camp in some hiding-place and left them in it—though it was not a likely thing for a woman who was flying for her life. But tramp as I might I could find no Indian camp nor a sign of one, and suddenly—in the middle of the morning—I jerked up where I toiled through thickets and behind boulders. There again, in the snow at my feet, was the silver clasp!

IN THE SUNLIGHT I was ashamed of my last night's nonsense about it. But all the same, I could not see how I had thrown it miles away from those dead ashes under my fire! I wondered if Anne could possibly have rummaged the thing out of my house after I left it, and followed me in hope of help; afraid to call to me, but dropping the clasp to show me she was near at hand, and picking it up when I threw it away—or, for all I knew, flung it at her, for the spruces were thick. And suddenly I realized my thoughts were the thoughts of a fool. Anne had had no share in the business; it was my own hand that had thrown the clasp where it lay. All my tramping of that morning had been merely a circle back to the place where I had slept. The spruces round me were the spruces I had camped in the night before: I could see the green meteorite gleam through them as I stared.

It was stupidity fit for a man who had never seen the bush before. I was thankful no one would ever know about it, but as I was back at my camp I would eat my dinner there, and then go home. I had found no children and never would, and I was sick of Anne and the whole business. I put her clasp in my pocket for no better reason than that it seemed wasted trouble to throw it away any more, and sat down in the lee of the green rock to build a new cooking fire. And, with the match in my hand to light it, sat paralyzed. Somewhere, close by me, I heard the creak of snow under snowshoes, heard men's voices. The match burned out in my hand.

"Who in God's world?" I thought; and suddenly I knew. Anne must really have followed me out from my shack, and men were on Anne's trail! I peered out from behind the green rock as a man peers when he is afraid, and my mind stopped in me, as a jar stops a clock. Lazier was coming towards me, with the Sheriff and two trappers!

WHAT POSSESSED ME I do not know. Not fifty Laziers could have dragged me into the hunting of Anne, but I was in a panic. I tore her clasp out of my pocket and flung it into the spruce thicket behind me, as I had flung it before—and once more I did not look to see where it went. The action took the blood from my heart, the rigidity from my mind. I knew instantly that I had been a fool to throw away the clasp, but I dared not go for it. I stood up and walked out to meet Lazier. The man stopped dead, with a face of the most appalling and blankest rage I ever saw. There was absolutely no expression in his eyes, and they seemed to have no pattern in the irises—you will understand me if you have ever looked straight into the eyes of a lunatic.

"You fool, Devlin," he said, before I could speak. "Get out of this bush and come home! That squaw's not out here, if that's why you came. And you couldn't help her if she was."

"I'd have a try at it," said I, in a passion. "I believe it's all a pack of lies about her."

But he did not see fit to answer me. He made a sharp gesture to the Sheriff and his men to stay where they were, and moved around the green rock to my unkindled fire, looking at me with those eyes.

"Come home," he said furiously, if it was under his breath. "Can't you see I came out to warn you that the Sheriff's after *you*—that he thinks you're hiding the woman?" He swung round at a sound behind him and saw the two trappers moving towards the spruce thicket. "Sit down where you are! You don't want to go for wood—Devlin's got a fire built here that we can eat by before we go back again," he shouted, and swung round on me again. "Can't you see I came to warn you?" he repeated. His lips looked stiff with cold; they barely moved.

"Why?" No more trenchant answer came to my tongue, for over Lazier's shoulders I could see the two trappers. They were no led captains like the Sheriff; they were walking over to the spruces as coolly as though Lazier had never shouted at them, only I knew it was no firewood they were after. One, or both of them, had seen the silver clasp flash as I threw it behind me, and meant to find out what I had flung away.

I knew just what they would think when they found it, but there was nothing I could do about it. I knelt down at Lazier's feet and lit my cooking fire—but, before the lowest chip had kindled, the trappers' voices sent me flying into the spruces. And the instant I stood in them I knew I had thrown the silver clasp to the right place at last, for I was looking at Anne Labrador.

She was on all fours on the crusted snow, stark on her hands and knees—exactly as I thought I had seen her forty-eight hours before and thirty miles away. Even now I could not believe that I had not seen her there, though my intelligence said it was impossible, for she must have been dead two days where she crouched now. A round thing under her shawl broke the smoothness of it between her shoulders, but none of us touched it to see what it was, and none of us spoke. I did not, because I could see the woman's dark face, line for line, as I thought I had seen it in the spruces by my house, also the shining of silver on the snow below her breast. I was all abroad as to how I had ever flung her clasp so truly. And as I thought it, I forgot the clasp, Anne, everything.

"My soul," said I, "the children!" I leapt, galvanized, to what might have been the muffled whine of a dying hare.

It was close by, at my very side, that I found them, and so far my crazy obsession had been just plain common-sense. Only, they were in no makeshift camp, but underground, and piled over with rocks, in one of Labrador's fur *caches,* that I must have passed twice that very morning and had been too big a fool to think of searching, even with a child's cry in my ears all the night before. They were hungry and pitiful enough, but alive; even almost as warm among the smelling pelts that all but filled their poor expedient of safety as when they had been packed in by their dead mother outside. All their little clothes were on them, except the torn shawls with which Lazier had sickened me, and their mother's thick blue cloth petticoat was round them both. The forlorn things wailed as they clutched me, their one familiar friend among the strange faces round them. A trapper raced to my fire to boil up water and biscuit to feed them; the other two stood and swore, more or less appropriately. But the Sheriff laid a sudden hand on my arm, and nodded backwards at Anne Labrador.

"Poor soul, poor soul!" he said, and it was the first time I ever heard kindness off his tongue; "she done her best to save them."

"Soul?" Lazier broke in sharply. "Why do you say *soul?*" He had stood aloof through all the fuss about the children, and at his sneering voice the five-year-old I held opened its eyes on him and jerked in my arms.

"Keep him 'way!" it yelled. "Keep him 'way! Him hit my father—make my mother run!"

A trapper gave a flashlight glance at me. Neither of us spoke.

Lazier said contemptuously, "The child is demented!" He walked towards it from where he stood before the body of Anne Labrador, and slipped as he passed the rank-clasp lying on the snow. He put out a hand to save himself, but none of us realized that it was he who had screamed like an animal till he rolled in the snow like one, with Anne Labrador's clasp sticking fast to his palm. I saw the dagger pin of it showing through the back of his hand before he tore the thing out.

"How's that devil soul-clasp here!" he screamed. "I don't see how it's here! I threw it away miles off after the night I caught her here running to tell the priest I'd done for Labrador. But I caught her. After that there was no running. She knelt down."

I was knocked dead silent, though I knew enough of the babbling collapse of the nerves that comes with a wound through the very middle of a man's palm. But the Sheriff blazed out furiously. "Lazier!" he shouted. "Lazier!"

But Lazier was past shouting at. He stood staring at Anne's clasp lying where it had fallen when he tore it out of his hand, a spot of concentrated white sunlight on the snow—stood staring as if he were hypnotized, and spoke as the hypnotized speaks.

"She knelt down," he repeated. "She said her soul would live—she would make me fear her soul! Her body did not matter. But I lit a fire by that green rock and stayed there till she was quiet. It was midnight when I started for home. I didn't know the children"—I saw him wrench himself to lie, saw him stand powerless, unable to do it, his eyes still glued to the shining clasp at his feet. "Anyway, she'd buried them," he said gratingly. "I found their shawls that she'd forgotten. They'd got blood on them somehow, and I thought of that about the wolves. I found that clasp too, stuck in my sleeve, when I was passing Devlin's, on the other side of the barrens, and I threw it away into some spruces. Afterwards, I was afraid I'd thrown it into his clearing, and he'd find it. I went there twice that day to make certain he hadn't—though I never could have thrown the thing that far over his spruce trees."

No one knew that better than I did; but it was not by any will of my own that I remembered the shape I had called by the name of Anne Labrador. Yet that could not have thrown the clasp to my wood-pile where I must find it, when I had failed at the bidding of its eyes. For a dazed half-minute I wondered if it were true that a bit of beaten silver with the soul-sign on it could take life from its dead owner and go where it pleased—if it were the clasp itself that had found its way to my wood-pile—and I looked up and saw Lazier's face.

"Lazier and I," my mind flashed with cold, sane relief; "it was just Lazier and I who moved the thing from start to finish!"

For of course it was! Standing in my spruces that cold morning, I had really heard the drag of running feet on snow-shoes over the open barrens, and I knew now that it was Lazier—who had just thrown away Anne's clasp in the metallic flash I had seen arc among my trees. And it was I myself who unwittingly carried it to my wood-pile, by its long pin that had pricked my ankle and stuck in my leggings till I kicked the snow off them against my stacked wood. For the rest, I put the clasp in my chimney right enough, only once more its pin had caught in my clothing, this time in the back of my sleeve as I withdrew my arm; and from my sleeve it had dropped on the ashes of the fire Lazier had kindled by the green rock while he waited for a woman to die. As for my finding it again this very morning, it would have been a wonder if I had not, since I had merely circled back to the green rock, as I explained before. Every circumstance about the clasp was quite simple; there was nothing supernatural about any of them—and once more my eyes fell on Anne Labrador kneeling inhumanly stiff and bloodless in the snow, finger for finger, as I had thought I saw her kneeling in my own spruces, thirty miles from the children I had just found: only this time my mind came down on the truth like a hammer on a nail.

"Oh, you fool!" I swore aloud. "There was nothing supernatural in that, either!"

Nor was there. I suppose even a poor squaw, dying agonized for her children, might think hard enough of the only man who could save them to bring her bodily image before that man's mind. Anyhow, Anne had brought hers before mine and I knew it, if telepathic vision would have been the right term. I took off my cap to the gallant soul of a dead mother and looked away, to see Lazier still talking and the Sheriff holding his arm.

"Stop it, Lazier!" he was shouting. "You dunno what you're saying!"

"I'm saying I was afraid of the clasp and the writing on it," Lazier returned evenly, as if he were reading out of a book. "I know it's an Indian lie that life goes into a thing you cut the soul-sign on, but I was afraid of it all the same, and that Devlin had it"—he spoke exactly as if I were not there; "I had to keep near him to feel safe. That's why I followed him out here. I thought——"

The dazzle off Anne's clasp made the Sheriff blink. He put out an absent foot and kicked it aside into the shadow of a spruce-bush. It lay there dead and dull as a slice of lead, and Lazier's speech broke off short, as if he had suddenly realized his own voice and the sense of what it said. I don't know why I stood silent; I had no pity for the man.

"You're crazy!" the Sheriff burst out. "You're talking foolishness! Nobody killed this woman. She's just dead." He wrenched away Anne's frozen-down shawl and recoiled in a kind of galvanized dumbness. The round lump under it, that had broken its smoothness between the squaw's shoulders, was the round handle of Lazier's crooked Indian knife—the one such knife in the district. The Sheriff gaped at it, missed Lazier's suddenly intelligent scowl at him, and spoke like a fool: "Why, that's yours, Lazier!"

LAZIER MADE no answer. He looked at me, at Anne's children in my arms; at the changed, inimical faces of his two trappers; at the Sheriff; then at Anne Labrador. There were six of us alive and one dead who knew the thing that he had done, and I saw him weigh his chances of slipping free of it. He had them—the Sheriff was his satellite, the country wide. Whether he would have used them or not I cannot say. I do say he did not mean to do the thing he did. He always carried his revolver cocked and in the side pocket of his coat. He slid his hand into his pocket now, and I guessed he was going to hand his revolver over to the Sheriff ostentatiously, and make a play for injured innocence—and time—with him and the trappers, for he was no lightning shot who could have laid us all with Anne Labrador. If he had looked at us, things might have been different; but his eyes were on the snow beyond him, where he stood a little turned away from us, and his revolver came out of his pocket just as the wheeling sunlight pierced the spruce-bush behind him and once more smote Anne's silver clasp into a burning star where the Sheriff had kicked it aside. The blinding dazzle of it flashed fair into Lazier's eyes. He jerked back from the stabbing white light, the hand at his side flew up—and his revolver snapped off like a whip with the muzzle jammed upwards under his chin, against the soft of his throat. That was all there was to it, except that he dropped full length, like a tree drops, beside Anne Labrador.

"Lazier!" yelled the Sheriff. He knelt over him, incredulous in spite of everything; knelt with his eyes goggling, a led-captain still. "He's shot himself," he said fatuously; "he's dead! He—it ain't true what he was telling us, is it? He couldn't have killed Labrador and then Anne—" he recoiled from the name, pointing to the crouching figure that did not look as if it had ever had one—"and then *her* for fear she'd tell—and left little children to starve in a fur *cache* to cover it! And what'd he mean about the rank-clasp—and bein' afraid?"

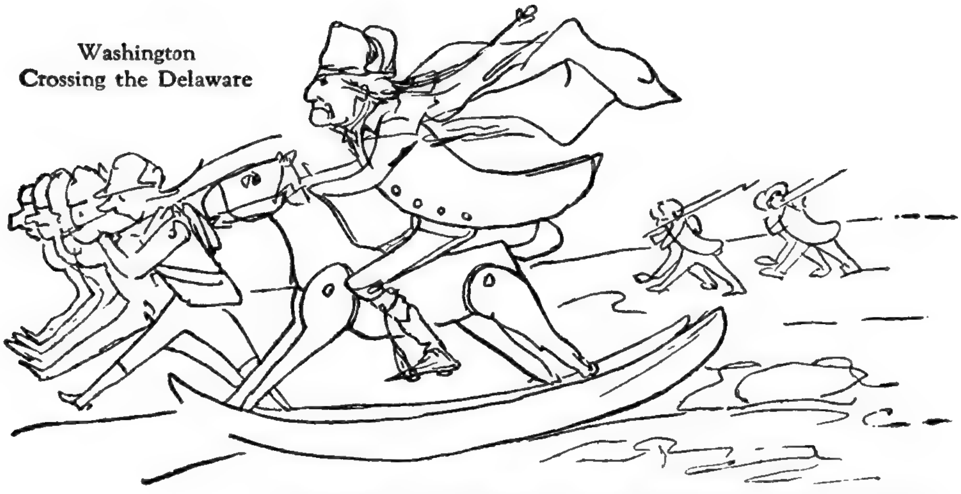
I looked at the rank-clasp with the sign that meant the soul of Anne Labrador carved deep on it.

"I don't know," said I. But I did know that it was the clasp alone that had made Lazier betray himself with his own lips; that—accident, coincidence, or whatever you like to call it—it was also nothing else but a simple sun-flash on it that had made his flung-up hand close convulsively on the trigger of his revolver: and I knew, too, that it was by no intention of mine that I had brought it from its *cache* at the back of my chimney nor pitched it to the very place where Anne Labrador had died.

"Do *you* see what he meant—about bein' afraid of the clasp?" the Sheriff yapped again.

I SAID NOTHING. It was not his business, nor any man's, that I was afraid of it too. The vision of Anne Labrador over in my spruces was a simple thing, and the mere wireless of one mind in tune with another. But the thought that I could not fight down, in spite of my plain knowledge that it was just Lazier and I who had carried the clasp from the green rock and back again, was that Anne's ordinary beaten silver rank-clasp had really done the desire of a dead mother for her lost and starving children—I left out the rest—and used me for its tool!

I was thankful, of course, to have found the children. But as I turned to carry them to the nearest shelter I had once more no desire to touch that silver clasp of a chief's wife. It was a trapper who fastened it where it belonged—on the dead breast of Anne Labrador.



Washington
Crossing the Delaware

A drawing by F. O. C. Darley, from the collection of Henry Russel Drowne

The Simple Story of G. Washington

By ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Robert J. Burdette

ONLY YESTERDAY, a lady friend on a shopping excursion left her little tid toddler of five bright summers in our experienced charge, while she pursued the duties which called her downtown. Such a bright boy; so delightful it was to talk to him! We can never forget the blissful half-hour we spent looking that prodigy up in his centennial history.

"Now listen, Clary," we said—his name is Clarence Fitzherbert Alençon de Marchemont Caruthers—"and learn about George Washington."

"Who's he?" inquired Clarence, etc.

"Listen," we said; "he was the father of his country."

"Whose country?"

"Ours; yours and mine—the confederated union of the American people, cemented with the life blood of the men of '76, poured out upon the altars of our country as the dearest libation to liberty that her votaries can offer!"

"Who did?" asked Clarence.

There is a peculiar tact in talking to children that very few people possess. Now most people would have grown impatient and lost their temper when little Clarence asked so many irrelevant questions, but we did not. We knew, however careless he might appear at first, that we could soon interest him in the story, and he would be all eyes and ears. So we smiled sweetly—that same sweet smile which you may have noticed in our photographs, just the faintest ripple of a smile breaking across the face like a ray of sunlight, and checked by lines of tender sadness, just before the two ends of it pass each other at the back of the neck.

And so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day George's father——"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy then, just like you. One day his father——"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we were telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a——"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His——"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father——"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him——"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see that he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he told him that——"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George——"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him that he must be careful with the hatchet——"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; he must be careful with the hatchet——"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"Yes; with the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out on the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favourite, and cut it down, and——"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and——"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No! saw the apple-tree. And he said: 'Who has cut down my favourite apple-tree?' "

"Whose apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and——"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it——"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favourite apple-tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was——' "

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no, George couldn't."

"Oh! George? Oh, yes!"

" 'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did——' "

"His father did?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said——"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no: George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.' "

"George did?"

"No; his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than——"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No: said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers, of Arch Street, hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Fitzherbert Alençon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree. We do love children, but we don't believe that either nature or education has fitted us to be a governess.

Chinese Proverbs

An emperor may have the measles.

A disobedient son is a mad bull tied to his father's pigtail.

The man who breaks an egg in the centre is a fool.

One bird's-nest in the soup is worth two hundred in the bush.

A wise man at court is like a mermaid in a ballroom.

Ambition is like hunting for fleas.

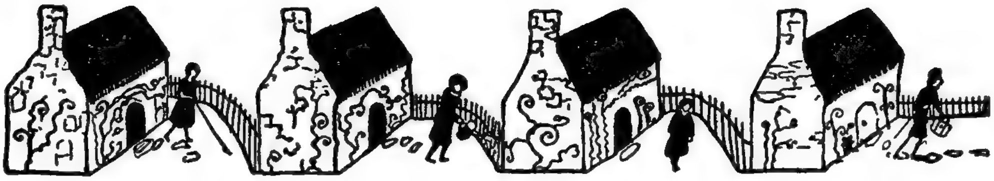
Shave with a file, if you like, but don't blame the razor.

Looking into the future is like giving a blind man a pair of spectacles to see through a millstone.

Teaching a woman scandal is like teaching a kettle to boil.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack (1848).

So They Say



EILERT PASTOR: *of Berlin, in "Tägliche Rundschau"*

"America is a circus for grown-up children."

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON: *English writer*

"There has never been a popular author since Dickens."

PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN: *gives his impression of America*

"In America you must live life with a smile, even before your toothbrush has had time to reach your mouth."

LA ARGENTINA: *Spanish dancer*

"I have wished that in my fingers the castanets would convey the sweet music of the waterfall, the trill of the bird, the thunder of the torrent."

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN: *scientist, is reticent about his new work*

"I do not want to count unlaid eggs."

BRADFORD MERRILL: *general manager of the Hearst newspapers, in a will in which he named as his legatees "wives in preference to husbands, and daughters in preference to sons"*

"My experience convinces me that the possession of a modest (but not large) income of her own is an aid to the ambition, independence, usefulness, and contentment of a woman, and not a hindrance to her happy marriage; whereas, to a young man, a small inheritance lessens ambition and self-reliance, and often furnishes an excuse to spare himself from the strenuous efforts and assertions without which a man cannot discover even for himself such talent as he has, nor escape deterioration of character, nor achieve any object in life worth attaining."

LE ROY DANIEL MACMORRIS: *American artist in Paris, who is experimenting with what he calls portable mural decorations—otherwise screens*

"From a form of art having a practical purpose, pictures have degenerated to ornaments, which are beautiful, but not always essential in the plan of a home."

COUNTESS ELEANOR GIZYCKA: *novelist, says European women feel inferior to the male, and American women equal*

"In the animal world the female is a biological necessity, but certainly she is far less gorgeous, less admirable, less free than the male. We have got further removed from the primitive."

ARTHUR FEILER: *editor of the "Frankfurter Zeitung"*

"The wealth of Germany is the willingness and capacity of her people to work."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON: *author*

"The history of the world is the record of man in quest of his daily bread and butter."

MARILYN MILLER: *musical comedy star*

"I believe that if women were to have a gospel of beauty one word would contain it, and that word is—'refinement.' "

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.: *after doing more of it than anyone in America*

"I find it very difficult to spend money properly."

THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.: *captures alligators off Georgia*

"An alligator has little or no power to open its jaws. The jaws of the largest can easily be held closed with one hand, but two men with a crowbar inserted cannot force them open. Needless to say, this is a valuable bit of knowledge for the prospective alligator hunter."

VISCOUNT LASCELLES: *husband of Princess Mary of England*

"Photographers have a tiresome habit of clicking their cameras just at the moment when my mouth is wide open, or when I am in some unattractive or undignified pose. That kind of a photographer is a damned nuisance."

EMIL LUDWIG: *German biographer*

"Dictatorship is always merely an aria, never an opera."

NORMAN ANGELL: *English author, lecturer, newspaper correspondent*

"The voice of the people is not necessarily the voice of God; it is quite as often the voice of Satan."

Merryle Stanley Rukeyser: *financial expert*	"American business is in a state of realization; it is cashing in on the foresight of the pioneers."
Henry Ford: *motor manufacturer to the world*	"No country can rise higher than its wage level. The people are both the producers and consumers."
Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt: *suffragette, tells fifteen hundred women at meeting that lipstick still enslaves their sex*	"You are still the great exploited sex, as you will realize if you study the advertisements which are wholly based on appeals to your vanity. What is the psychology of a meeting like this, with the women all dolled up?"
Old Lady: *when asked by Scotch minister if she liked his address*	"I didna like it much, and for three reasons. Ye read it! Ye did no' read it well!! And, it was na' worth reading!!!"
Halide Edib: *Turkish feminist leader*	"Russia's sympathy for the under-dog has won Turkey, and the Soviets are playing a profound part in Turkish affairs."
Ramsay MacDonald: *British statesman*	"For God's sake, believe in something—even if it is only in the existence of the Devil."
Sir Harry Lauder: *Scotch comedian*	"You cannot learn to be a comic; it is a gift from God."
Dr. Charles Mayo: *Rochester (Minn.) surgeon*	"We are using only a small part of our brains today. The unused parts are unlimited."
Dr. Karl von Lewinski: *German Consul General in New York*	"Nations themselves have never desired war. The statesmen at the heads of governments have always been responsible for bringing about bloody conflicts."
Boy: *who applies for job in London market and consents to take 5 shillings a week. When his employer asks him, "Can you dress a bird?"—*	"Yes, but not on five bob a week."
Mme. Jean Balde: *French woman wine-taster, who drank 62 glasses of wine in one evening*	"I was born in the region of great wines. In fact, I might say I was born with my lips pursed for drinking."
Rudyard Kipling: *author*	"Haven't we been driven headlong to abandon our conceptions of life, motion, and matter? And isn't it human that, in that upheaval, men may have carried off each his own cherished prepossession, and camped beside it—just as refugees do after an earthquake?"
Driver W. Barnes: *English locomotive engineer*	"Running my train on a long journey to Harrowgate is just like a verse of poetry to me."
Frank Irving Fletcher: *writer*	"All the virtues are hard up."
M. Painlevé: *French Minister of War (who recently proposed calling himself Minister of Peace)*	"The time has not yet come to give up armaments. All excess of confidence and generosity appears to be dangerous."
Aldous Huxley: *British writer*	"One of the pleasures—or one of the dangers—of foreign travel is that you lose your class-consciousness."
Mr. Sinclair Lewis: *American author*	"Britain seems to me at present the most pacifist nation I have ever encountered."
Professor John Erskine: *of Columbia, who is writing a book about Ulysses*	"On his way home Ulysses met some women and some goddesses. They're pretty much the same."
Dean Inge: *caustic ecclesiastical critic of the "so-called human race"*	"A million years hence man may be a really noble creature."
Rebecca West: *English novelist*	"To an artist a work of art is to interpret one's experience to oneself, so that one merely permits the audience to look over one's shoulder."

The Discourager of Hesitancy

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Frank R. Stockton

It was nearly a year after the occurrence of that event in the arena of the semi-barbaric King, known as the incident of the lady or the tiger, that there came to the palace of this monarch a deputation of five strangers from a far country. These men, of venerable and dignified aspect and demeanour, were received by a high officer of the court, and to him they made known their errand.

"Most noble officer," said the speaker of the deputation, "it so happened that one of our countrymen was present here, in your capital city, on that momentous occasion when a young man who had dared to aspire to the hand of your King's daughter had been placed in the arena, in the midst of the assembled multitude, and ordered to open one of two doors, not knowing whether a ferocious tiger would spring out upon him, or a beauteous lady would advance, ready to become his bride. Our fellow-citizen who was then present, was a man of super-sensitive feelings, and at the moment when the youth was about to open the door he was so fearful lest he should behold a horrible spectacle, that his nerves failed him, and he fled precipitately from the arena, and mounting his camel rode homeward as fast as he could go.

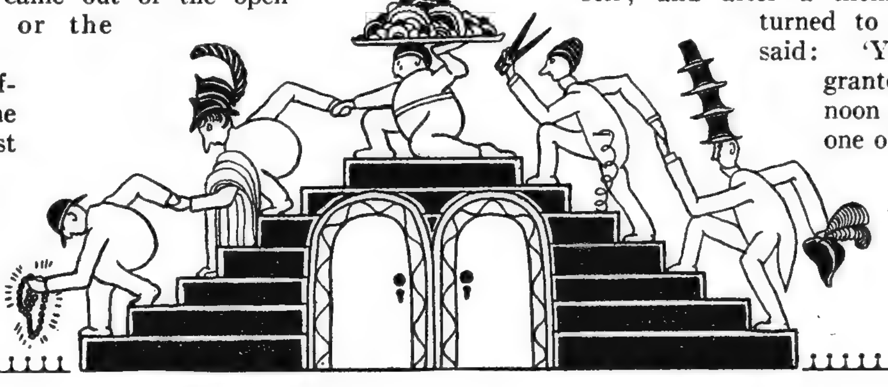
"We were all very much interested in the story which our countryman told us, and we were extremely sorry that he did not wait to see the end of the affair. We hoped, however, that in a few weeks some traveler from your city would come among us and bring us further news; but up to the day when we left our country, no such traveler had arrived. At last it was determined that the only thing to be done was to send a deputation to this country, and to ask the question; 'Which came out of the open door—the lady, or the tiger?' "

When the high officer had heard the mission of this most respectable deputation, he led the five strangers into an inner room, where they were seated upon soft cushions, and where he ordered coffee, pipes, sherbet, and other semi-barbaric refreshments to be served to them. Then, taking his seat before them, he thus addressed the visitors:

"Most noble strangers, before answering the question you have come so far to ask, I will relate to you an incident which occurred not very long after that to which you have referred. It is well known in all regions hereabouts that our great King is very fond of the presence of beautiful women about his court. All the ladies-in-waiting upon the Queen and the Royal Family are most lovely maidens, brought here from every part of the kingdom. The fame of this concourse of beauty, unequaled in any other royal court, has spread far and wide: and had it not been for the equally widespread fame of the systems of impetuous justice adopted by our King, many foreigners would doubtless have visited our court.

"But not very long ago there arrived here from a distant land a prince of distinguished appearance and undoubted rank. To such an one, of course, a royal audience was granted, and our King met him very graciously, and begged him to make known the object of his visit. Thereupon the Prince informed His Royal Highness that, having heard of the superior beauty of the ladies of his court, he had come to ask permission to make one of them his wife.

"When our King heard this bold announcement, his face reddened, he turned uneasily on his throne, and we were all in dread lest some quick words of furious condemnation should leap from out his quivering lips. But by a mighty effort he controlled himself; and after a moment's silence he turned to the Prince, and said: 'Your request is granted. Tomorrow at noon you shall wed one of the fairest damsels of our court.' Then turning to his officers, he said: 'Give



orders that everything be prepared for a wedding in this palace at high noon tomorrow. Convey this royal Prince to suitable apartments. Send to him tailors, boot-makers, hatters, jewelers, armourers; men of every craft, whose services he may need. Whatever he asks, provide. And let all be ready for the ceremony tomorrow.'

" 'But, your Majesty,' exclaimed the Prince, 'before we make these preparations, I would like——'

" 'Say no more!' roared the King. 'My royal orders have been given, and nothing more is needed to be said. You asked a boon; I granted it; and I will hear no more on the subject. Farewell, my Prince, until tomorrow noon.'

"At this the King arose, and left the audience chamber, while the Prince was hurried away to the apartments selected for him. And here came to him tailors, hatters, jewelers, and everyone who was needed to fit him out in grand attire for the wedding. But the mind of the Prince was much troubled and perplexed.

" 'I do not understand,' he said to his attendants, 'this precipitancy of action. When am I to see the ladies, that I may choose among them? I wish opportunity, not only to gaze upon their forms and faces, but to become acquainted with their relative intellectual development.'

" 'We can tell you nothing,' was the answer. 'What our King thinks right, that will he do. And more than this we know not.'

" 'His Majesty's notions seem to be very peculiar,' said the Prince, 'and, so far as I can see, they do not at all agree with mine.'

"At that moment an attendant whom the Prince had not noticed before came and stood beside him. This was a broad-shouldered man of cheery aspect, who carried, its hilt in his right hand, and its broad back resting on his broad arm, an enormous scimitar, the upturned edge of which was keen and bright as any razor. Holding this formidable weapon as tenderly as though it had been a sleeping infant, this man drew closer to the Prince and bowed.

" 'Who are you?' exclaimed His Highness, starting back at the sight of the frightful weapon.

" 'I,' said the other, with a courteous smile, 'am the Discourager of Hesitancy. When our King makes known his wishes to anyone, a subject or visitor, whose disposition in some little points may be supposed not to wholly coincide with that of His Majesty, I am appointed to attend him closely, that, should he think of pausing in the path of obedience to the royal will, he may look at me, and proceed.'

"The Prince looked at him, and proceeded to be measured for a coat.

"The tailors and shoemakers and hatters worked all night; and the next morning, when everything was ready, and the hour of noon was drawing nigh, the Prince again anxiously inquired of his attendants when he might expect to be introduced to the ladies.

" 'The King will attend to that,' they said. 'We know nothing of the matter.'

" 'Your Highness,' said the Discourager of Hesitancy, approaching with a courtly bow, 'will observe the excellent quality of this edge.' And drawing a hair from his head, he dropped it upon the upturned edge of his scimitar, upon which it was cut in two at the moment of touching.

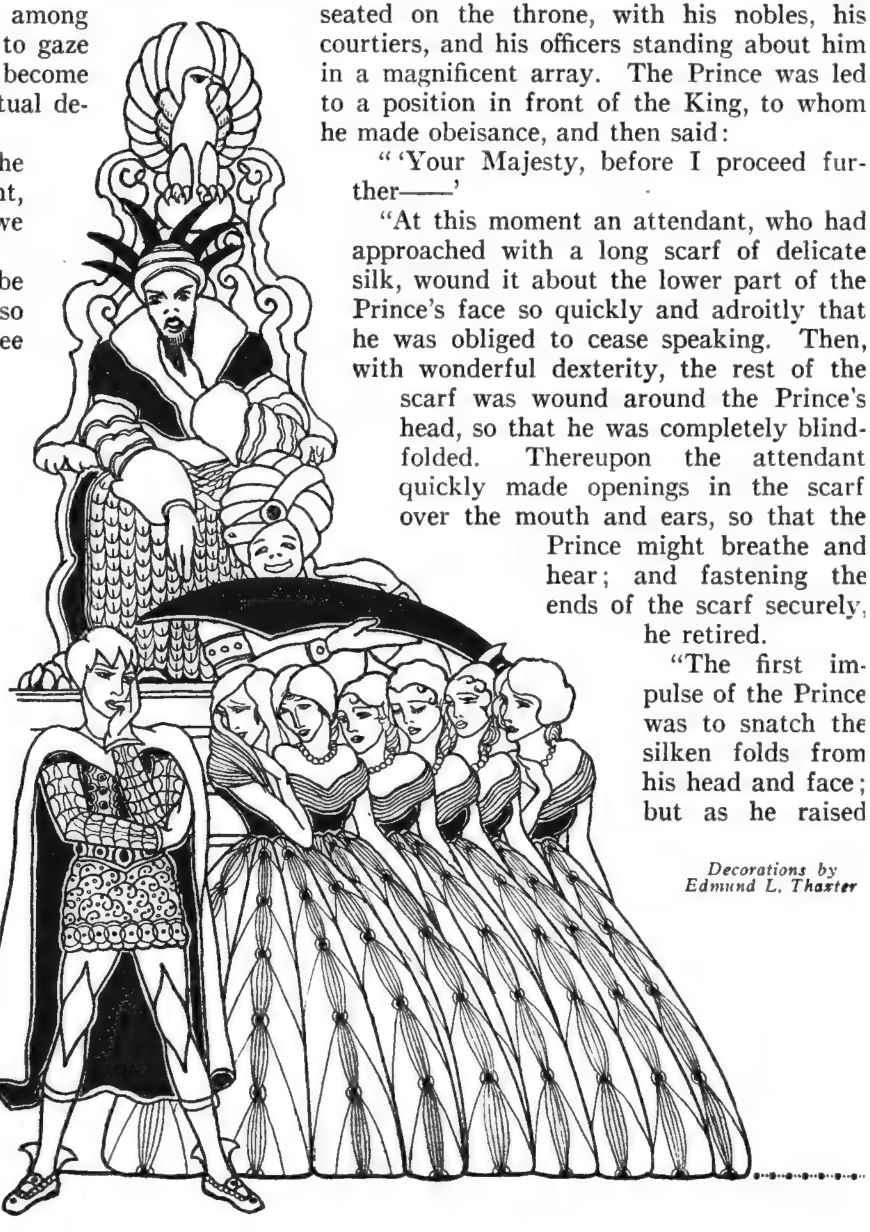
"The Prince glanced and turned upon his heel.

"Now came officers to conduct him to the grand hall of the palace, in which the ceremony was to be performed. Here the Prince found the King seated on the throne, with his nobles, his courtiers, and his officers standing about him in a magnificent array. The Prince was led to a position in front of the King, to whom he made obeisance, and then said:

" 'Your Majesty, before I proceed further——'

"At this moment an attendant, who had approached with a long scarf of delicate silk, wound it about the lower part of the Prince's face so quickly and adroitly that he was obliged to cease speaking. Then, with wonderful dexterity, the rest of the scarf was wound around the Prince's head, so that he was completely blindfolded. Thereupon the attendant quickly made openings in the scarf over the mouth and ears, so that the Prince might breathe and hear; and fastening the ends of the scarf securely, he retired.

"The first impulse of the Prince was to snatch the silken folds from his head and face; but as he raised



Decorations by Edmund L. Thaxter

his hands to do so, he heard beside him the voice of the Discourager of Hesitancy, who gently whispered: 'I am here, your Highness.' And, with a shudder, the arms of the Prince fell down by his side.

"Now before him he heard the voice of a priest, who had begun the marriage service in use in that semi-barbaric country. At his side he could hear a delicate rustle, which seemed to proceed from fabrics of soft silk. Gently putting forth his hand, he felt folds of such silk close beside him. Then came the voice of the priest requesting him to take the hand of the lady by his side; and reaching forth his right hand, the Prince received within it another hand so small, so soft, so delicately fashioned, and so delightful to the touch, that a thrill went through his being. Then, as was the custom of the country, the priest first asked the lady would she have this man to be her husband. To which the answer gently came in the sweetest voice he had ever heard: 'I will.'

"Then ran raptures rampant through the Prince's blood. The touch, the tone, enchanted him. All the ladies of that court were beautiful; the Discourager was behind him; and through his parted scarf he boldly answered: 'Yes, I will.'

"Whereupon the priest pronounced them man and wife.

"Now the Prince heard a little bustle about him; the long scarf was rapidly unrolled from his head; and he turned, with a start, to gaze upon his bride. To his utter amazement, there was no one there. He stood alone. Unable on the instant to ask a question or say a word, he gazed blankly about him.

"Then the King arose from his throne, and came down, and took him by the hand.

" 'Where is my wife?' gasped the Prince.

" 'She is here,' said the King, leading him to a curtained doorway at the side of the hall.

"The curtains were drawn aside, and the Prince, entering, found himself in a long apartment, near the opposite wall of which stood a line of forty ladies, all dressed in rich attire, and each one apparently more beautiful than the rest.

"Waving his hand towards the line, the King said to the Prince: 'There is your bride! Approach, and lead her forth! But remember this: that if you attempt to take away one of the unmarried damsels of our court, your execution shall be instantaneous. Now, delay no longer. Step up and take your bride.'

"The Prince, as in a dream, walked slowly along the line of ladies, and then walked slowly back again. Nothing could he see about any one of them to indicate that she was more of a bride than the others. Their dresses were all similar; they all blushed; they all looked up, and then looked down. They all had charming little hands. Not one spoke a word. Not one lifted a finger to make a sign. It was evident that the orders given them had been very strict.

" 'Why this delay?' roared the King. 'If I had been married this day to one so fair as the lady who wedded you, I should not wait one second to claim her.'

"The bewildered Prince walked again up and down the line. And this time there was a slight change in the countenances of two of the ladies. One of the fairest gently smiled as he passed her. Another, just as beautiful, slightly frowned.

" 'Now,' said the Prince to himself, 'I am sure that it is one of those two ladies whom I have married. But which? One smiled. And would not any woman smile when she saw, in such a case, her husband coming towards her? But, then, were she not his bride, would she not smile with satisfaction to think he had not selected her, and that she had not led him to an untimely doom? Then again, on the other hand, would not any woman frown when she saw her husband come towards her and fail to claim her? Would she not knit her lovely brows? And would she not inwardly say, "It is I! Don't you know it? Don't you feel it? Come!" But if this woman had not been married, would she not frown when she saw the man looking at her? Would she not say to herself, "Don't stop at me! It is the next but one. It is two ladies above. Go on!" And then again, the one who married me did not see my face. Would she not smile if she thought me comely? While if I wedded the one who frowned, could she restrain her disapprobation if she did not like me? Smiles invite the approach of true love. A frown is a reproach to a tardy advance. A smile——'

" 'Now, hear me!' loudly cried the King. 'In ten seconds, if you do not take the lady we have given you, she, who has just been made your bride, shall be your widow.'

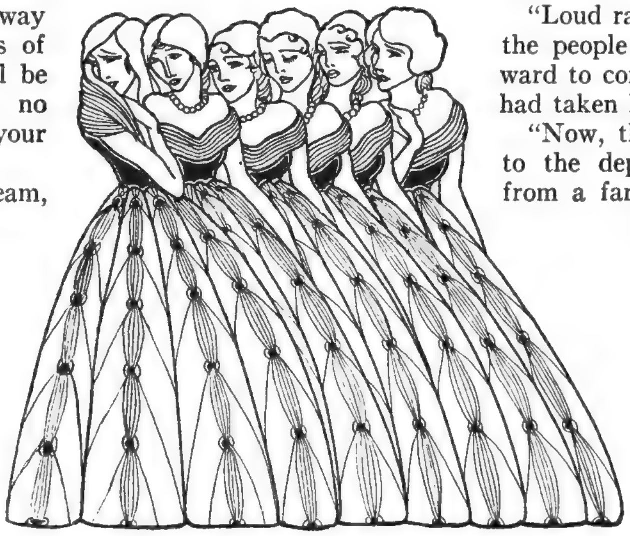
"And, as the last word was uttered, the Discourager of Hesitancy stepped close behind the Prince, and whispered: 'I am here!'

"Now the prince could not hesitate an instant; and he stepped forward and took one of the two ladies by the hand.

"Loud rang the bells; loud cheered the people; and the King came forward to congratulate the Prince. He had taken his lawful bride.

"Now, then," said the high officer to the deputation of five strangers from a far country, "When you can decide among yourselves which lady the Prince chose, the one who smiled or the one who frowned, then will I tell you which came out of the opened door—the lady, or the tiger!"

At the latest accounts the five strangers had not yet decided.



Abraham Lincoln—

In these days of biographies that often seem to confer fame on the biographer in proportion to the infamy he ascribes to the long-dead victim of his pen, it is interesting to present in one collection characteristic comments on Abraham Lincoln, as made by his contemporaries. Some who came to scoff remained to pray. Others were swayed by opposing political ambitions or personal interests. But few, if any, witnessed the completed drama of that great, and always strangely pathetic life, without paying tribute.

THE MAN—HOW HE LOOKED

In personal appearance, Mr. Lincoln, or, as he is more familiarly termed among those who know him best, "Old Uncle Abe," is long, lean, and wiry. In motion he has a great deal of the elasticity and awkwardness which indicate the rough training of early life, and his conversation savours strongly of Western idioms and pronunciation. His height is six feet three inches. His complexion is about that of an octoroon; his face, without being by any means beautiful, is genial looking, and good humour seems to lurk in every corner of its innumerable angles. He has dark hair tinged with gray, a good forehead, small eyes, a long penetrating nose, with nostrils such as Napoleon always liked to find in his best generals, because they indicated a long head and clear thoughts; and a mouth which, aside from being of magnificent proportions, is probably the most expressive feature of his face.

His manner before a popular assembly is as he pleases to make it, being either superlatively ludicrous or very impressive.

"Harper's Weekly," just after Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency, May 26, 1860.

Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius—Lincoln, the gentlest memory of the world.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

HE HATED TO WEAR A COLLAR

He was careless about dress, though he was always clean. I thought his clothes were too short for him, especially his coat. For a necktie he wore an old-fashioned stiff stock which encircled his neck. When he became interested in his speech he would frequently take it off, unbutton his shirt, and give room for his Adam's apple to play up and down. He had a high-pitched voice, but it could be heard a great distance, every word of a sentence being equally clear.

GEORGE P. DAVIS, *son of one of Lincoln's good friends.*

Melancholy dripped from him as he walked.

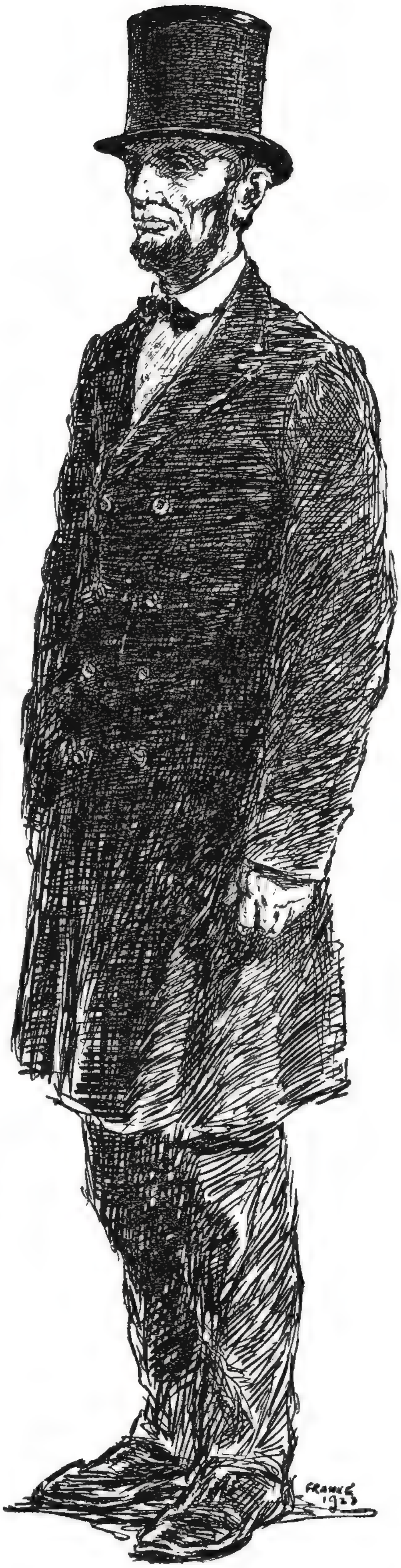
WILLIAM HERNDON, *law partner.*

CERTAIN PECULIARITIES OF HABIT

If anyone knocked at the door, Lincoln would answer in sock-feet, coatless, and without the stock which he removed from his neck as soon as he came home. Sometimes in this state of undress, except that he wore flapping carpet-slippers, he went to Gourley's to borrow a table necessity, and Gourley particularly observed that but one suspender held up his trousers. . . . When on the circuit, he carried a dilapidated, striped carpet bag, and a big stout umbrella "of faded green, well-worn, the knob gone, and the name 'A. Lincoln' cut out of white muslin, and sewed in the inside"; a string about the middle kept the umbrella from flapping open. . . . He slept "in a home-made, yellow flannel undershirt" . . . reaching "halfway between his knees and his ankles." A young lawyer who saw him thus attired for bed declared afterwards that Lincoln "was the ungodliest figure I ever saw."

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, *in his "Abraham Lincoln."*

1809-1865



EARLY DAYS IN SPRINGFIELD

Days of leisure came frequently, and on such occasions he might sometimes be seen sitting in his chair with his feet on the office table reading the office copy of Byron or Burns. He would read for an hour or two, then close the book and stretch himself at full length on the office lounge, his feet projecting over the end, his hand under head, and his eyes closed, and in this attitude would digest the mental food he had just taken.

GIBSON W. HARRIS, *law clerk in Lincoln's office, 1845.*

At his home when reading he would lie on the floor, his head resting against a chair placed upside down, the inclined surface serving as a pillow. WILLIAM HERNDON.

MINDING THE CHILDREN

Mr. Lincoln could sometimes be seen on Sunday in his shirt sleeves, drawing his children in a little wagon up and down in front of his house. So abstracted and lost to the surroundings was he that if, perchance, one of the little fellows happened to roll overboard, as they sometimes did, he would pull steadily ahead, his eyes fixed on the ground, in a brown study regardless of the child's lamentations. His attention being called to the mishap . . . he would turn back, pick up the youngster, try to soothe or pacify it, and then assume his perambulation as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual had happened. But at this juncture Mrs. Lincoln would be espied a few steps down the street, hastening home from church. Almost instantly there would follow a loud protest in a woman's shrill and angry voice. The scene would change. All steps now turn to the Lincoln mansion. The front door swings open, and an abashed but indulgent father . . . hastens up the steps and disappears within.

WILLIAM HERNDON.

He was all that a husband, father, and neighbour should be. . . . Never did I hear him utter an unkind word to anyone.

HARRIET HANKS CHAPMAN, *cousin of Lincoln.*

AN OPINION ABOUT MRS. LINCOLN

Mrs. Lincoln was irritable and high tempered. Her loud, shrill voice could be heard across the street, and her incessant outbursts of wrath were audible to all who lived near the house. . . . Yet Lincoln was considerate of his wife, and would go home to comfort her when a thunder-storm arose, for such storms always terrified her.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

BEGINNING OF HIS CAMPAIGN

Significant: The Hon. Abraham Lincoln departs today for Brooklyn under an engagement to deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association in that city in Beecher's church. Subject: not known. Consideration: $200 and expenses. Object: presidential capital. Effect: disappointment.

"Illinois State Register," February, 1860, on the eve of Lincoln's first New York speech, which did much to insure his nomination.

THE CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

He is a characterless candidate, supported by an aimless party. . . . Lincoln possesses certain characteristics, which, if there is any power in newspaper fun, will go far toward defeating him.

First. He is known by the tenderly-affectionate soubriquet of "Old Uncle Abe"—a good title for the Chief Magistrate of North America. Further, he is a longitudinal person, with a shambling gait—a physical formation termed "slab-sided" in the Eastern States. Then he delivered a course of "lectures"—stump-speeches in disguise—not long ago, through this region of the country, and charged twenty-five cents admission thereunto. If he ever gets clear of the name of "Two-Shilling Candidate" it will be very singular. He was defeated in a political contest in 1852, by Douglas—a significant fact, should the Little Giant be nominated at Baltimore. He opposed the Mexican War, thereby showing a sort of contempt for the Spirit of '76, the Bird, and other Fourth of July Deities. He threatened to "go to the banks of the Ohio, and throw missiles over into Kentucky, to disturb their institutions there." He has a thin, almost nasal voice, and his grammar is not so far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife is reported to have been. These are about all the things that are known of him, good, bad, or indifferent, so far as the great voting mass goes.

"Vanity Fair," May 26, 1860.

Nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN LEAVES FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

It was a most impressive scene. We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years; we have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and the hour. Although it was raining fast when he began to speak, every hat was lifted and every head bent forward to catch the last words of the departing chief. When he said, with the earnestness of a sudden inspiration of feeling, that with God's help he should not fail, there was an uncontrollable burst of applause. At precisely eight o'clock, city time, the train moved on bearing our honoured townsman, our noble chief, Abraham Lincoln, to the scenes of his future labours and, as we firmly believe, of his glorious triumph. God bless honest Abraham Lincoln!

EDWARD L. BAKER, *editor, in the "Springfield Journal," February, 1861.*

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT

Soon afterwards there entered, with a shambling, loose, irregular, almost unsteady gait, a tall, lank, lean man, considerably over six feet in height, with stooping shoulders, long pendulous arms, terminating in hands of extraordinary dimensions, which, however, were far exceeded in proportion by his feet. He was dressed in an ill-fitting, wrinkled suit of black, which put one in mind of an undertaker's uniform at a funeral; round his neck a rope of black silk was knotted in a large bulb, with flying ends projecting beyond the collar of his coat; his turned-down shirt-collar disclosed a sinewy muscular yellow neck, and above that, nestling in a great black mass of hair, bristling and compact like a ruff of mourning pins, rose the strange quaint face and head, covered with its thatch of wild Republican hair, of President Lincoln. The impression produced by the size of his extremities, and by his flapping and wide-projecting ears, may be removed by the appearance of kindliness, sagacity, and the awkward *bonhommie* of his face; the mouth is absolutely prodigious; the lips, straggling and extending almost from one line of black beard to the other, are kept in order only by two deep furrows from the nostril to the chin; the nose itself—a prominent organ—stands out from the face, with an inquiring, anxious air, as though it were sniffing for some good thing in the wind; the eyes dark, full, and deeply set, are penetrating, but full of an expression which amounts almost to tenderness; and above them projects the shaggy brow, running into the small, hard frontal space, the development of which can scarcely be estimated accurately, owing to the irregular flocks of thick hair carelessly brushed across it. One would say that, although the mouth was made to enjoy a joke, it could utter the severest sentence which the head could dictate.

A person who met Mr. Lincoln in the street would not take him to be what—according to the usages of European society—is called a "gentleman," and, indeed, since I came to the United States, I have heard more disparaging allusions made by Americans to him on that account than I could have expected among simple republicans, where all should be equals; but, at the same time, it would not be possible for the most indifferent observer to pass him in the street without notice. . . . Conversation ensued for some minutes, which the President enlivened by two or three peculiar little sallies, and I left agreeably impressed with his shrewdness, humour, and natural sagacity.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, *correspondent of the London "Times," in America during the Civil War.*

CRITICISM OF THE PRESIDENT

No one can imagine the deplorable condition of this city and the hazards of the Government, who did not witness the weakness and panic of the Administration and the painful imbecility of Lincoln. . . . An irretrievable misfortune and a national disgrace, never to be forgotten, are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy as the result of Lincoln's "running the machine" for five months.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *later to become Secretary of War, and one of Lincoln's most ardent supporters, on June 11, 1861.*

Indeed, our only hope now against civil war of an indefinite duration seems to lie in the overthrow of the demoralizing, disorganizing, and destructive (Republican) sectional party, of which "Honest Abe Lincoln" is the pliant instrument.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, *who later espoused Lincoln's cause, on the eve of Fort Sumter, April 10, 1861.*

SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

The broad sheet was spread open before him on the Cabinet table. Mr. Lincoln dipped his pen in the ink, and then, holding it a moment above the sheet, seemed to hesitate. Looking around, he said:

"I never in my life felt more certain that I was doing right, than I do in signing this paper. But I have been receiving calls and shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, till my arm is stiff and numb. Now this signature is one that will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled they will say 'he had some compunctions.' But anyway, it is going to be done."

So saying, he slowly and carefully wrote his name at the bottom of the Proclamation. The signature proved to be unusually clear, bold, and firm, even for him, and a laugh followed at his apprehension.

F. W. SEWARD, *son of Lincoln's Secretary of State, and an Assistant Secretary to Lincoln, tells of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, September 22, 1862.*

WHAT ONE OF HIS SOLDIERS SAID OF HIM

As we neared the reviewing stand, the tall figure of Lincoln loomed up. He was on horseback, and his severely plain, black citizen's dress set him in bold relief against the crowd of generals in full uniform grouped behind him. . . .

None of us to our dying day can forget that countenance. . . . Concentrated into that one great, strong yet tender face, the agony of the life or death struggle of the hour was revealed as we had never seen it before.

IRA SEYMOUR DODD, *a soldier in the Union Army, April, 1863.*

A FAMOUS HUMOURIST VISITS THE WHITE HOUSE

I called on Abe. He received me kindly. I handed him my umbreller, and told him I'd have a check for it if he pleased. "That," sed he, "puts me in mind of a little story. There was a man out in our parts who was so mean that he took his wife's coffin out of the back winder for fear he would rub the paint off the doorway. Wall, about this time there was a man in a adjacent town who had a green cotton umbreller."

"Did it fit him well? Was it custom made? Was he measured for it?"

"Measured for what?" said Abe.

"The umbreller."

"Wall, as I was sayin'," continnerd the President, treatin the interruption with apparent contempt, "this man sed he'd known that there umbreller ever since it was a parasol. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes," sed I, larfin in a respectful manner, "but what has this man with the umbreller to do with the man who took his wife's coffin out of the back winder?"

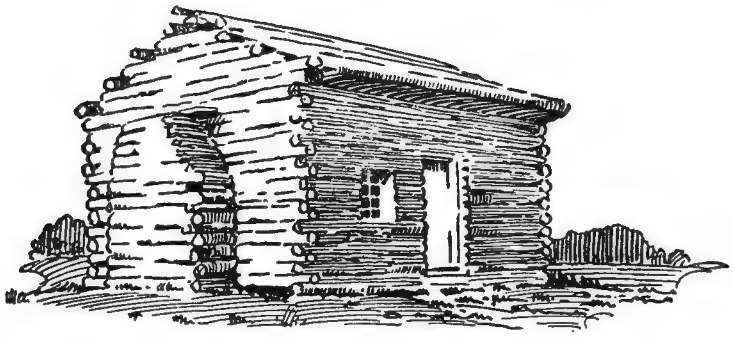
"To be sure," said Abe—"what was it? I must have got two stories mixed together, which puts me in mind of another lit——"

"Never mind, Your Excellency. I called to congratulate you on your career, which has been a honest and a good one—unscared and unmoved by Secesh in front of you and Abbolish at the back of you—each one of which is a little wuss than the other. . . ."

I took my departer. "Good bye, old sweetness!" sed Abe, shakin me cordgully by the hand.

"Adoo, my Prahayrie flower!" I replied, and made my exit. "Twenty-five thousand dollars a year and found," I soliloquised, as I walked down the street, "is putty good wages for a man with a modist appytite, but I reckon that it is wuth it to run the White House."

"ARTEMUS WARD" (CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE),
good friend of Lincoln, about 1863.



Lincoln's Birthplace, near Hodgenville, Kentucky

A BURLESQUE ANTICIPATING LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL

Well, we've done it, gentlemen. Bully for us. Cowhided the Copperheads considerable. *Non nobis,* of course, but still I reckon we have had a hand in the glory some. . . . Now I am sovereign of the sovereign people of this great and united Republic for four years next ensuing the date hereof, as I used to say when I was a lawyer. (*You are! Bully for you!*) Yes, gentlemen, but you must do something more than bully for me, you must fight for me, if you please, and whether you please or not. As the old joke says, there's no compulsion, only you must. . . . Rebellion is a wicked thing, gentlemen, an awful wicked thing, and the mere nomenclating thereof would make my hair stand on end if it could be more stand-on-ender than it is.

"Punch," unfriendly to Lincoln until the time of his death, in its issue for December 10, 1864.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

The day of the murder we heard the news very early in the morning. Mother prepared breakfast—and other meals afterward—as usual; but not a mouthful was eaten all day by either of us. We each drank half a cup of coffee; that was all. Little was said. We got every newspaper, morning and evening, and the frequent extras of that period, and passed them silently to each other.

WALT WHITMAN.

HOW THE PEOPLE RECEIVED THE NEWS

I was a compositor working in a printing office at Danville, Illinois. The editor came into the room early in the forenoon with a telegram in his hand; he was regarding it intently, with a pale face. Without saying a word he passed it to one and another of the compositors. . . . As the men read it, they laid down their "sticks," and without a word, one after another, took their coats and hats off the nails where they were hanging, and put them on, and went into the street. Finally the telegram was passed to me. It was the announcement that Lincoln had been shot the night before and had died that morning. Automatically I laid down my "stick," took my hat and coat, and went into the street. It seemed as if every man in town had dropped his business just where it was and come out. There was no sound; but the people, with pale faces and tense looks, regarded one another as if questioning what would happen next.

A. G. DRAPER.

Among my people, his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy.

From the official Austrian tribute.

THE SOUTH EXPRESSES ITS SORROW

We might, therefore, be well chargeable with hypocrisy, for which we should be scorned by all honest men, with base truckling for present favour, if, against the views and sentiments we have so plainly and energetically expressed, we should now suddenly, in the spirit of sycophancy and slavishness, pretend to admire and approve the policy and the aims of which the late President was the representative.

But that we should justify his assassination, or express or feel any emotion but horror and detestation and grief for such a crime—that be far from us.

We may further lament on our own account the sudden death of Mr. Lincoln. We have reason to do so. We believe he was disposed to be generous and liberal in his measures for the reconstruction of the government. No harsh or vengeful or malignant thoughts toward our people seemed to find place in his heart, in arranging for the settlement of the great controversy. He would, I doubt not, as leniently and benevolently as possible, have exerted his great influence and authority. His death is, therefore, a calamity to us for which we mourn.

REV. J. L. BURROWS, *of Richmond, Va., on June 1, 1865.*

"PUNCH" RETRACTS ITS EARLIER CRITICISMS

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
  You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
  His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
  His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
  Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
  Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
  Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
  The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
  Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
  To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
  This rail-splitter a true-born king of men. . .

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
  And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
  And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
  And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
  And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
  Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
  Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
  Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came. . . .

TOM TAYLOR, *May, 1865.*

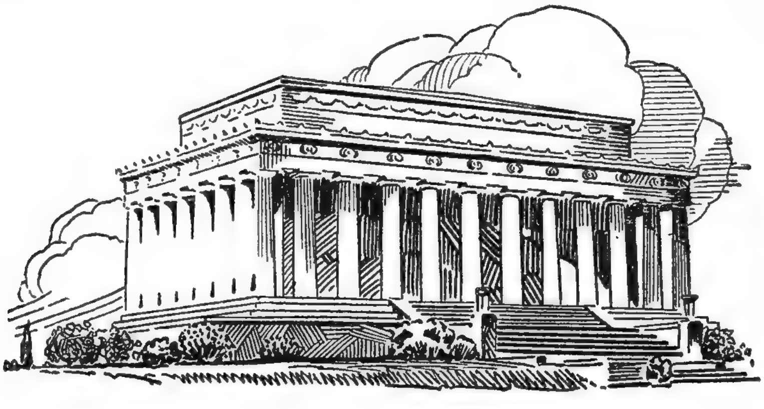
The man who accomplished such great deeds from the simple desire conscientiously to perform his duty, the man who never wished to be more nor less than the most faithful servant of his people, will find his own glorious place in the pages of history. In the deepest reverence I bow my head before his modest greatness. . . .

From the official German tribute.

A POET MOURNS THE MARTYR-CHIEF

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
  Whom late the Nation he had led,
  With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honoured urn.
  Nature, they say, doth dote,
  And cannot make a man
  Save on some worn-out plan,
  Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
  And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
  Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
  How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead. . . . .
  His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
  Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
  A sea-mark now, now lost in vapours blind;
  Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
  Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars. . . .

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865.*



The Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.

The Vertical City

By FANNIE HURST

Fannie Hurst

In the most vertical city in the world men have run up their dreams and their ambitions into slim skyscrapers that seem to exclaim at the audacity of the mere mortar that sustains them.

Minarets appear almost to tamper with the stars; towers to impale the moon. There is one fifty-six-story rococo castle, built from the five-and-ten-cent-store earnings of a merchant prince, that shoots upward with the beautiful rush of a Roman candle.

Under any Manhattan sunset, against a sky that looks as if it might give to the poke of a finger, like a dainty woman's pink flesh, there marches a silhouetted caravan of tower, dome, and the astonished crests of office buildings.

All who would see the sky must gaze upward between these rockets of frenzied architecture, which are as beautiful as the terrific can ever be beautiful.

In the vertical city there are no horizons of infinitude to rest the eyes; rather little breakfast napkins of it showing between walls and up through areaways. Sometimes even a lunchcloth of five, six, or maybe sixty hundred stars or a bit of daylight-blue with a caul of sunshine across, hoisted there as if run up a flagpole.

It is well in the vertical city if the eyes and the heart have a lift to them, because, after all, these bits of cut-up infinitude, as many-shaped as cookies, even when seen from a tenement window and to the accompaniment of a crick in the neck, are as full of mysterious alchemy over men's hearts as the desert sky or the sea sky. That is why, up through the wells of men's walls, one glimpse of sky can twist the soul with—oh, the bitter, the sweet ache that lies somewhere within the heart's own heart, curled up there like a little protozoa. That is, if the heart and the eyes have a lift to them. Marylin's had.

Marylin! How to convey to you the dance of her! The silver scheherazade of poplar leaves when the breeze is playful? No. She was far nimbler than a leaf tugging at its stem. A young faun on the brink of a pool, startled at himself? Yes, a little. Because Marylin's head always had a listening look to it, as if for a message that never quite came through to her. From where? Marylin didn't know, and didn't know that she didn't know. Probably that accounted for a little pucker that could sometimes alight between her eyes. Scarcely a shadow, rather the shadow of a shadow. A lute, played in a western breeze? Once a note of music, not from a lute, however, but played on a cheap harmonica, had caught Marylin's heart in a little ecstasy of palpitations; but that doesn't necessarily signify. Zephyr with Aurora playing? Laughter holding both his sides?

How Marylin, had she understood it, would have kicked the high hat off such Miltonic phrasing!

Ah, she was like—herself!

And yet, if there must be found a way to convey her to you more quickly, let it be one to which Marylin herself would have dipped a bow.

She was like nothing so much as unto a whole two dollars' worth of little five-cent toy balloons held captive in a sea breeze and tugging toward some ozonic beyond in which they had never swum, yet strained so naturally toward.

That was it! A whole two dollars' worth of tugging balloons. Red—blue—orange—green—silver, jerking in hollow-sided collisions, and one fat-faced pink one for ten cents, with a smile painted on one side and a tear on the other.

And what if I were to tell you that this phantom of a delight of a Marylin, whose hair was a sieve for sun and whose laughter a streamer of it, had had a father who had been shot to death on the underslinging of a freight car, in one of the most notorious prison getaways ever recorded, and whose mother—but never mind right here; it doesn't matter to the opening of this story, because Marylin, with all her tantalizing capacity for paradox, while every inch a part of it all, was not at all a part of it.

For five years, she who had known from infancy the furtive Bradstreet of some of the vertical city's most notorious aliases and gang names, and who knew, almost by baptism of fire, that there were short cuts to an easier and weightier wage envelope, had made buttonholes from eight until five on the blue-denim pleat before it was stitched down the front of men's blue-denim shirts.

At sweet sixteen she, whose mother had borne her bitterly and—well, anyway, at sweet sixteen, like the maiden in the saying, she had never been kissed, nor at seventeen; but at eighteen——

It was this way. Steve Turner—"Getaway," as the quick lingo of the street had him—liked her. Too well. I firmly believe, though, that if in the lurid heat lightning of so stormy a career as Getaway's the beauty of peace and the peace of beauty ever found moment, Marylin nestled in that brief breathing space somewhere deep down within the noisy cabaret of Getaway's being. His eyes, which had never done anything of the sort except under stimulus of the horseradish which he ate in quantities off quick-lunch counters, could smart to tears at the thought of her. And over the emotions which she stirred in him, and which he could not translate, he became facetious—idiotically so.

Slim and supine as the bamboo cane he invariably affected, he would wait for her, sometimes all of the six work-a-evenings of the week, until she came down out of the grim iron door of the shirt factory where she worked, his one hip flung out, bamboo cane bent almost double, and, in his further zeal to attitudinize, one finger screwing up furiously at a vacant upper lip. That was his favourite comedy mannerism, screwing at where a moustache might have been.

"Getaway!" she would invariably admonish, with her reproach all in the inflection and with the bluest blue in her eyes he had ever seen outside of a bisque doll's.

The peculiar joy, then, of linking her sweetly resisting arm into his; of folding over each little finger, so! until there were ten tendrils at the crotch of his elbow and his heart. Of tilting his straw "katy" forward, with his importance of this possession, so that the back of his head came out in a bulge, and his hip, and then of walking off with her, so! Ah yes, so!

Marylin (*who had the mysterious little jerk in her laugh of a very young child*): "Getaway, you're the biggest case!"

Getaway (*wild to amuse her further*): "Hocus pocus, Salamagundi! I smell the blood of an ice-cream sundæ!"

Marylin (*hands to her hips and her laughter full of the jerks*): "Getaway, stop your monkeyshines. The cop has his eye on you!"

Getaway (*sobered*): "C'm on!"

Therein lay some of the wonder of her freshet laughter. Because to Marylin a police officer was not merely a uniformed mentor of the law, designed chiefly to hold up traffic for her passing, and with his nightstick strike security into her heart as she hurried home of short, wintry evenings. A little procession of him and his equally dread brother, the plain-clothes man, had significantly patrolled the days of her childhood.

Once her mother, who had come home from a shopping expedition with the inside pocket of her voluminous cape full of a harvest of the sheerest of baby things to match Marylin's blond loveliness—batiste—a whole bolt of Brussels lace—had bitten the thumb of a policeman because he had surprised her horribly by stepping in through the fire escape as she was unwinding the Brussels lace.

Another time, from her mother's trembling knee, she had seen her father in a crowded courtroom standing between two uniforms, four fingers peeping over each of his shoulders!

A uniform had shot her father from the underpinnings of the freight car. Her mother had died with the phantom of one marching across her delirium. Even opposite the long, narrow, and exceedingly respectable rooming house in which she now dwelt a uniform had stood for several days lately, contemplatively.

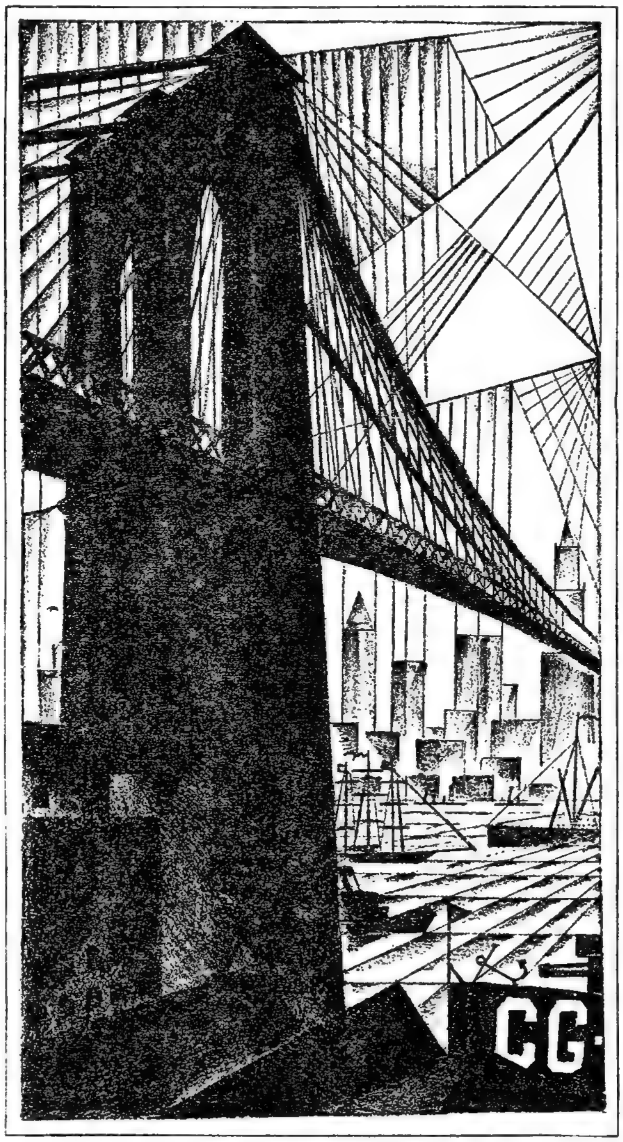
There was a menacing flicker of them almost across her eyeballs, so close they lay to her experience, and yet how she could laugh when Getaway made a feint toward the one on her beat, straightening up into exaggerated decorum as the eye of the law, noting his approach, focused.

"Getaway," said Marylin, hop-skipping to keep up with him now, "why has old Deady got his eye on you nowadays?"

Here Getaway flung his most Yankee-Doodle-Dandy manner, collapsing inward at his extremely thin waist-line, arms akimbo, his step designed to be a mincing one, and his voice as soprano as it could be.

"You don't know the half of it, dearie. I've been slapping granny's wrist, just like that. Ts-s-st!"

But somehow the laughter had run out of Marylin's voice. "Getaway," she said, stopping on the sidewalk, so that when he answered his face must be almost level with hers—



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

A lithograph by Arnold Ronnebeck. Courtesy The Weyhe Gallery.

"Getaway, you're up to something again."

"I'm up to snuff," he said, and gyrated so that the bamboo cane looped a circle.

She almost cried as she looked at him, so swift was her change of mood, her lips trembling with the quiver of flesh that has been bruised.

"Oh, Getaway!" she said, "get away." And pushed him aside that she might walk on. He did not know, nor did she, for that matter, the rustling that was all of a sudden through her voice, but it was almost one of those moments when he could make his eyes smart.

But what he said was, "For the luvagod, who's dead?"

"Me, in here," she said, very quickly, and placed her hand to her flimsy blouse where her heart beat under it.

"Whadda you mean, dead?"

"Just dead, sometimes—as if something inside of me that can't get out, had—had just curled up and croaked."

THE WALK from the shirt factory where Marylin worked, to the long, lean house in the long, lean street where she roomed, smelled of unfastidious bedclothes airing on window sills; of garbage cans that repulsed even high-legged cats; of petty tradesmen who, mysteriously enough, with aërial clotheslines flapping their perpetual washings, worked and sweated and even slept in the same sour garments. Facing her there on these sidewalks of slops, and the unprivacy of stoops swarming with enormous young mothers and puny old children, Getaway, with a certain fox pointiness out in his face, squeezed her arm until she could feel the bite of his elaborately manicured finger nails.

"Marry me, Marylin," he said, "and you'll wear diamonds."

In spite of herself, his bay-rummed nearness was not unpleasant to her. "Cut it out—here, Getaway," she said through a blush.

He hooked her very close to him by the elbow, and together they crossed through the crash of a street bifurcated by elevated tracks.

"You hear, Marylin," he shouted above the din. "Marry me and you'll wear diamonds."

"Getaway, you're up to something again!"

"Whadda you mean?"

"Diamonds, on your twenty a week! It can't be done."

His gaze lit up with the pointiness. "I tell you, Marylin, I can promise you headlights!"

"How?"

"Never you bother your little head how: O. K., though."

"*How*, Getaway?"

"Oh—clean—if that's what's worrying you. Clean-cut."

"It *is* worrying me."

"Saw one on a little jane yesterday out to Belmont race track. A fist-load for a little trick like her. And sparkle! Say, every time that little jane daubed some whitewash on her little nosie she gave that grandstand the squints. That's what I'm going to do. Sparkle you up! With a diamond engagement ring. Oh boy! How's that? A diamond engagement ring!"

"Oh, Getaway!" she said, with her hand on the flutter of her throat and closing her eyes as if to imprison the vision against her lids. "A pure white one with lots of fire dancing around it." And little Marylin, who didn't want to want it, actually kissed the bare dot on her left ring-finger where she could feel the burn of it, and there in the crowded street, where he knew he was surest of his privacy with her, he stole a kiss off that selfsame finger, too.

"I'll make their eyes hang out on their cheeks like grapes when they see you coming along, Marylin."

"I love them because they're so clear—and clean! Mountain water that's been filtered through pebbles."

"Pebbles is right! I'm going to dike you out in one as big as a pebble. And poils! Sa-ay, they're what cost the spondulicks. A guy showed me a string of little ones no bigger than pimples. Know what? That little string could knock the three spots out of a thousand-dollar bond—I mean bill!"

It was then that something flashed out of Marylin's face. A shade might have been lowered; a candle blown out.

"Getaway," she said, with a quick little dig of fingers into his forearm, "you're up to something!"

"Snuff, I said."

"What did you mean by that word, 'bond'?"

"Who built a high fence around the word 'bond'?"

"Bonds! All that stuff in the newspapers about those messengers disappearing out of Wall Street with —bonds! Getaway, are you mixed up in that? Getaway!"

"Well, well! I like that! I had you doped out for fair and warmer today. The weather prophet didn't predict no brainstorm."

"That's not answering."

"Well, whadda you know! Miss Sherlock Holmes finds a corkscrew in the wine cellar and is sore because it's crooked!"

"Getaway—answer."

"Whadda you want me to answer, Fairylin? That I'm the master mind behind the——"

"It worries me so! You up in Monkey's room so much lately. You think I don't know it? I do! All the comings and goings up there. Muggs Towers sneaking up to Monkey's room in that messenger boy's suit he keeps wearing all the time now. He's no more messenger boy than I am. Getaway, tell me, you and Muggs up in Monkey's room so often? Footsteps up there! Yours!"

"Gawalmighty! Now it's my footsteps!"

"I know them! Up in Monkey's room, right over mine. I know how you sneak up there evenings, after you leave me. It don't look nice, your going into the same house where I live, Getaway, even if it isn't to see me. It don't look right from the outside!"

"Nobody can ever say I wanted to harm a hair of your little head. I even look the other way when I pass your door. That's the kind of a modest violet I am."

"It's not that, but the looks. That's the reason, I'll bet, if the truth's known, why Monkey squirmed himself into that room over mine—to hide your comings and goings as if they was to see me."

"Nothing of the kind!"

"Everything—up there—worries me so! Monkey's room right over mine. My ceiling so full of soft footsteps that frighten me. I know your footsteps, Getaway, just as well as anything. The ball-of-your-foot—squeak! The ball-of-your-foot—squeak!"

"Well, that's a good one! The-ball-of-me-foot—squeak!"

"Everybody tiptoeing! Muggs! Somebody's stocking feet! Monkey's! Steps that aren't honest. All on my ceiling. Monkey never ought to have rented a room in a respectable house like Mrs. Granady's. Nobody but genteel young fellows holding down genteel jobs ever had that room before. Monkey passing himself off as Mr. James Pollard, or whatever it is he calls himself, just for the cover of a respectable house—or of me, for all I know. You could have knocked me down with a feather the first time I met him in the hall. If I did right I'd squeal."

"You would, like hell."

"Of course I wouldn't, but with Mrs. Granady trying to run a respectable house, only the right kind of young fellows and girls rooming there, it's not fair. Monkey getting his nose into a house like that and hatching God knows what! Getaway, what do you keep doing up in that room—all hours—you and all the pussyfooters?"

"That's the thanks a fellow gets for letting a straight word like 'marry' slip between his teeth; that's the thanks a fellow gets for honest-to-God intentions of trying to get his girl out of a shirt factory and dike her out in——"

"But, Getaway, if I was only sure it's all straight!"

"Well, if that's all you think of me——"

"All your big-gun talk about the ring. Of course I—I'd like it. How could a girl help liking it? But only if it's on the level. Getaway—you see, I hate to act suspicious all the time, but all your new silk shirts and now the new checked suit and all. It don't match up with your twenty-dollar job in the Wall Street haberdashery."

Then Getaway threw out one of his feints of mock surprise. "Didn't I tell you, Fairylin? Well, whadda you know about that? I didn't tell her, and me thinking I did."

"What, Getaway, what?"

"Why, I'm not working there any more. Why, Gawalmighty couldn't have pleased that old screw-driver. He was so tight the dimes in his pocket used to mildew from laying. He got sore as a pup at me one day just because I——"

"Getaway, you never told me you lost that job that I got for you out of the newspaper!"

"I didn't lose it, Marylin. I heard it when it fell. Jobs is like vaccination, they take or they don't."

"They never take with you, Getaway."

"Don't you believe it. I'm on one now——"

"A job?"

"Aw, not the way you mean. Me and a guy got a business proposition on. If it goes through, I'll buy you a marriage license engraved on solid gold."

"What is it, then, the proposition?"

"Can't you trust me, Marylin, for a day or two, until it goes through? Sometimes just talking about it is enough to put the jinx on a good thing."

"You mean——"

"I mean I'm going to have money in my pockets."

"What kind of money?"

"Real money."

"*Honest* money?"

"Honest-to-God money. And I'm going to dike you out. That's my idea. Pink! That's the colour for you. A pink sash and slippers, and one of them hats that show your yellow hair right through it, and a lace umbrella, and——"

"And streamers on the hat! I've always been just crazy for streamers on a hat."

"Red-white-and-blue ones!"

"No, just pink. Wide ones to dangle it like a basket."

"And slippers with real diamond buckles."

"What do you mean, Getaway? How can you give me real diamond shoe buckles——"

"There you go again. Didn't you promise to trust me and my new business proposition?"

"I do, only you've had so many——"

"You do—*only!* Yah, you do, only you don't!"

"I— You see—Getaway—I know how desperate you can be—when you're cornered. I'll never forget how you—you nearly killed a cop—once! Oh, Getaway, when I think back, that time you got into such trouble with——"

"Leave it to a woman, by George! to spoil a fellow's good name, if she has to rub her fingers in old soot to do it."

"I—I guess it is from seeing so much around me all the time that it's in me so to suspect."

"Oh, it's in you, all right. Gawalmighty knows that!"

"You see, it's because I've seen so much all my life. That's why it's been so grand these last years since I'm alone and—and away from it. Nothing to fear. My own little room and my own little job, and me not getting heart failure every time I recognize a plain-clothes man on the beat or hear a nightstick on the sidewalk jerk me out of my sleep. Getaway, don't do anything bad. You had one narrow escape. You're finger-printed. Headquarters wouldn't give you the benefit of a doubt if there was one. Don't—Getaway!"

"Yah, stay straight and you'll stay lonesome."

"Money wouldn't make no difference with me, anyway, if everything else wasn't all right. Nothing can be pink to me even if it is pink, unless it's honest. That's why I hold back, Getaway—there's things in you I—can't trust."

"Yah, fine chance of you holding back if I was to come rolling up to your door in a six-cylinder——"

"I tell you, no! If I was that way I wouldn't be holding down the same old job at the factory. I know plenty of boys who turn over easy money. Too easy——"

"Then marry me, Marylin, and you'll wear diamonds. In a couple of days, when this goes through, this deal with the fellows—oh, *honest* deal, if that's what you're opening your mouth to ask—I can stand up beside you with money in my pockets. Twenty bucks to the pastor, just like that! Then you can pick out another job, and I'll hold it down for you. Bet your life I will— Oh—here, Marylin—this way—quick!"

"Getaway, why did you turn down this street so all-of-a-sudden? This isn't my way home."

"It's only a block out of the way. Come on! Don't stand gassing."

"You-thought-that-fellow-on-the-corner-of-Dock-Street-might-be-a-plain-clothes-man!"

"What if I did? Want me to go up and kiss him?"

"Why-should-you-care, Getaway?"

"Don't."

"But——"

"Don't believe in hugging the law, though. It's enough when it hugs you."

"I want to go home, Getaway."

"Come on. I'll buy some supper. Steak and French frieds and some French pastry with a cherry on top for your little sweet tooth. That's the kind of a regular guy I am."

"No. I want to go home."

"All right, all right! I'm taking you there, ain't I?"

"Straight."

"Oh, you'll go straight, if you can't go that way anywhere but home."

THEY TROTTED the little *détour* in silence, the corners of her mouth wilting, he would have declared, had he the words, like a field flower in the hands of a picnicker. Marylin could droop that way, so suddenly and so whitely that almost a second could blight her.

"Now you're mad, ain't you?" he said, ashamed to be so quickly conciliatory and trying to make his voice grate.

"No, Getaway—not mad—only, I guess—sad."

She stopped before her rooming house. It was as long and as lean and as brown as a witch, and, to the more fanciful, something even of the riding of a broom in the straddle of the doorway, with an empty flagpole jutting from it. And then there was the cat, too—not a black one with gold eyes, just one of the city's myriad of mackerel ones, with chewed ear and a skilful crouch for the leap from ash- to garbage-can.

"I'm going in now, Getaway."

"Gowann! Get into your blue dress and I'll blow you to supper."

"Not tonight."

"Mad?"

"No. I said, only——"

"Sad?"

"No—tired—I guess."

"Please, Marylin."

"No. Some other time."

"When? Tomorrow? It's Saturday! Coney?"

"Oh!"

He thought he detected the flash of a dimple. He did. Remember, she was very young, and, being fanciful enough to find the witch in the face of her rooming house, the waves at Coney Island, peanut-cluttered as they were apt to be, told her things. Silly unrepeatable things. Nonsense things. Little secret goose-fleshing things. Prettiness. And then the shoot-the-chutes! That ecstatic leap of heart to lips and the feeling of folly down at the very pit of her. Marylin did like the shoot-the-chutes!

"All right, Getaway—tomorrow—Coney!"

He did not conceal his surge of pleasure, grasping her small hand in both his. "Good girlie!"

"Good night, Getaway," she said, but with the inflection of something left unsaid.

He felt the unfinished intonation, like a rocket that had never dropped its stick, and started up the steps after her.

"What is it, Marylin?"

"Nothing," she said and ran in.

The window in her little rear room with the zigzag of fire escape across it was already full of dusk. She took off her hat, a black straw with a little pink-cotton rose on it, and, rubbing her brow where it had left a red rut, sat down beside the window. There were smells there from a city bouquet of frying foods; from a pool of old water near a drain pipe; from the rear of a butcher shop. Slops. Noises, too. Babies, traffic, whistles, oaths, barterings, women, strife, life. On her very own ceiling the whisper of footsteps—of restless comings and goings—stealthy comings and goings—and then, after an hour, suddenly and ever so softly, the ball-of-a-foot—squeak! The-ball-of-a-foot—squeak!

Marylin knew that step.

And yet she sat, quiet. A star had come out. Looking up at the napkin of sky let in through the walls of the vertical city, Marylin had learned to greet it almost every clear evening. It did something for her. It was a little voice. A little kiss. A little upside-down pool of light without a spill. A little of herself up there in that beyond—that little napkin of beyond that her eyes had the lift to see.

WHO ARE YOU, whose neck has never ached from nine hours' a day, six days a week, of bending over the blue-denim pleat that goes down the front of men's shirts, to quiver a supersensitive, supercilious, and superior nose over what, I grant you, may appear on the surface to be the omelet of vulgarities fried up for you on the gladdest, maddest strip of carnival in the world?

But it is simpler to take on the cold glaze of sophistication than to remain simple. When the eyelids become weary, it is as if little red dancing shoes were being wrapped away forever, or a very tight heart-string had suddenly sagged, and when plucked at could no longer "plong."

To Marylin, whose neck very often ached clear down into her shoulder blades and up into a bandeau around her brow, and to whom city walls were sometimes like slaps confronting her whichever way she turned, her enjoyment of Coney Island was as uncomplex as A B C. Untortured by any awarenesses of relative values, too simple to strive to keep simple, unself-conscious, and with a hungry heart, she was not a spectator, half ashamed of being amused. She *was* Coney Island! Her heart a shoot-the-chutes for sheer swoops of joy, her eyes full of confetti points, the surf creaming no higher than her vitality.

And it was so the evening following, as she came dancing down the kicked-up sand of the beach, in a little bright-blue frock, mercerized silk, if you please, with very brief sleeves that ended right up in the jolliest part of her arm, with a half-moon of vaccination winking out roguishly beneath a finish of ribbon bow, and a white-canvas sport hat with a jockey rosette to cap the little climax of her, and by no means least, a metal coin purse, with springy insides designed to hold exactly fifty cents in nickels.

Once on the sand, which ran away, tickling each step she took, her spirits, it must be admitted, went just a little crazily off. The window, you see, where Marylin sewed her buttonholes six days the week, faced a brick wall that peeled with an old scrofula of white paint. Coney Island faced a world of sky. So that when she pinched Getaway's nose in between the lips of her coin purse and he, turning a double somersault right in his checked suit, landed seated in a sprawl of mock daze, off she went into peals of laughter only too ready to be released.

He bought her a wooden whirring machine, an instrument of noise that, because it was not utilitarian, became a toy of delicious sound.

They rode imitation ocean waves at five cents a voyage, their only *mal de mer* regret when it was over. He bought her salt-water taffy, and when the little red cave of her mouth became too ludicrously full of the pully stuff he tried to kiss its state of candy paralysis, and instantly she became sober and would have no more of his nonsense.

"Getaway," she cried, snapping fingers of inspiration, "let's go in bathing!"

"I'll say we will!"

NO SOONER SAID than done. In rented bathing suits, unfastidious, if you will, but, pshaw! with the ocean for wash day, who minded! Hers a little blue wrinkly one that hit her far too far below the knees, but her head flowered up in a polka-dotted turban, that well enough she knew bound her up prettily, and her arms were so round with that indescribable softiness of youth! Getaway, whose eyes could focus a bit when he looked at them, set up a leggy dance at sight of her. He shocked her a bit in his cheap cotton trunks—woman's very old shock to the knobby knees and hairy arms of the beach. But they immediately ran, hand in hand, down the sand and fizz! into the grin of a breaker.

Marylin with her face wet and a fringe of hair, like a streak of seaweed, down her cheek! Getaway, shivery, and knobbier than ever, pushing great palms of water at her and she back at him, only less skilfully, her five fingers spread and inefficient. Once in the water, he caught and held her close, and yet, for the wonder of it, almost reverentially close, as if what he would claim for himself he must keep intact.

"Marry me, Marylin," he said, with all the hubbub of the ocean about them.

She reached for some foam that hissed out before she could touch it.

"That's you," he said. "Now you are there, and now you aren't."

"I wish," she said—"oh, Getaway, there's so much I wish!"

"What do you wish?"

She looked off toward the immensity of sea and sky. "I— Oh, I don't know! Being here makes me wish—Something as beautiful as out there is what I wish."

"Out where?"

"There."

"I don't see——"

"You—wouldn't."

And then, because neither of them could swim, he began chasing her through shallow water, and in the kicked-up spray of their own merriment they emerged finally, dripping and slinky, the hairs on his forearms lashed flat, and a little drip of salt water running off the tip of her chin.

Until long after the sun went down they lay drying on the sand, her hair spread in a lovely amber flare, and, stretched full length on his stomach beside her, he built a little grave of sand for her feet. And the crowd thinned, and even before the sun dipped a faint young moon, almost as if wearing a veil, came up against the blue. They were quiet now with pleasant fatigue, and, propped up on his elbows, he spilled little rills of sand from one fist into the other.

"Gee! you're pretty, Marylin!"

"Am I, Getaway?"

"You know you are. You wasn't born with one eye shut and the other blind."

"Honest, I don't know. Sometimes I look in the mirror and hope so."

"You've had enough fellows tell you so."

"Yes, but—but not the kind of fellows that mean by pretty what I mean by pretty."

"Well, this here guy means what you mean by pretty."

"What do you mean by pretty, Getaway?"

"Pep. Peaches. Cream. Teeth. Yellow hair. Arms. Le— Those little holes in your cheeks. Dimples. What do I mean by pretty? I mean you by pretty. Ain't that what you want me to mean by pretty?"

"Yes—and no——"

"Well, what the——"

"It's all right, Getaway. It's fine to be pretty, but—not enough—somehow. I—I can't explain it to you—to anybody. I guess pretty isn't the word. It's beauty I mean."

"All right, then, anything your little heart desires—beauty."

"The ocean beauty out there, I mean. Something that makes you hurt and want to hurt more and more. Beauty, Getaway. It's something you understand or something you don't. It can't be talked. It sounds silly."

"Well, then, whistle it!"

"It has to be *felt*."

"Feel me," he said, laying her arm to his bare bicep. "Some little gladiator, eh? Knock the stuffings out of any guy that tried to take you away from me."

She turned her head on its flare of drying hair away from him. The beach was all but quiet, and the haze of the end of day in the air, almost in her eyes, too.

"Oh, Getaway!" she said, on a sigh. "Getaway!"

His reserve with her, at which he himself was the first to marvel, went down a little then and he seized her bare arm, kissing it, almost sinking his teeth. The curve of her chin down into her throat, as she turned her head, had maddened him.

"Quit," she said.

"Never you mind. You'll wear diamonds," he said, in his sole phraseology of promise. "Will you get sore if I ask you something, Fairylin?"

"What?"

"Want one now?"

"Want what?"

"A diamond."

"No," she said. "When I'm out here I quit wanting things like that."

"Fine chance a fellow has to warm up to you!"

"Getaway!"

"What?"

"What did you do last night, after you walked home with me?"

"When?"

"You know when."

"Why, bless your heart, I went home, Fairylin!"

"Please, Getaway——"

"Home, Fairy."

"You were up in Monkey's room last night about eleven. Now think, Getaway!"

"Aw, now——"

"You were."

"Aw, now——"

"Nobody can fool me on your step. You tiptoed for all you were worth, but I knew it! The-ball-of-your-foot—squeak! The-ball-of-your-foot—squeak!"

"Sure enough, now you mention it, maybe for a minute around eleven, but only for a minute——"

"Please, Getaway, don't lie. It was for nearly all night. Comings and goings on my ceiling until I couldn't sleep, not because they were so noisy, but because they were so soft. Like ugly whispers. Is Monkey the friend you got the deal on with, Getaway?"

"We just sat up there talking old times——"

"And Muggs, about eleven o'clock, sneaking up through the halls, dressed like a messenger boy again. I saw him when I peeked out of the door to see who it was tiptoeing. Getaway, for God's sake——"

He closed over her wrist then, his face extremely pointed. It was a bony face, so narrow that the eyes and the cheek bones had to be pitched close, and his black hair, usually so shiny, was down in a bang now, because it was damp, and to Marylin there was something sinister in that dip of bang which frightened her.

"What you don't know don't hurt you. You hear that? Didn't I tell you that after a few days this business deal—*business,* get that?—will be over. Then I'm going to hold down any old job your heart desires. But first I'm going to have money in my pockets! That's the only way to make this old world sit up and take notice. Spondulicks! Then I'm going to carry you off and get spliced. See? Real money. Diamonds. If you weren't so touchy, maybe you'd have diamonds sooner than you think. Want one now?"

"Getaway, I know you're up to something. You and Monkey and Muggs are tied up with those Wall Street bond getaways."

"For the luvagod, cut that talk here! First thing I know you'll have me in a brainstorm, too."

"Those fake messenger boys that get themselves hired, and, instead of delivering the bonds from one office to another—disappear with them. Muggs isn't wearing that messenger's uniform for nothing. You and Monkey are working with him under cover on something. You can't pass a cop any more without tightening up. I can feel it when I have your arm. You've got that old over-your-shoulder look to you, Getaway. My father—had it. My—mother—too. Getaway!"

"By —! you can't beat a woman!"

"You don't deny it."

"I do!"

"Oh, Getaway, I'm glad, then—glad!"

"Over-the-shoulder look. Why, if I'd meet a plain-clothes this minute I'd go up and kiss him—with my teeth in his ear. That's how much I got to be afraid of."

"Oh, Getaway, I'm so glad!"

"Well, then, lay off——"

"Getaway, you jumped then! Like somebody had hit you, and it was only a kid popping a paper bag."

"You get on my nerves. You'd make a cat nervous, with your suspecting! The more a fellow tries to do for a girl like you the less— Look here, now, you got to get the hell out of my business."

SHE DID NOT REPLY, but lay to the accompaniment of his violent nervousness and pinchings into the sand, with her face still away from him, while the dusk deepened and the ocean quieted.

After a while: "Now, Marylin, don't be sore. I may be a rotten egg some ways, but when it comes to you, I'm there."

"I'm not sore, Getaway," she said, with her voice still away from him. "Only I— Let's not talk for a minute. It's so quiet out here—so full of rest."

He sat, plainly troubled, leaning back on the palms of his hands and dredging his toes into the sand. In the violet light the tender line of her chin to her throat still teased him.

Down farther along the now deserted beach a youth in a bathing suit was playing a harmonica, his knees hunched under his chin, his mouth and hand sliding at cross purposes along the harp. That was the silhouette of him against a clean sky, almost Panlike, as if his feet might be cloven.

What he played, if it had any key at all, was rather in the mood of Chopin's Nocturne in D-flat major. A little sigh for the death of a day, a sob for the beauty of that death, and a hope and ecstasy for the new day yet unborn—all of that on a little throbbing mouth organ.

"Getaway," cried Marylin, and sat up, spilling sand, "that's it! That's what I meant a while ago. Hear? It can't be talked. That's it on the mouth organ!"

"It?"

"It! Yes, like I said. Somebody has to feel it inside of him, just like I do, before he can understand. Can't you feel it? Please! Listen."

"Aw, that's an old jew's-harp. I'll buy you one. How's that?"

"All right, I guess," she said, starting off suddenly toward the bathhouse.

He was relieved that she had thrown off the silence.

"Ain't mad any more, are you, Marylin?"

"No, Getaway—not mad."

"Mustn't get fussy that way with me, Marylin. It scares me off. I've had something to show you all day, but you keep scaring me off."

"What is it?" she said, tiptoe.

His mouth drew up to an oblique point. "You know."

"No, I don't."

"Maybe I'll tell you and maybe I won't," he cried, scooping up a handful of sand and spraying her. "What'll you give me if I tell?"

"Why—nothing."

"Want to know?"

But at the narrowing something in his eyes she sidestepped him, stooping down at the door of her bathhouse for a last scoop of sand at him.

"No," she cried, her hair blown like spray and the same breeze carrying her laughter, guiltless of mood, out to sea.

On the way home, though, for the merest second, there recurred the puzzling quirk in her thoughtlessness.

In the crush of the electric train, packed tightly into the heart of the most yammering and petulant crowd in the world—home-going pleasure seekers—a youth rose to give her his seat. A big, beach-tanned fellow with a cowlick of hair, when he tipped her his hat, standing up off his right brow like a little apostrophe to him, and blue eyes so very wide apart, and so clear, that they ran back into his head like aisles with little lakes shining at the ends of them.

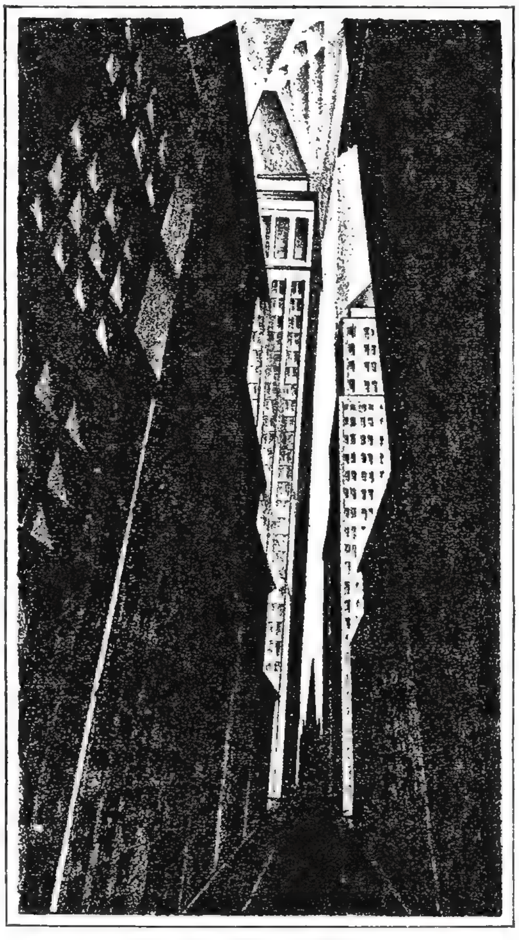
"Thank you," said Marylin, the infinitesimal second while his hat and cowlick lifted, her own gaze seeming to run down those avenues of his eyes for a look into the pools at the back.

"That was it, too, Getaway! The thing that fellow looked—that I couldn't say. He said it—with his eyes."

"Who?"

"That fellow who gave me this seat."

"I'll break his face if he goo-goos you," said Getaway, who by this time had a headache and whose feet had fitted reluctantly back into patent leather.



THE VERTICAL CITY
Wall Street, *a lithograph by Arnold Ronnebeck. Courtesy The Weyhe Gallery.*

But inexplicably, even to herself, that night, in the shadow of the stoop of her witch of a rooming house, she let him kiss her lips. His first of her—her first to any man. It may have been that suddenly she was so extremely tired—tired of the lay of the week ahead, suggested by the smells and the noises and the consciousness of that front box-pleat.

The little surrender, even though she drew back immediately, was wine to him and as truly an intoxicant.

"Marylin," he cried, wild for her lips again, "I can't be held off much longer. I'm straight with you, but I'm human, too."

"Don't, Getaway, not here! Tomorrow—maybe."

"I'm crazy for you!"

"Go home now, Getaway."

"Yes—but just one more——"

"Promise me you'll go straight home from here—to bed."

"I promise. Marylin, one more. One little more. Your lips——"

"No, no—not now. Go——"

Suddenly, by a quirk in the dark, there was a flash of something down Marylin's bare third finger, so hurriedly and so rashly that it scraped the flesh.

"That's for you! I've been afraid all day. Touchy! Didn't I tell you? Diamonds! Now will you kiss me? Now will you?"

In the shadow of where she stood, looking down, it was as if she gazed into a pool of fire that was reaching in flame clear up about her head, and everywhere in the conflagration Getaway's triumphant "Now will you! Now will you!"

"Getaway," she cried, flecking her hand as if it burned, "where did you get this?"

"It's for you, Fairylin, and more like it coming. It weighs a carat and a half. That stone's worth more than a sealskin jacket. You're going to have one of those, too. Real seal! Now are you sore at me any more? Now you've a swell kick coming, haven't you? Now! Now!"

"Getaway," she cried behind her lit hand, because her palm was to her mouth and above it her eyes showing the terror in their whites, "where did you get this?"

"There!" he said, and kissed her hotly and squarely on the lips.

Somehow, with the ring off her finger, and in a little pool of its light as it lay at his feet, where he stood dazed on the sidewalk, Marylin was up the stoop through the door up two flights, and through her own door, slamming it, locking it, and into her room, rubbing and half crying over her left third finger where the flash had been.

She was frightened, because for all of an hour she sat on the end of the cot in her little room trembling and with her palms pressed into her eyes so tightly that the darkness spun. There was quick connection in Marylin between what was emotional and what was merely sensory. She knew, from the sickness at the very pit of her stomach, how sick were her heart and her soul—and how afraid.

SHE UNDRESSED in the dark—a pale darkness relieved by a lighted window across the areaway. The blue mercerized dress she slid over a hanger, covering it with one of her cotton nightgowns and putting it into careful place behind the cretonne curtain that served her as clothes closet. Her petticoat, white, with a rill of lace, she folded away. And then, in her bare feet and a pink-cotton nightgown with a bluebird machine-stitched on the yoke, she stood, cocked to the hurry of indistinct footsteps across her ceiling, and in the narrow slit of hallway outside her door, where the stairs led up still another flight, the-ball-of-a-foot—squeak! The sharp crack of a voice. Running.

"Getaway!" cried Marylin's heart, almost suffocating her with a dreadful spasm of intuition.

It was all so quick. In the flash of her flung-open door, as her head in its amber cloud leaned out, Getaway, bending almost double over the upper banister, his lips in his narrow face back to show a white terribleness of strain that lingered in the memory, hurled out an arm suddenly toward two men mounting the steps of the flight below him.

There was a shot then, and on the lower flight one of the men, with an immediate red mouth opening slowly in his neck, slid downstairs backward, face up.

Suddenly, from a crouching position beside her door, the second figure shot forward now, with ready and perfect aim at the already-beginning-to-be-nerveless figure of Getaway hanging over the banister with the smoking pistol.

By the reaching out of her right hand Marylin could have deflected that perfect aim. In fact, her arm sprang toward just that reflex act, then stayed itself with the jerk of one solid body avoiding collision with another.

So much quicker than it takes in the telling there marched across Marylin's sickened eyes this frieze: her father trailing dead from the underslinging of a freight car. That moment when a uniform had stepped in from the fire escape across the bolt of Brussels lace; her mother's scream, like the plunge of a rapier into the heart. Uniforms—contemplating. On street corners. Opposite houses. Those four fingers peeping over each of her father's shoulders in the courtroom. Getaway! His foxlike face leaner. Meaner. Black mask. Electric chair. Volts. Ugh—volts! God—you know—best—help——

When the shot came that sent Getaway pitching forward down the third-floor flight she was on her own room floor in a long and merciful faint.

Marylin had not reached out.

TIME PASSED. Whole rows of days of buttonholes down pleats that were often groped at through tears. Heavy tears like magnifying glasses. And then, with that gorgeous and unassailable resiliency of youth, lighter tears. Fewer tears. Few tears. No tears.

Under the cretonne curtain, though, the blue mercerized frock hung unworn, and in its dark drawer remained the petticoat with its rill of lace. But one night, with a little catch in her throat (it was the last of her sobs) she took out the sport hat, and for no definite reason began to turn the jockey rosette to the side where the sun had not faded it.

These were quiet evenings in her small room. All the ceiling agitation had long ago ceased since the shame of the raided room above, and Muggs, in his absurd messenger's suit, and Monkey marching down the three flights to the clanking of steel at the wrists.

There were new footsteps now. Steps that she had also learned to know, but pleasantly. They marched out so regularly of mornings, invariably just as she was about to hook her skirtband or pull on her stockings. They came home so patly again at seven, about as she sat herself down to a bit of sewing or washing-out. They went to bed so pleasantly. Thud, on the floor, and then, after the expectant interval of unlacing, thud again. They were companionable, those footsteps, almost like reverential marching on the grave of her heart.

MARYLIN reversed the rosette, and as the light began to go sat down beside her window, idly, looking up. There was the star point in her patch of sky, eating its way right through the purple like a diamond, and her ache over it was so tangible that it seemed to her she could almost lift the hurt out of her heart, as if it were a little imprisoned bird. And as it grew darker there came two stars, and three, and nine, and finally the sixty hundred.

Then from the zig of the fire escape above, before it twisted down into the zag of hers, there came to Marylin, through the medley of city silences and the tears in her heart, this melody, on a jew's-harp:

If it had any key at all, it was in the mood of Chopin's Nocturne in D-flat major. A sigh for the death of a day, a sob for the beauty of that death, and the throb of an ecstasy for the new day not yet born.

Looking up against the sheer wall of the vertical city, on the ledge of fire escape above hers, and in the yellow patch of light thrown out from the room behind, a youth, with his knees hunched up under his chin, and his mouth and hand moving at cross purposes, was playing the harmonica.

Wide apart were his eyes, and blue, so that while she gazed up, smiling, as he gazed down, smiling, it was almost as if she ran up the fire escape through the long clear lanes of those eyes, for a dip into the little twin lakes at the back of them.

And—why, didn't you know?—there was a lift of cowlick to the right side of his front hair, as he sat there playing in the twilight, that was exactly the shape of an apostrophe!

Bernard Shaw *on* Women *and* Children

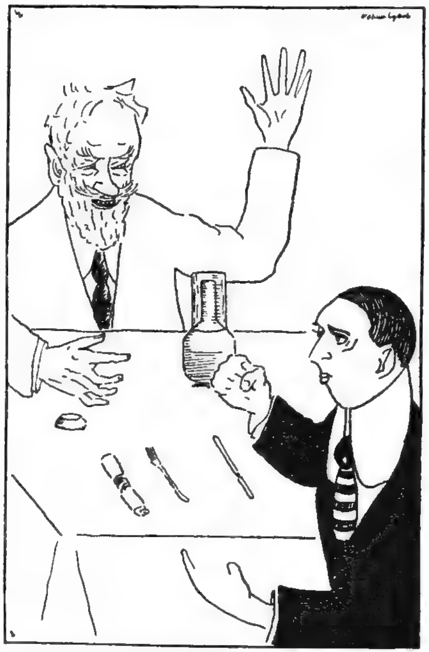
By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Archibald Henderson

The late Woodrow Wilson was fond of quoting a saying of Charles Lamb's, to the effect that you could not hate anyone you knew. Bernard Shaw has an extraordinarily irritating way of saying things, but it is deliberate. Shaw maintains that if you don't say a thing in an irritating way, you may just as well not say it at all, since none will trouble about anything that does not trouble them.

The result is that the public look upon Shaw, really one of the mildest of men, as a sort of ogre, eager to devour any- and everybody. Not long ago, Lady A—, the wife of one of England's leading politicians, saw Shaw the satirist in the flesh.

"Why," she exclaimed, "Mr. Shaw looks quite a *benevolent* old gentleman! Who would think this is the man who would like to hang us all upon lampposts?"



A cartoon by Bohun Lynch
HENDERSON DINES WITH "G.B.S."

If Lady A— had formed Shaw's acquaintance, she would quickly have discovered that it is part of his *rôle* as a public character to create around himself a miniature Reign of Terror. He pretends to be bloodthirsty, ferocious, diabolical, conceited, and grossly egotistic. This character, which he has named "G. B. S.," is a sort of bogyman invented for easy dealing with the journalists—a Shavian toy, like a Teddy Bear or a Dutch doll. This lay figure of his reputation, "G. B. S.," is thus described by himself: "The whole point of the creature is that he is unique, fantastic, unrepresentative, inimitable, impossible, undesirable on any large scale, utterly unlike anybody that ever existed before, hopelessly unnatural, and void of real passion!"

G. B. S. is the cosmic comedian, the sport of the comic papers and the cartoonists. Behind this mask, which Shaw uses to amuse the public as well as to shield himself from it, is the real man—the artist, the sociologist, the economist, the philosopher. The real man has lived a life as romantic, as colourful, as variegated in vicissitude and event, as any knight of the Middle Ages. Throughout the greater portion of his life, he has proved a doughty and valiant champion of Woman. Votes-for-women had no more ardent advocate than Shaw—although he admitted that probably it would be better for the world if neither men nor women had the franchise! A mystic in his attitude toward religion, he has the deepest reverence for womanhood, for motherhood, for the divinely human *rôle* of parturition. Once challenged in a debate as to whether he believed in the Immaculate Conception, Shaw enraged his opponents with the reply: "Yes, because I regard all conceptions as immaculate." A perfect illustration of his feeling for Woman as the Mother of the Race.

It is an interesting fact that Shaw's earliest and latest actions, both of importance in his career, are concerned with women. After joining the Fabian Society in 1884, Shaw drafted the famous Tract Number 2, which contained this trumpet-blast in favour of the suffrage for women:

"That men no longer need special political privileges to protect them against women; and that the sexes should henceforth enjoy equal political rights."

The last act of first-rate importance in Shaw's career was the dramatic apotheosis of Joan of Arc. Once asked by what principle he was governed in the writing of a play, Shaw hardily replied: "I am not governed by principles; I am inspired."

Shaw's play, "Saint Joan," which has been successfully played in many countries, is, in my judgment, the noblest and the greatest play in the English language since the time of Shakespeare. It reads as if it had been inspired; and when I asked him why he chose Joan of Arc as a dramatic subject, his reply was characteristic.

"Why not? Joan is a first-class dramatic subject ready made. You have a heroic character, caught between 'the fell incensed points' of the Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire, between Feudalism and Nationalism, between Protestantism and Ecclesiasticism, and driven by her virtues and her innocence of the world to a tragic death which has secured her immortality. What more do you want for a tragedy as great as that of Prometheus? All the forces that bring about the catastrophe are on the grandest scale; and the individual soul on which they press is of the most indomitable force and temper. The amazing thing is that the chance has never been jumped at by any dramatic poet of the requisite calibre. The pseudo-Shakespearean Joan ends in mere jingo scurrility. Voltaire's mock-Homeric epic is an uproarious joke. Schiller's play is romantic flapdoodle. All modern attempts known to me are second-rate opera books. I felt personally called on by Joan to do her dramatic justice; and I don't think I have botched the job."

BY THE IGNORANT, Shaw is thought of as a sort of Mephistopheles, living in an atmosphere of fire and brimstone. As a matter of fact, Shaw often attends church services, and at bottom is a deeply religious man. Frank Dilnot, the English journalist, once published in a paper, as news, that Bernard Shaw at a Salvation Army meeting had joined in the singing. This immediately provoked a characteristic letter from Shaw, who wrote: "I was not joining in the singing at the Salvation Army meeting. I was leading the singing. I did it so effectively that at the end of the service a Salvation lassie took me by the hand and said: 'We know, don't we?' "

Although Shaw was an ardent champion of equal suffrage, he is clear-sighted enough to realize that women haven't yet learned how to exercise the right of suffrage wisely. As for that, the wisdom of men in that regard is still open to grave question! Shaw declares that "women certainly do one thing worse than men; and that's voting." And yet he believes that there should be women on every administrative body on earth. "I'd go out and collect them at random. Just as you do a coroner's jury. Women should be mixed with men in juries, tribunals, committees, and all public authorities. Then we would have something done. Men are sentimental gossips. They are not practical enough. Women are. Since the beginning of time it's women that have had to do the practical things. And most of the despised and unpleasant work. They may often do it badly, but they get it done. Give a woman a dollar to spend, and you'll see how far she can make it go."

Shaw fully recognizes the devastating power of the quality in women called "charm"; and has succeeded in imparting it to certain notable figures in his plays; to Candida, to Lady Cicely Waynflete, to Cleopatra, and to Joan of Arc. Once asked to name that particular quality in women which men call charm, Shaw replied: "If I were to be foolish enough to name any particular quality as that which man most admires in woman, and the result were that all women began to cultivate that quality in the struggle to obtain possession of the few men there are, the globe would become practically uninhabitable. I therefore refrain from any such absurd enterprise."

On another occasion, Shaw was asked by the *London Daily Express* to answer the question: "When Are Women Most Interesting?" Shaw replied as follows:

> To the Editor of the *Daily Express*:
> Sir:—You are tempting me to make a fool of myself. Get thee behind me.
> G. Bernard Shaw.

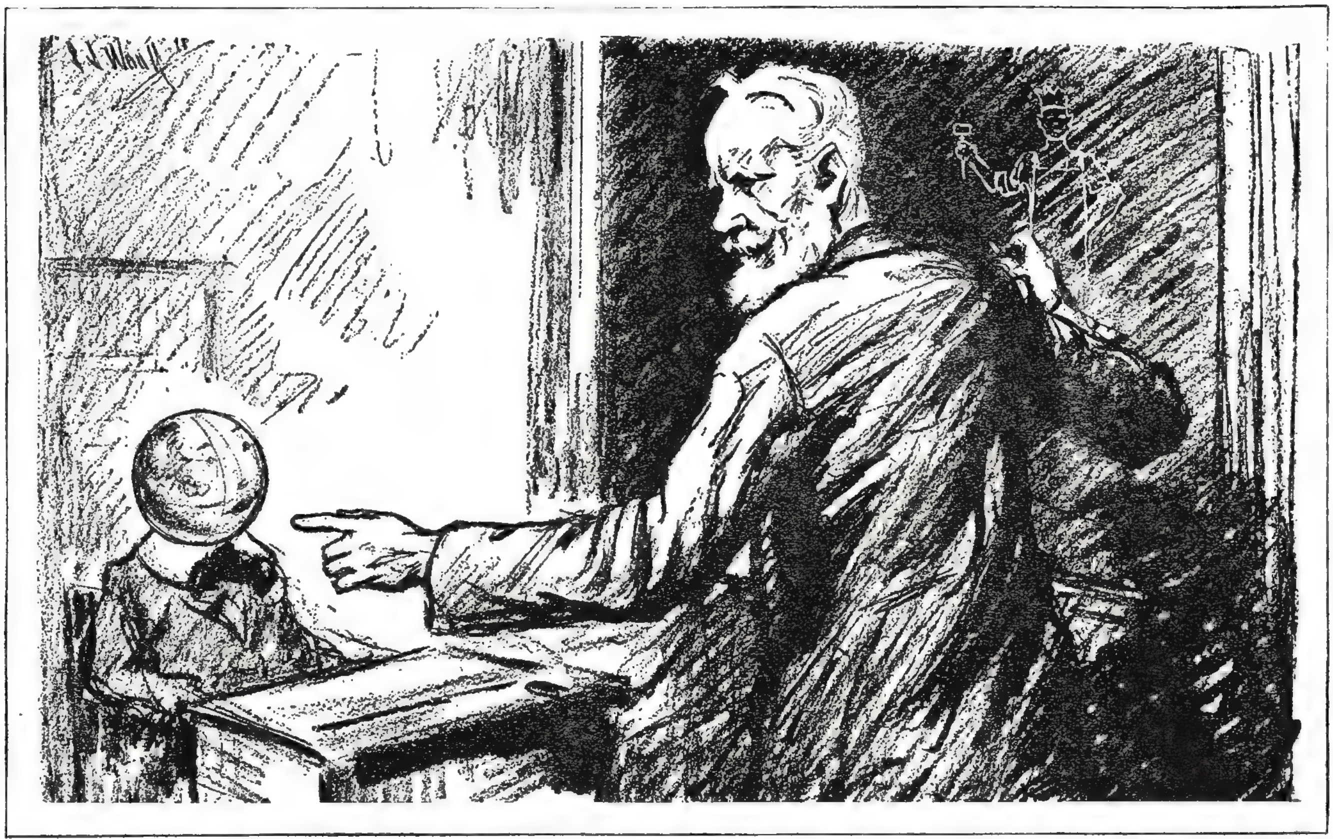
Regarding motherhood, Shaw has vehemently asserted that it should be endowed. "If I were a woman," he recently said, "I should refuse to bear a child for less than ten thousand dollars. A nation which does not guarantee the proper nurture of its children does not deserve to have them."

Bernard Shaw is deeply concerned for the proper education of children, since the future of civilization and the race is dependent upon it. On one occasion, a friend who noticed that Shaw never had any cut flowers in his house, twitted him with not being fond of beautiful flowers. "I am fond of flowers," retorted Shaw. "I am also fond of children; but I don't cut off their heads and stick them in pots about the house." The deep-seated cause for Shaw's discontent with modern education is that, by enforced cramming, it fills the child's head with useless but ornamental knowledge, stultifies the thinking powers, and kills the individual soul.

Bernard Shaw is a life-long opponent of the stuffy ideal of the English family, of conventional home life. But he is a firm believer in the importance of heredity, and the great part the developing science of eugenics is destined to play in the future. The bold, fighting qualities, clarity in expression, courage in outlook, freedom in thinking, scope in imagination—seem to him especially desirable and worthy of cultivation. For all his vaunted pretense of scorn for heroes and hero-worship, he actually glorifies and reverences the heroic qualities.

Bernard Shaw is a genuinely religious man. He is to be ranked, in this respect, with a certain group of modern thinkers, coming to be known as the Meliorists. Shaw identifies God with the Life Force; Bergson employs the phrase *élan vital.* Evil is a thing to be finally evolved out of the world; and the Force behind the Universe, as he sees it, is working through humanity—its instrument—guiding it to a benevolent and harmonious end. In reality, Shaw's whole outlook on life is optimistic, or, better, melioristic. He is not ashamed to say of himself and of his own philosophy: "I am working for the purpose of the universe, working for the good of the whole of society and the whole world, instead of merely looking after my personal ends."

This explains Shaw's profound interest in education and the public attitude toward children and motherhood. The fundamental proposition of his creed is that all living creatures are experiments. "If adults will frankly give up their claim to know better than children what the purposes of the Life Force are, and treat the child as an experiment like themselves, and



Courtesy The New York Times

SHAW TELLS THE WORLD

A drawing by S. J. Woolf

possibly a more successful one, and at the same time relinquish their monstrous parental claim to personal private property in children, the rest may be left to common sense. . . . The precise formula for the Superman, *ci-devant* The Just Man Made Perfect, has not yet been discovered. Until it is, every birth is an experiment in the Great Research which is being conducted by the Life Force to discover that formula."

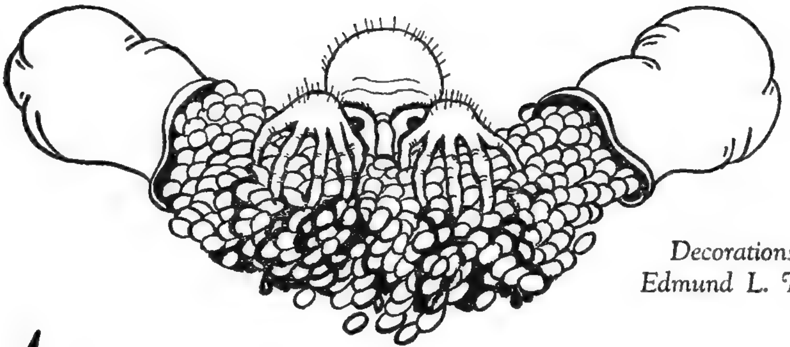
Shaw vehemently maintains that modern education, as generally practised, is not an ennobling influence in the lives of children. "At present," he claims, "a child may be beaten, underfed, overfed, overworked with school lessons, or otherwise petted, shown off, neglected, played with, made the subject of religious and moral experiments, and denied all freedom of thought and action, without remedy." Shaw insists that every child should be brought up with the idea that he has a personal obligation to the community; and, further, that whoever consumes goods or services without producing by personal effort the equivalent of what he or she consumes, inflicts an injury on the community.

There is a familiar jest to the effect that bachelors' children are always the best brought up. Shaw has no children; but his whole force and influence have been thrown upon the side of children and mothers in modern civilization. He has poked fun at the English family, at the absurd parental pretense of omniscience, at the "enlarged rabbit hutches we call homes." One of his injunctions to youth is, "Remember that the progress of the world depends on your knowing better than your elders." Shaw believes in the assertion of the "Right to Roam" for children; and he is strongly in favour of the voluntary organization of outdoor life which has already begun in Boy Scouting and excursions of one kind or another. But as a Socialist he would go a step further, and insist that in any decent community, children should find, in every part of their native country, food, clothing, lodging, instruction, and parental kindness for the asking.

Shaw believes that children should be taught the Bible as a great work of art, embodying the literature of a very remarkable Oriental race; and also be taught some sort of religion, by no means omitting the superbly stimulative discipline of science and art. "Every device of art," he points out, "should be brought to bear on the young; so that they may discover some form of it that delights them naturally."

Shaw declared that the election of women as governors of American States was a "most hopeful portent, because the governor of every American State and the actual ruler of every country ought to be a woman. It must be evident—to anyone who has studied history, or appreciates the difference in the mentality of the sexes, that women make, and always have made, abler, more intelligent, and eminently safer rulers than men."

Next Month—Bernard Shaw's Vision of the Future



Decorations by
Edmund L. Thaxter

A Terribly Strange Bed

By WILKIE COLLINS

Wilkie Collins

Shortly after my education at college was finished, I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend. We were both young men then, and lived, I am afraid, rather a wild life, in the delightful city of our sojourn. One night we were idling about the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, doubtful to what amusement we should next betake ourselves. My friend proposed a visit to Frascati's; but his suggestion was not to my taste. I knew Frascati's, as the French saying is, by heart; had lost and won plenty of five-franc pieces there, merely for amusement's sake, until it was amusement no longer, and was thoroughly tired, in fact, of all the ghastly respectabilities of such a social anomaly as a respectable gambling-house.

"For Heaven's sake," said I to my friend, "let us go somewhere where we can see a little genuine, blackguard, poverty-stricken gaming, with no false gingerbread glitter thrown over it at all. Let us get away from fashionable Frascati's, to a house where they don't mind letting in a man with a ragged coat, or a man with no coat, ragged or otherwise."

"Very well," said my friend, "we needn't go out of the Palais Royal to find the sort of company you want. Here's the place just before us; as blackguard a place, by all report, as you could possibly wish to see."

In another minute we arrived at the door, and entered the house.

When we got upstairs, and had left our hats and sticks with the doorkeeper, we were admitted into the chief gambling-room. We did not find many people assembled there. But, few as the men were who looked up at us on our entrance, they were all types—lamentably true types—of their respective classes.

We had come to see blackguards; but these men were something worse. There is a comic side, more or less appreciable, in all blackguardism: here there was nothing but tragedy—mute, weird tragedy. The quiet in the room was horrible. The thin, haggard, long-haired young man, whose sunken eyes fiercely watched the turning up of the cards, never spoke; the flabby, fat-faced, pimply player, who pricked his piece of pasteboard perseveringly, to register how often black won, and how often red, never spoke; the dirty, wrinkled old man, with the vulture eyes and the darned great-coat, who had lost his last sou, and still looked on desperately after he could play no longer, never spoke. Even the voice of the *croupier* sounded as if it were strangely dulled and thickened in the atmosphere of the room. I had entered the place to laugh, but the spectacle before me was something to weep over. I soon found it necessary to take refuge in excitement from the depression of spirits which was fast stealing on me. Unfortunately, I sought the nearest excitement by going to the table and beginning to play. Still more unfortunately, as the event will show, I won—won prodigiously; won incredibly; won at such a rate that the regular players at the table crowded round me; and staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

The game was *Rouge et Noir*. I had played at it in every city in Europe, without, however, the care or the wish to study the Theory of Chances—that philosopher's stone of all gamblers! And a gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart-whole from the corroding passion for play. My gaming was a mere idle amusement. I never resorted to it by necessity, because I never knew what it was to want money. I never practised it so incessantly as to lose more than I could afford, or to gain more than I could coolly pocket without being thrown off my balance by my good luck. In short, I had hitherto frequented gambling-tables—just as I frequented ballrooms and opera-houses—because they amused me, and because I had nothing better to do with my leisure hours.

But on this occasion it was very different—now, for the first time in my life, I felt what the passion for play really was. My successes first bewildered, and then, in the most literal meaning of the word, intoxicated me. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I lost only when I attempted to estimate chances, and played according to previous calculation. If I left everything to luck, and staked without any care or consideration, I was sure to win—to win in the face of every recognized probability in favour of the bank. At first some of the men present ventured their money safely enough on my colour; but I speedily increased my stakes to sums which they dared not risk. One after another they left off playing, and breathlessly looked on at my game.

Still, time after time, I staked higher and higher, and still won. The excitement in the room rose to fever pitch. The silence was interrupted by a deep-muttered chorus of oaths and exclamations in different languages, every time the gold was shoveled across to my side of the table—even the imperturbable croupier dashed his rake on the floor in a (French) fury of astonishment at my success. But one man present preserved his self-possession, and that man was my friend. He came to my side, and whispering in English, begged me to leave the place, satisfied with what I had already gained. I must do him the justice to say that he repeated his warnings and entreaties several times, and left me and went away only after I had rejected his advice (I was to all intents and purposes gambling drunk) in terms which rendered it impossible for him to address me again that night.

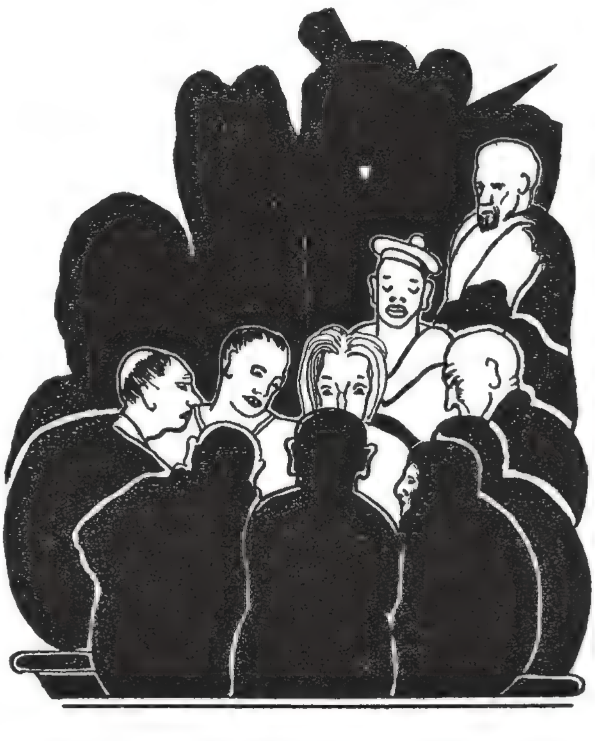
SHORTLY AFTER he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried, "Permit me, my dear sir—permit me to restore to their proper place two napoléons which you have dropped. Wonderful luck, sir! I pledge you my word of honour, as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck as yours—never! Go on, sir—*sacre mille bombes!* Go on boldly, and break the bank!"

I turned round and saw, nodding and smiling at me with inveterate civility, a tall man, dressed in a frogged and braided *surtout*.

If I had been in my senses, I should have considered him, personally, as being rather a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had goggling, bloodshot eyes, mangy moustaches, and a broken nose. His voice betrayed a barrack-room intonation of the worst order, and he had the dirtiest pair of hands I ever saw—even in France. These little personal peculiarities exercised, however, no repelling influence on me. In the mad excitement, the reckless triumph of that moment, I was ready to "fraternize" with anybody who encouraged me in my game. I accepted the old soldier's offered pinch of snuff; clapped him on the back, and swore he was the honestest fellow in the world—the most glorious relic of the Grand Army that I had ever met with. "Go on!" cried my military friend, snapping his fingers in ecstasy—"Go on, and win! Break the bank—*mille tonnerres!* my gallant English comrade, break the bank!"

AND I *did* go on—went on at such a rate that in another quarter of an hour the croupier called out, "Gentlemen, the bank has discontinued for tonight." All the notes, and all the gold in that "bank," now lay in a heap under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling house was waiting to pour into my pockets!

"Tie up the money in your pocket-handkerchief, my worthy sir," said the old soldier, as I wildly plunged my hands into my heap of gold. "Tie it up, as we used to tie up a bit of dinner in the Grand Army; your winnings are too heavy for any breeches-pockets that ever were sewed. There! that's it—shovel them in, notes and all! *Crédie!* what luck! Stop! another napoléon on the floor. *Ah! sacre petit polisson de Napoléon!* have I found thee at last? Now then, sir—two tight knots each way, with your honourable permission, and the money's safe. Feel it! Feel it, fortunate sir! hard and round as a cannon-ball— *Â bas,* if they had only fired such cannon-balls at us at Austerlitz—*nom d'une pipe!* if they only had! And now, as an ancient grenadier, as an ex-*brave* of the French army, what remains for me to do? I ask, what? Simply this, to entreat my valued English friend to drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess Fortune in foaming goblets before we part!"



"Excellent ex-brave! Convivial ancient grenadier! Champagne, by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier! Hurrah! hurrah! Another English cheer for the goddess Fortune! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Bravo! the Englishman; the amiable, gracious Englishman, in whose veins circulates the vivacious blood of France! Another glass? *Â bas!*—the bottle is empty! Never mind! *Vive le vin!* I, the old soldier, order another bottle, and half a pound of *bonbons* with it!"

"No, no, ex-brave; never—ancient grenadier! *Your* bottle last time; *my* bottle this! Behold it! Toast away! The French Army! the great Napoleon! the present company! the croupier! the honest croupier's wife and daughters—if he has any! the ladies generally! everybody in the world!"

By the time the second bottle of champagne was emptied, I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire—my brain seemed all aflame. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before in my life. Was it the result of a stimulant acting upon my system when I was in a highly excited state? Was my stomach in a particularly disordered condition? Or was the champagne amazingly strong?

"Ex-brave of the French Army!" cried I, in a mad state of exhilaration, *"I* am on fire! how are *you?* You have set me on fire! Do you hear, my hero of Austerlitz? Let us have a third bottle of champagne to put the flame out!"

The old soldier wagged his head, rolled his goggle-eyes, until I expected to see them slip out of their sockets; placed his dirty forefinger by the side of his broken nose; solemnly ejaculated "Coffee!" and immediately ran off into an inner room.

THE WORD PRONOUNCED by the eccentric veteran seemed to have a magical effect on the rest of the company present. With one accord they all rose to depart. Probably they had expected to profit by my intoxication; but, finding that my new friend was benevolently bent on preventing me from getting dead drunk, had now abandoned all hope of thriving pleasantly on my winnings. Whatever their motive might be, at any rate they went away in a body. When the old soldier returned, and sat down again opposite to me at the table, we had the room to ourselves. I could see the croupier, in a sort of vestibule which opened out of it, eating his supper in solitude. The silence was now deeper than ever.

A sudden change, too, had come over the "ex-brave." He assumed a portentously solemn look; and when he spoke to me again, his speech was ornamented by no oaths, enforced by no finger-snapping, enlivened by no apostrophes or exclamations.

"Listen, my dear sir," said he, in mysteriously confidential tones—"listen to an old soldier's advice. I have been to the mistress of the house (a very charming woman, with a genius for cookery!) to impress on her the necessity of making us some particularly strong and good coffee. You must drink this coffee in order to get rid of your little amiable exaltation of spirits before you think of going home—you *must,* my good and gracious friend! With all that money to take home tonight, it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. You are known to be a winner to an enormous extent by several gentlemen present tonight, who, in a certain point of view, are very worthy and excellent fellows; but they are mortal men, my dear sir, and they have their amiable weaknesses! Need I say more? Ah, no, no! you understand me! Now, this is what you must do—send for a cabriolet when you feel quite well again—draw up all the windows when you get into it—and tell the driver to take you home only through the large and well-lighted thoroughfares. Do this; and you and your money will be safe. Do this; and tomorrow you will thank an old soldier for giving you a word of honest advice."

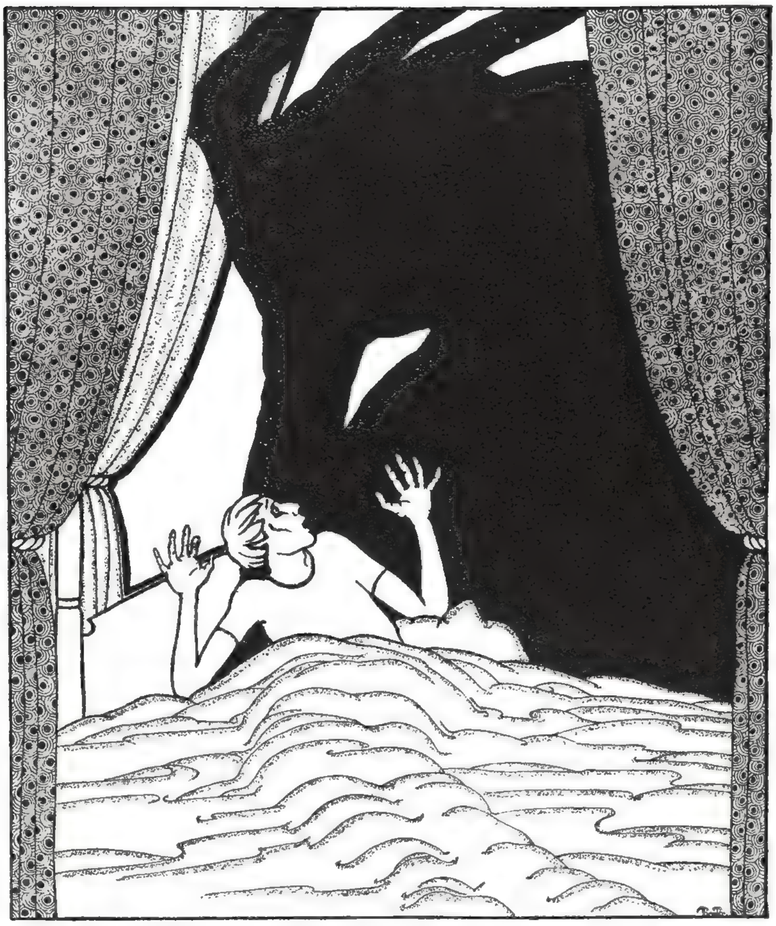
Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in very lachrymose tones, the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it off at a draft. Almost instantly afterward I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more completely intoxicated than ever. The room whirled round and round furiously; the old soldier seemed to be regularly bobbing up and down before me like the piston of a steam-engine. I was half deafened by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment, helplessness, idiocy, overcame me. I rose from my chair, holding on by the table to keep my balance; and stammered out that I felt dreadfully unwell—so unwell that I did not know how I was to get home.

"My dear friend," answered the old soldier—and even his voice seemed to be bobbing up and down as he spoke—"my dear friend, it would be madness to go home in *your* state; you would be sure to lose your money; you might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease. *I* am going to sleep here; do *you* sleep here, too—they make up capital beds in this house—take one; sleep off the effects of the wine, and go home safely with your winnings tomorrow—tomorrow, in broad daylight."

I had but two ideas left: one, that I must never let go hold of my handkerchief full of money; the other, that I must lie down somewhere immediately, and fall off into a comfortable sleep. So I agreed to the proposal about the bed, and took the offered arm of the old soldier, carrying my money with my disengaged hand. Preceded by the croupier, we passed along some passages and up a flight of stairs into the bedroom which I was to occupy. The ex-brave shook me warmly by the hand, proposed that we should breakfast together, and then, followed by the croupier, left me for the night.

I RAN TO THE wash-hand stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it; then sat down in a chair and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling-room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied, the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes, from the glaring gaslights of the "salon" to the dim, quiet flicker of one bedroom-candle, aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The giddiness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling-house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of going home alone at night through the streets of Paris with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this on my travels; so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door, and take my chance till the next morning.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then, satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light, which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood-ashes, and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.



I soon felt not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not even close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled—every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and perseveringly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now I thrust my arms over the clothes; now I poked them under the clothes; now I violently shot my legs straight up and down to the bottom of the bed; now I convulsively coiled them up as near my chin as they would go; now I shook out my crumpled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain; I groaned with vexation as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

What could I do? I had no book to read. And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horrors; to rack my brain with forebodings of every possible and impossible danger; in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous terror.

I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room—which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight through the window—to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maistre's delightful little book, *Voyage autour de ma Chambre,* occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation and amusement enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations which even a chair, a table, or a wash-hand stand may be made to call forth.

In the nervous, unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my inventory than to make any reflections, and thereupon soon gave up all hope of thinking in Le Maistre's fanciful track—or, indeed, of thinking at all. I looked about the room at the different articles of furniture, and did nothing more.

There was, first, the bed I was lying in; a four-post bed, of all things in the world to meet with in Paris—yes, a thorough clumsy British four-poster, with a regular top lined with chintz—the regular fringed valance all round—the regular stifling, unwholesome curtains, which I remembered having mechanically drawn back against the posts without particularly noticing the bed when I first got into the room. Then there was the marble-topped wash-hand stand, from which the water I had spilled, in my hurry to pour it out, was still dripping, slowly and more slowly, on to the brick floor. Then two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat, and trousers flung on them. Then a large elbow-chair covered with dirty white dimity, with my cravat and shirt collar thrown over the back. Then a chest of drawers with two of the brass handles off, and a tawdry, broken china inkstand placed on it by way of ornament for the top. Then the dressing-table, adorned by a very small looking-glass, and a very large pincushion. Then the window—an unusually large window. Then a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers. A swarthy, sinister ruffian, looking upward, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking intently upward—it might be at some tall gallows on which he was going to be hanged. At any rate, he had the appearance of thoroughly deserving it.

This picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look upward too—at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy and not an interesting object, and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat—they stood out in relief—three white, two green. I observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape, according to the fashion supposed to have been favoured by Guy Fawkes. I wondered what he was looking up at. It couldn't be at the stars; such a desperado was neither astrologer nor astronomer. It must be at the high gallows, and he was going to be hanged presently. Would the executioner come into possession of his conical crowned hat and plume of feathers? I counted the feathers again—three white, two green.

While I still lingered over this very improving and intellectual employment, my thoughts insensibly began to wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England—the night after a picnic party in a Welsh valley. Every incident of the drive homeward through lovely scenery, which the moonlight made lovelier than ever, came back to my remembrance, though I had never given the picnic a thought for years; though, if I had *tried* to recollect it, I could certainly have recalled little or nothing of that scene long past. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory? Here was I, in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of uncertainty, and even of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question; nevertheless, remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations, minute circumstances of every kind, which I had thought forgotten forever; which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under the most favourable auspices. And what cause had produced in a moment the whole of this strange, complicated, mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in at my bedroom window.

I was still thinking of the picnic—of our merriment on the drive home—of the sentimental young lady who *would* quote "Childe Harold" because it was moonlight. I was absorbed by these past scenes and past amusements, when, in an instant, the thread on which my memories hung snapped asunder; my attention immediately came back to present things more vividly than ever, and I found myself, I neither knew why nor wherefore, looking hard at the picture again.

Looking for what?

Good God! The man had pulled his hat down on his brows! No! the hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where the feathers—three white, two green? Not there! In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead, his eyes, his shading hand?

Was the bed moving?

I turned on my back and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? or was the top of the bed really moving down—sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly, right down throughout the whole of its length and breadth—right down upon me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still. A deadly, paralyzing coldness stole all over me as I turned my head round on the pillow and determined to test whether the bed-top was really moving or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture.

The next look in that direction was enough. The dull, black, frowzy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked breathlessly. And steadily and slowly—very slowly—I saw the figure, and the line of frame below the figure, vanish, as the valance moved down before it.

I am, constitutionally, anything but timid. I have been on more than one occasion in peril of my life, and have not lost my self-possession for an instant; but when the conviction first settled on my mind that the bed-top was really moving, was steadily and continuously sinking down upon me, I looked up shuddering, helpless, panic-stricken, beneath the hideous machinery for murder, which was advancing closer and closer to suffocate me where I lay.

I looked up, motionless, speechless, breathless. The candle, fully spent, went out; but the moonlight still brightened the room. Down and down, without pausing and without sounding, came the bed-top, and still my panic terror seem to bind me faster and faster to the mattress on which I lay—down and down it sank, till the dusty odour from the lining of the canopy came stealing into my nostrils.

At that final moment the instinct of self-preservation startled me out of my trance, and I moved at last. There was just room for me to roll myself sidewise off the bed. As I dropped noiselessly to the floor, the edge of the murderous canopy touched me on the shoulder.

Without stopping to draw my breath, without wiping the cold sweat from my face, I rose instantly on my knees to watch the bed-top. I was literally spellbound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it. The whole life in me was, at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended—the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down—down—close down; so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the bed-top and the bed. I felt at the side, and discovered that what had appeared to me from beneath to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed was in reality a thick, broad mattress, the substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked up and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bedtop was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked it down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the substance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down; there was now not the faintest sound from the room above. Amidst a dead and awful silence I beheld before me—in the nineteenth century, and in the civilized capital of France—such a machine for secret murder by suffocation as might have existed in the worst days of the Inquisition, in the lonely inns among the Hartz Mountains, in the mysterious tribunals of Westphalia! Still, as I looked on it, I could not move, I could hardly breathe, but I began to recover the power of thinking, and in a moment I discovered the murderous conspiracy framed against me in all its horror.

My cup of coffee had been drugged, and drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered by having taken an overdose of some narcotic. How I had chafed and fretted at the fever fit which had preserved my life by keeping me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep by the surest and most horrible contrivance for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep, in that bed, and had never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered at the bare idea of it.

But ere long all thought was again suspended by the sight of the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed—as nearly as I could guess—about ten minutes, it began to move up again. The villains who worked it from above evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently, as it had descended, that horrible bed-top rose toward its former place. When it reached the upper extremities of the four posts, it reached the ceiling too. Neither hole nor screw could be seen; the bed became in appearance an ordinary bed again—the canopy an ordinary canopy—even to the most suspicious eyes.

Now, for the first time, I was able to move—to rise from my knees—to dress myself in my upper clothing—and to consider of how I should escape. If I betrayed by the smallest noise that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened intently, looking toward the door.

No! no footsteps in the passage outside—no sound of a tread, light or heavy, in the room above—absolute silence everywhere. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold as I thought of what its contents *might* be!) without making some disturbance was impossible; and, moreover, to think of escaping through the house, now barred up for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me—the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

My bedroom was on the first floor, above an *entresol,* and looked into the back street. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair-breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a House of Murder. If any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was a lost man! It must have occupied me at least five minutes, reckoning by time—five *hours,* reckoning by suspense—to open that window. I succeeded in doing it silently—in doing it with all the dexterity of a house-breaker—and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me would be almost certain destruction! Next, I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side ran a thick waterpipe—it passed close by the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe, I knew I was saved. My breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me!

To some men the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough—to *me* the prospect of slipping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril. I had always been accustomed, by the practice of gymnastics, to keep up my schoolboy powers as a daring and expert climber; and knew that my head, hands, and feet would serve me faithfully in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had already got one leg over the window-sill, when I remembered the handkerchief filled with money under my pillow. I could well have afforded to leave it behind me, but I was revengefully determined that the miscreants of the gambling-house should miss their plunder as well as their victim. So I went back to the bed and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat.

Just as I had made it tight and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard a sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. No! dead silence still in the passage—I had heard only the night air blowing softly into the room. The next moment I was on the window-sill—and the next I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off at the top of my speed to a branch prefecture of police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighbourhood. A sub-prefect, and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, maturing, I believe, some scheme for discovering the perpetrator of a mysterious murder which all Paris was talking of just then. When I began my story, in a breathless hurry and in very bad French, I could see that the sub-prefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman who had robbed somebody; but he soon altered his opinion as I went on, and before I had anything like concluded, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, put on his hat, supplied me with another (for I was bareheaded), ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors and ripping up brick flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house. I will venture to say that when the sub-prefect was a little boy, and was taken for the first time to the play, he was not half as much pleased as he was now at the job in prospect for him at the gambling-house!

Away we went through the streets, the sub-prefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus.* Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the house the moment we got to it, a tremendous battery of knocks was directed against the door; a light appeared at a window; I was told to conceal myself behind the police—then came more knocks, and a cry of "Open in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand, and the moment after the sub-prefect was in the passage, confronting a waiter half dressed and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place:

"We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house."

"He went away hours ago."

"He did no such thing. His friend went away; *he* remained. Show us to his bedroom!"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-prefect, he is not here! he——"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Garçon, he is. He slept here—he didn't find your bed comfortable—he came to us to complain of it—here he is among my men—and here am I ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Rénaudin! (calling to one of the subordinates, and pointing to the waiter), collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk upstairs!"

Every man and woman in the house was secured—the "old soldier" the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept, and then we went into the room above.

No OBJECT THAT WAS at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The sub-prefect looked around the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron thickly greased; and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled; levers covered with felt; all the complete upper works of a heavy press—constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below, and when taken to pieces again to go into the smallest possible compass—were next discovered and pulled out on the floor. After some little difficulty the sub-prefect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and, leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the Sub-prefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bedtop for the first time—the men whose money you won were in better practise."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents—every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The sub-prefect, after taking down my *procès verbal* in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother *me?*"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue," answered the sub-prefect, "in whose pocketbooks were found letters stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost everything at the gaming-table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that *you* entered? won as *you* won? took that bed as *you* took it? slept in it? were smothered in it? and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pocketbooks? No man can say how many or how few suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling house kept their bedstead machinery a secret from us—even from the police! The dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good-night, or rather good-morning, Monsieur Faulkner! Be at my office again at nine o'clock—in the meantime, *au revoir!*"

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined and re-examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched all through from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty among them made a confession. I discovered that the Old Soldier was the master of the gambling-house—*justice* discovered that he had been drummed out of the army as a vagabond years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since; that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew anything of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply as thieves and vagabonds. As for the Old Soldier and his two head myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants at the gambling-house were considered "suspicious," and placed under surveillance; and I became, for one whole week (which is a long time), the head "lion" in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatized by three illustrious play-makers, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling-house bedstead.

One good result was produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved; it cured me of ever again trying *Rouge et Noir* as an amusement. The sight of a green cloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be forever associated in my mind with the sight of a bed canopy descending to suffocate me in the silence and darkness of the night.

* * *

Ethics in a Business Suit

IS A PENNY SAVED ALWAYS A PENNY EARNED?

Elizabeth B. was asked by her employers to put off her vacation for a week in order to make an important trip to Buffalo. When she left her office on Saturday—she was to start for Buffalo on Monday—she was given expense money and sixty dollars for railroad fare.

On Sunday a friend telephoned to ask her to accompany her to Niagara Falls by auto. Elizabeth, surprised and delighted that her own business trip and her friend's pleasure trip coincided, accepted with enthusiasm.

She transacted the business and returned, also in her friend's automobile, in practically the same time as she would have, had she gone by train.

But what about the sixty dollars given her by her employers for railroad fare? Should she return it? She had a hard time deciding. She agreed that, since she had not used the money, it belonged to her firm and should be returned. On the other hand, she maintained that the friend's generosity had, in itself, been a presentation of the railroad fare to her—and that, from this angle, she was entitled to it as a gift. She further argued that, had she made any effort to arrange for the trip herself, with an idea to saving the railroad fare, she might be credited with an ulterior motive and hence have no right to the amount saved. But, inasmuch as the trip had been practically thrust upon her without any initiative on her part, she felt that the whole thing was merely a coincidence which resulted in leaving her sixty dollars ahead.

After much discussion pro and con, she finally decided to keep the money; but to this day it is a question in her mind whether that railroad fare belongs to her or her employers. H. A. L.

A WORD FOR THE BUSINESS MAN

After perusing example after example of the greed, rapacity, and trickery of the average business man, we business people are almost ready to be persuaded of our own villainy. We *are,* no doubt, the proverbial wolves in but thinly-disguised sheeps' clothing. But are there no others? Suppose a collection were to be made of the deceitful and selfish practices of the members of any class—as a class—would they make so much better a showing than we long-maligned merchants, who hardly raise a voice or lend a hand in any humane service without being accused of having a string tied to our money?

How about the ethics of our customers, God bless 'em! How about their ethics in demanding first-class and instant service, and then taking their own sweet time to settle the bill? If the debtor is a representative citizen, we can whistle for our money in vain, and that's about the size of it. If we ventured to remind one of these proud ones that his delinquency made him the recipient of our charity, we might as well close our doors at once. We are literally held up as a matter of course to supply goods and service *gratis* for every church fair, Daughters-of-Rachel sale, Sons-of-John supper, and street sweeper's aid concert; and woe be unto us if we dare to present even a small bill.

How about the ethics of adorning one's home with goods taken "on approval" and sent back after the party, with the comment, "they don't seem to be just what we want. Perhaps when you have a wider choice we may be able to decide on something?"

But since these pages are devoted to "Ethics in a Business Suit," let us seriously ask advice in a truly perplexing problem. To take a case in point—one good customer beseeches us to make out two bills each time—one for the husband who pays it, duly satisfied with its moderate tone—and a second one with the true amount for her—the difference to be paid by the lady separately out of funds filched from the sleeping man's pockets, or obtained through like methods of delicate deception known only to the fair madame.

How far should we add to our long list of crimes by becoming thus accessory to the deceit and peccadilloes of our cherished clients? Even through fear of losing trade, are we justified in allowing ourselves to become safe-deposit vaults for the free storage of all these family skeletons?

A. B. M.

ETHICS EVEN IN GARDENING

John's one dream has been a garden—a really artistic one—in front of his home. This spring he said to me: "We have at last saved up five hundred dollars for our garden. This must pay for drainage and grading, soil and fertilizer. The flowers we'll start ourselves from seed. Which do you think is the better man to do the work—Browning or Winslow?

"Personally, I've always liked Browning," I answered; "but, so far as I know, Winslow is a good man, too. Why don't you get bids from both?"

"I have," said John. "I've always liked Browning, too, but his bid is a hundred dollars higher for the same work than Winslow's. Winslow bid five hundred—just my price—and Browning asks six. He said if I would let him do it 'on time' he might be able to do it for less, or, if I wanted to put a limit on the cost, he would do as much as he could for the amount I named. But he wouldn't contract to do the whole thing for less than six hundred. So I guess I'll have to take Winslow."

Later I went over to see how the garden was coming on. John led me out to the waste of plowed land, piles of stone, tile and soil, which were to be transformed into a beauty spot. He was pointing out the plan for development when Winslow joined us.

"Say," he began, "we're running into a lot of trouble. There's quicksand all across the south end there. The drainage is going to be twice the job I thought it would."

"But surely you knew there was quicksand all through here. You did Mr. Smith's place, opposite us, and he has told me what a time you had with it over there."

"Yes, we certainly did. Mr. Smith paid me nearly three hundred dollars extra for the way we had to deal with that sand, and out at the Joyce place it was the same way."

"But, of course, after those experiences you allowed for it in your bid on this place," I remarked.

"Well, no, I thought I'd chance it. This'll cost a good hundred dollars more than I bid. But you never can tell about quicksand, I tell folks, and they've always been willing to pay the extra cost where we've struck it."

"You contracted to do this place for five hundred dollars," said John sharply. "If you had said that it might be a hundred more I would not have given the contract to you."

"Well, that's just it, Mr. Ward. If I bid too high in the first place, people wouldn't employ me. So I take the risk. But, of course, you wouldn't want me to lose on the work, when something unexpected like this comes up."

John was pretty hot. "That's what I call getting a contract on false pretenses," he said. "You've 'chanced it' once too often, Winslow, for you'll get no extra money out of me."

But John is troubled about it. "Am I doing right?" he asked me later, "in making him carry out the work at a hundred-dollar loss?" C. F. T.

AN EXPENSIVE CUSTOMER

I was compelled to make an unexpected business trip, for which I deemed it necessary to add to my wardrobe.

I went into the nearest store, and selected a suit which I thought to be a blue unfinished worsted. As it was late, I took the suit with me.

I arrived at my destination the following morning and decided to don the new suit. When I looked at it I was stunned; instead of its being blue it was purple!

I shall not describe the harrows of that day. Every one of my customers made some jocular reference to the shade of that suit. After that I wore the thing only at night, but self-consciousness lent a humorous query to each look bent upon me, and I wore the suit but a few times.

Several months later I bought two other suits at the same store. While waiting for the tailor to mark the alterations I told the salesman about the purple suit. He suggested that I bring it in and he would see what the manager could do about it. I did so.

The manager heard my story and then asked me what I desired.

"Well," I said, "I really do not know. I bought the suit of my own volition. Nothing was said by the salesman or myself about the shade, and so the firm is blameless. The only thing is that I'm dissatisfied."

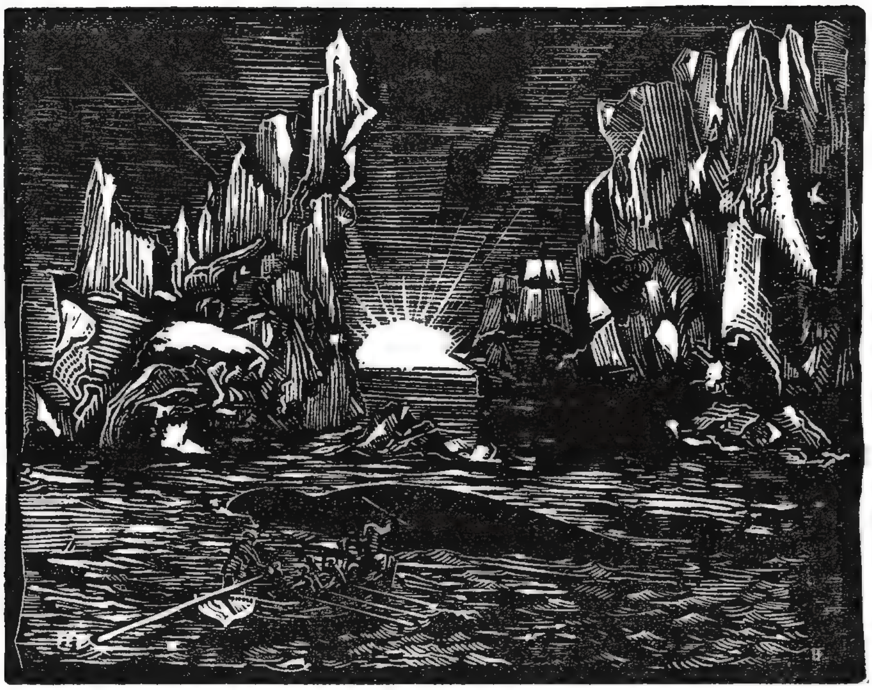
He looked at a mark on the sleeve-lining and said that I had had the suit above five months and that I had worn it. I took umbrage at his tone, for he spoke as though I were trying to impose upon him, and it nettled me.

I told him that I had not thought of returning the suit until I was so advised by the salesman, and that I had thought only of having the firm sell the suit for me, since it was but slightly used. That, so far as I was concerned, he could either give the suit away or throw it out. With that I started to walk out of the store.

He called me back and told me to pick another suit out. I did so, selecting a higher-priced one, upon which the manager made out a credit slip for the full cost of the returned item. I objected to this as being unfair to the firm, since I was the one at fault, but he waived my objections aside.

Although I was the gainer by his action I maintain that it was unethical; that, for the sake of holding a customer, the manager had caused his firm to shoulder a loss which was ethically mine.

"The customer is always right"? Well, perhaps this obsequious slogan has demonstrated its worth where purely personal service is rendered, as in a hotel or a dining-car—or a barber-shop; but does it—and should it—hold in an out-and-out business transaction such as the purchase of a suit of clothes? O. M.



From the woodcut, "Whaling in the Arctic," by Ellsworth Ford. Courtesy, The Weyhe Gallery

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By EUGENE O'NEILL

Eugene O'Neill.

CHARACTERS

Ben, *the cabin boy.*
The Steward.
Captain Keeney.
Slocum, *second mate.*
Mrs. Keeney.
Joe, *a harpooner.*
Members of the crew of the "Atlantic Queen."

SCENE—**Captain Keeney's** *cabin on board the steam whaling ship "Atlantic Queen"—a small, square compartment about eight feet high, with a skylight in the centre looking out on the poop deck. On the left (the stern of the ship) a long bench with rough cushions is built in against the wall. In front of the bench a table. Over the bench, several curtained port-holes.*

In the rear left, a door leading to the captain's sleeping quarters. To the right of the door a small organ, looking as if it were brand new, is placed against the wall.

On the right, to the rear, a marble-topped sideboard. On the sideboard, a woman's sewing basket. Farther forward, a doorway leading to the companionway, and past the officers' quarters to the main deck.

In the centre of the room, a stove. From the middle of the ceiling a hanging lamp is suspended. The walls of the cabin are painted white.

There is no rolling of the ship, and the light which comes through the sky-light is sickly and faint, indicating one of those gray days of calm when ocean and sky are alike dead. The silence is unbroken except for the measured tread of some one walking up and down on the poop deck overhead.

It is nearing two bells—one o'clock—in the afternoon of a day in the year 1895.

At the rise of the curtain there is a moment of intense silence. Then **The Steward** *enters and commences to clear the table of the few dishes which still remain on it after the Captain's dinner. He is an old, grizzled man, dressed in dungaree pants, a sweater, and a woolen cap with ear flaps. His manner is sullen and angry. He stops stacking up the plates and casts a quick glance upward at the skylight; then tiptoes over to the closed door in rear and listens with his ear pressed to the crack. What he hears makes his face darken, and he mutters a furious curse. There is a noise from the doorway on the right and he darts back to the table.*

Ben *enters. He is an overgrown, gawky boy with a long, pinched face. He is dressed in sweater, fur cap, etc. His teeth are chattering with the cold, and he hurries to the stove, where he stands for a moment shivering, blowing on his hands, slapping them against his sides, on the verge of crying.*

The Steward (*in relieved tones—seeing who it was*)—Oh, 'tis you, is it? What're ye shiverin' 'bout? Stay by the stove where ye belong, and ye'll find no need of chatterin'.

Ben—It's c-c-cold. (*Trying to control his chattering teeth—derisively*) Who d'ye think it were—the Old Man?

The Steward (*makes a threatening move—***Ben** *shrinks away*)—None o' your lip, young un, or I'll learn ye. (*More kindly*) Where was it ye've been all o' the time—the fo'c'stle?

Ben—Yes.

The Steward—Let the Old Man see ye up for'ard monkeyshinin' with the hands, and ye'll get a hidin' ye'll not forget in a hurry.

Ben—Aw, he don't see nothin'. (*A trace of awe in his tones—he glances upward.*) He jest walks up and down like he didn't notice nobody—and stares at the ice to the no'the'ard.

The Steward (*the same tone of awe creeping into his voice*)—He's always starin' at the ice. (*In a sudden rage, shaking his fist at the skylight*) Ice, ice, ice! Damn him and damn the ice! Holdin' us in for nigh on a year—nothin' to see but ice—stuck in it like a fly in molasses!

Ben (*apprehensively*)—Ssshh! He'll hear ye.

The Steward (*raging*)—Aye, damn, and damn the Arctic seas, and damn this rotten whalin' ship of his, and damn me for a fool to ever ship on it! (*Subsiding, as if realizing the uselessness of this outburst—shaking his head—slowly, with deep conviction.*) He's a hard man—as hard a man as ever sailed the seas.

Ben (*solemnly*)—Aye.

The Steward—The two years we all signed up for are done this day! Two years o' this dog's life, and no luck in the fishin', and the hands half starved with the food runnin' low, rotten as it is; and not a sign of him turnin' back for home! (*Bitterly*) Home! I begin to doubt if ever I'll set foot on land again. (*Excitedly*) What is it he thinks he's goin' to do? Keep us all up here after our time is worked out, till the last man of us is starved to death or frozen? We've grub enough hardly to last out the voyage back if we started now. What are the men goin' to do 'bout it? Did you hear any talk in the fo'c's'tle?

Ben (*going over to him—in a half whisper*)—They said if he don't put back south for home today they're goin' to mutiny.

The Steward (*with grim satisfaction*)—Mutiny? Aye, 'tis the only thing they can do; and serve him right after the manner he's treated them—'s if they weren't no better nor dogs.

Ben—The ice is all broke up to s'uth'ard. They's clear water 'sfar's you can see. He ain't got no excuse for not turnin' back for home, the men says.

The Steward (*bitterly*)—He won't look nowheres but no'the'ard, where they's only the ice to see. He don't want to see no clear water. All he thinks on is gettin' the ile—'s if it was our fault he ain't had good luck with the whales. (*Shaking his head*) I think the man's mighty nigh losin' his senses.

Ben (*awed*)—D'you really think he's crazy?

The Steward—Aye, it's the punishment o' God on him. Did ye ever hear of a man who wasn't crazy do the things he does? (*Pointing to the door in rear*) Who but a man that's mad would take his woman—and as sweet a woman as ever was—on a rotten whalin' ship to the Arctic seas to be locked in by the ice for nigh on a year, and maybe lose her senses forever?—for it's sure she'll never be the same again.

Ben (*sadly*)—She useter be awful nice to me before—(*His eyes grow wide and frightened*)—she got like she is.

The Steward—Aye, she was good to all of us. 'Twould have been hell on board without her; for he's a hard man—a hard, hard man—a driver, if there ever was one. (*With a grim laugh*) I hope he's satisfied now—drivin' her on till she's near lost her mind. And who could blame her? 'Tis a God's wonder we're not a ship full of crazed people—with the ice all the time, and the quiet so thick you're afraid to hear your own voice.

Ben (*with a frightened glance toward the door on right*)—She don't never speak to me no more—jest looks at me 's if she didn't know me.

The Steward—She don't know no one—but him. She talks to him—when she does talk—right enough.

Ben—She does nothin' all day long now but sit and sew—and then she cries to herself without makin' no noise. I've seen her.

The Steward—Aye, I could hear her through the door a while back.

Ben (*tiptoes over to the door and listens*)—She's cryin' now.

The Steward (*furiously—shaking his fist*)—God send his soul to hell for the devil he is! (*There is the noise of some one coming slowly down the companionway stairs.* The Steward *hurries to his stacked-up dishes. He is so nervous from fright that he knocks off the top one, which falls and breaks on the floor. He stands aghast, trembling with dread.* Ben *is violently rubbing off the organ with a piece of cloth which he has snatched from his pocket.* Captain Keeney *appears in the doorway on right and comes into the cabin, removing his fur cap as he does so. He is a man of about forty, around five-ten in height; but looking much shorter on account of the enormous proportions of his shoulders and chest. His face is massive and deeply lined, with gray-blue eyes of a bleak hardness, and a tightly-clenched, thin-lipped mouth. His thick hair is long and gray. He is dressed in a heavy blue jacket and blue pants stuffed into his sea-boots. He is followed into the cabin by the* Second Mate, *a rangy six-footer with a lean, weather-beaten face.* The Mate *is dressed about the same as* The Captain. *He is a man of thirty or so.*)

Keeney (*comes toward* The Steward *with a stern look on his face.* The Steward *is visibly frightened, and the stack of dishes rattles in his trembling hands.* Keeney *draws back his fist and* The Steward *shrinks away. The fist is gradually lowered and* Keeney *speaks slowly*)—'Twould be like hitting a worm. It is nigh two bells, Mr. Steward, and this truck not cleared yet.

The Steward (*stammering*)—Y-y-yes, sir.

Keeney—Instead of doin' your rightful work ye've been below here gossipin' old women's talk with that boy. (*To* Ben, *fiercely*) Get out o' this, you! Clean up the chart room. (Ben *darts past* The Mate *to the open doorway.*) Pick up that dish, Mr. Steward!

The Steward (*doing so with difficulty*)—Yes, sir.

Keeney—The next dish you break, Mr. Steward, you take a bath in the Bering Sea at the end of a rope.

The Steward (*trembling*)—Yes, sir. (*He hurries out.* The Second Mate *walks slowly over to* The Captain.)

Mate—I warn't 'specially anxious the man at the wheel should catch what I wanted to say to you, sir. That's why I asked you to come below.

KEENEY (*impatiently*)—Speak your say, Mr. Slocum.

MATE (*unconsciously lowering his voice*)—I'm afeared there'll be trouble with the hands, by the look o' things. They'll likely turn ugly, every blessed one o' them, if you don't put back. The two years they signed up for is up today.

KEENEY—And d'you think you're tellin' me something new, Mr. Slocum? I've felt it in the air this long time past. D'you think I've not seen their ugly looks and the grudgin' way they worked? (*The door in rear is opened and* MRS. KEENEY *stands in the doorway. She is a slight, sweet-faced little woman, primly dressed in black. Her eyes are red from weeping, and her face drawn and pale. She takes in the cabin with a frightened glance, and stands as if fixed to the spot by some nameless dread, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. The two men turn and look at her.*)

KEENEY (*with rough tenderness*)—Well, Annie?

MRS. KEENEY (*as if awakening from a dream*)—David, I— (*She is silent.* THE MATE *starts for the doorway.*)

KEENEY (*turning to him—sharply*)—Wait!

MATE—Yes, sir.

KEENEY—D'you want anything, Annie?

MRS. KEENEY (*after a pause, during which she seems to be endeavouring to collect her thoughts*)—I thought maybe—I'd go up on deck, David, to get a breath of fresh air. (*She stands humbly awaiting his permission. He and* THE MATE *exchange a significant glance.*)

KEENEY—It's too cold, Annie. You'd best stay below. There's nothing to look at on deck—but ice.

MRS. KEENEY (*monotonously*)—I know—ice, ice, ice! But there's nothing to see down here but these walls. (*She makes a gesture of loathing.*)

KEENEY—You can play the organ, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY (*dully*)—I hate the organ. It puts me in mind of home.

KEENEY (*a touch of resentment in his voice*)—I got it jest for you!

MRS. KEENEY (*dully*)—I know. (*She turns away from them and walks slowly to the bench on left. She lifts up one of the curtains and looks through a porthole; then utters an exclamation of joy.*) Ah, water! Clear water! As far as I can see! How good it looks after all these months of ice! (*She turns round to them, her face transfigured with joy.*) Ah, now I must go up on deck and look at it, David!

KEENEY (*frowning*)—Best not today, Annie. Best wait for a day when the sun shines.

MRS. KEENEY (*desperately*)—But the sun never shines in this terrible place.

KEENEY (*a tone of command in his voice*)—Best not today, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY (*crumbling before this command—abjectly*)—Very well, David. (*She stands there, staring straight before her as if in a daze. The two men look at her uneasily.*)

KEENEY (*sharply*)—Annie!

MRS. KEENEY (*dully*)—Yes, David.

KEENEY—Me and Mr. Slocum has business to talk about—ship's business.

MRS. KEENEY—Very well, David. (*She goes slowly out, rear, and leaves the door three-quarters shut behind her.*)

KEENEY—Best not have her on deck if they's goin' to be any trouble.

MATE—Yes, sir.

KEENEY—And trouble they's goin' to be. I feel it in my bones. (*Takes a revolver from the pocket of his coat and examines it.*) Got your'n?

MATE—Yes, sir.

KEENEY—Not that we'll have to use 'em—not if I know their breed of dog—jest to frighten 'em up a bit. (*Grimly*) I ain't never been forced to use one yit; and trouble I've had by land and by sea s'long as I kin remember, and will have till my dyin' day, I reckon.

MATE (*hesitatingly*)—Then you ain't goin'—to turn back?

KEENEY—Turn back! Mr. Slocum, did you ever hear o' me pointin' s'uth for home with only a measly four hundred barrel of ile in the hold?

MATE (*hastily*)—But the grub's gittin' low.

KEENEY—They's enough to last a long time yit, if they're careful with it; and they's plenty of water.

MATE—They say it's not fit to eat—what's left; and the two years they signed on fur is up today. They might make trouble for you in the courts when we git home.

KEENEY—Let them make what law-trouble they kin! I don't give a damn 'bout the money. I've got to git the ile! (*Glancing sharply at* THE MATE) *You* ain't turnin' no sea lawyer, be you, Mr. Slocum?

MATE (*flushing*)—Not by a hell of a sight, sir.

KEENEY—What do the fools want to go home fur now? Their share o' the four hundred barrel wouldn't keep them in chewin' terbacco.

MATE (*slowly*)—They wants to git back to their old folks an' things, I s'pose.

KEENEY (*looking at him searchingly*)—'N you want to turn back, too. (THE MATE *looks down confusedly before his sharp gaze.*) Don't lie, Mr. Slocum. It's writ down plain in your eyes. (*With grim sarcasm*) I hope, Mr. Slocum, you ain't agoin' to jine the men agin me.

MATE (*indignantly*)—That ain't fair, sir, to say sich things.

KEENEY (*with satisfaction*)—I warn't much afeard o' that, Tom. You been with me nigh on ten year, and I've learned ye whalin'. No man kin say I ain't a good master, if I be a hard one.

MATE—I warn't thinkin' of myself, sir—'bout turnin' home, I mean. (*Desperately*) But Mrs. Keeney, sir—seems like she ain't jest satisfied up here, ailin'-like—what with the cold an' bad luck an' the ice an' all.

KEENEY (*his face clouding—rebukingly, but not severely*)—That's my business, Mr. Slocum. I'll thank you to steer a clear course o' that. (*A pause.*) The ice'll break up soon to no'the'ard. I could see it startin' today. And when it goes and we git some sun, Annie'll pick up. (*Another pause—then he bursts forth*) It ain't the damned money what's keepin' me up in the Northern seas, Tom. But I can't go back to Homeport with a measly four hundred barrel of ile. I'd die fust. I ain't never come back home in all my days without a full ship. Ain't that true?

Mate—Yes, sir; but this voyage you been icebound, an'——

Keeney (*scornfully*)—And d'you s'pose any of 'em would believe that—any o' them skippers I've beaten voyage after voyage? Can't you hear 'em laughin' and sneerin'—Tibbots 'n' Harris 'n' Simms and the rest—and all o' Homeport makin' fun o' me? "Dave Keeney, what boasts he's the best whalin' skipper out o' Homeport, comin' back with a measly four hundred barrel of ile!" (*The thought of this drives him into a frenzy, and he smashes his fist down on the marble top of the sideboard.*) I got to git the ile, I tell you! How could I figure on this ice? It's never been so bad before in the thirty year I been a-comin' here. And now it's breakin' up. In a couple o' days it'll be all gone. And they's whale here, plenty of 'em. I know they is, and I ain't never gone wrong yit. I got to git the ile! I got to git it in spite of all hell, and by God, I ain't a-goin' home till I do git it! (*There is the sound of subdued sobbing from the door in rear. The two men stand silent for a moment, listening. Then* Keeney *goes over to the door and looks in. He hesitates for a moment as if he were going to enter—then closes the door softly.* Joe, *the harpooner, an enormous six-footer with a battered, ugly face, enters from right and stands waiting for* The Captain *to notice him.*)

Keeney (*turning and seeing him*)—Don't be standin' there like a hawk, Harpooner. Speak up!

Joe (*confusedly*)—We want—the men, sir—they wants to send a depitation aft to have a word with you.

Keeney (furiously)—Tell 'em to go to—— (*Checks himself and continues grimly*)—Tell 'em to come. I'll see 'em.

Joe—Aye, aye, sir. (*He goes out.*)

Keeney (*with a grim smile*)—Here it comes, the trouble you spoke of, Mr. Slocum, and we'll make short shift of it. It's better to crush such things at the start than let them make headway.

Mate (*worriedly*)—Shall I wake up the First and Fourth, sir? We might need their help.

Keeney—No, let them sleep. I'm well able to handle this alone, Mr. Slocum. (*There is the shuffling of footsteps from outside and five of the crew crowd into the cabin, led by* Joe. *All dressed alike—sweaters, sea boots, etc. They glance uneasily at* The Captain, *twirling their fur caps in their hands.*)

Keeney (*after a pause*)—Well? Who's to speak fur ye?

Joe (*stepping forward with an air of bravado*)—I be.

Keeney (*eyeing him up and down coldly*)—So you be. Then speak your say and be quick about it.

Joe (*trying not to wilt before* The Captain's *glance, and avoiding his eyes*)—The time we signed up for is done today.

Keeney (*icily*)—You're tellin' me nothin' I don't know.

Joe—You ain't p'intin' fur home yit, far 'swe kin see.

Keeney—No, and I ain't agoin' to till this ship is full of ile.

Joe—You can't go no further no'th with the ice before ye.

Keeney—The ice is breaking up.

Joe (*after a slight pause, during which the others mumble angrily to one another*)—The grub we're gittin' now is rotten.

Keeney—It's good enough fur ye. Better men than ye are have eaten worse. (*There is a chorus of angry exclamations from the crowd.*)

Joe (*encouraged by this support*)—We ain't agoin' to work no more 'less you puts back for home.

Keeney (*fiercely*)—You ain't, ain't you?

Joe—No; and the law courts'll say we was right.

Keeney—To hell with your law courts! We're at sea now, and I'm the law on this ship! (*Edging up toward the harpooner.*) And every mother's son of you what don't obey orders goes in irons. (*There are more angry exclamations from the crew.* Mrs. Keeney *appears in the doorway in rear and looks on with startled eyes. None of the men notice her.*)

Joe (*with bravado*)—Then we're a-goin' to mutiny and take the old hooker home ourselves. Ain't we, boys? (*As he turns his head to look at the others,* Keeney's *fist shoots out to the side of his jaw.* Joe *goes down in a heap and lies there.* Mrs. Keeney *gives a shriek and hides her face in her hands. The men pull out their sheath knives and start a rush, but stop when they find themselves confronted by the revolvers of* Keeney *and* The Mate.)

Keeney (*his eyes and voice snapping*)—Hold still! (*The men stand huddled together in a sullen silence.* Keeney's *voice is full of mockery.*) You's found out it ain't safe to mutiny on this ship, ain't you? And now git for'ard where ye belong, and—(*he gives* Joe's *body a contemptuous kick*)—drag him with you. And remember, the first man of ye I see shirkin' I'll shoot dead as sure as there's a sea under us, and you can tell the rest the same. Git for'ard now! Quick! (*The men leave in cowed silence, carrying* Joe *with them.* Keeney *turns to* The Mate *with a short laugh and puts his revolver back in his pocket.*) Best get up on deck, Mr. Slocum, and see to it they don't try none of their skulkin' tricks. We'll have to keep an eye peeled from now on. I know 'em.

Mate—Yes, sir. (*He goes out, right.* Keeney *hears his wife's hysterical weeping and turns around in surprise—then walks slowly to her side.*)

Keeney (*putting an arm around her shoulder—with gruff tenderness*)—There, there, Annie. Don't be feared. It's all past and gone.

Mrs. Keeney (*shrinking away from him*)—Oh, I can't bear it! I can't bear it any longer!

Keeney (*gently*)—Can't bear what, Annie?

Mrs. Keeney (*hysterically*)—All this horrible brutality, and these brutes of men, and this terrible ship, and this prison cell of a room, and the ice all around, and the silence. (*After this outburst she calms down and wipes her eyes with her handkerchief.*)

Keeney (*after a pause, during which he looks down at her with a puzzled frown*)—Remember, I warn't hankerin' to have you come on this voyage, Annie.

Mrs. Keeney—I wanted to be with you, David, don't you see? I didn't want to wait back there in the house all alone as I've been doing these last six years since we were married—waiting, and watching, and fearing—with nothing to keep my mind occupied—not able to go back teaching school on account of being Dave Keeney's wife. I used to dream of sailing on the great, wide, glorious ocean. I wanted to be by your side in the danger and vigorous life of it all. I wanted to see you the hero they make you out to be in Homeport. And instead (*her voice grows tremulous*) all I find is ice and cold—and brutality! (*Her voice breaks.*)

Keeney—I warned you what it'd be, Annie. "Whalin' ain't no ladies' tea party," I says to you, "and you better stay to home where you've got all your woman's comforts." (*Shaking his head*) But you was so set on it.

Mrs. Keeney (*wearily*)—Oh, I know it isn't your fault, David. You see, I didn't believe you. I guess I was dreaming about the old Vikings in the story books, and I thought you were one of them.

Keeney (*protestingly*)—I done my best to make it as cozy and comfortable as could be. (Mrs. Keeney *looks around her in wild scorn.*) I even sent to the city for that organ for ye, thinkin' it might be soothin' to ye to be playin' it times when they was calms and things was dull-like.

Mrs. Keeney (*wearily*)—Yes, you were very kind, David. I know that. (*She goes to left and lifts the curtains from the port-hole and looks out—then suddenly bursts forth*) I won't stand it—I can't stand it—pent up by these walls like a prisoner. (*She runs over to him and throws her arms around him, weeping. He puts his arm protectingly over her shoulders.*) Take me away from here, David! If I don't get away from here, out of this terrible ship, I'll go mad! Take me home, David! I can't think any more. I feel as if the cold and the silence were crushing down on my brain. I'm afraid. Take me home!

Keeney (*holds her at arm's length and looks at her face anxiously*)—Best go to bed, Annie. You ain't yourself. You got fever. Your eyes look so strange-like. I ain't never seen you look this way before.

Mrs. Keeney (*laughing hysterically*)—It's the ice and the cold and the silence—they'd make anyone look strange.

Keeney (*soothingly*)—In a month or two, with good luck, three at the most, I'll have her filled with ile, and then we'll give her everything she'll stand and p'int for home.

Mrs. Keeney—But we can't wait for that—I can't wait. I want to get home. And the men won't wait. They want to get home. It's cruel, it's brutal for you to keep them. You must sail back. You've got no excuse. There's clear water to the south now. If you've a heart at all you've got to turn back.

Keeney (*harshly*)—I can't, Annie.

Mrs. Keeney—Why can't you?

Keeney—A woman couldn't rightly understand my reason.

Mrs. Keeney (*wildly*)—Because it's a stubborn reason. Oh, I heard you talking with the second mate. You're afraid the other captains will sneer at you because you didn't come back with a full ship. You want to live up to your silly reputation even if you have to beat and starve men and drive me mad to do it.

Keeney (*his jaw set stubbornly*)—It ain't that, Annie. Them skippers would never dare sneer to my face. It ain't so much what any one'd say—but—(*he hesitates, struggling to express his meaning*) you see—I've always done it—since my first voyage as skipper. I always come back—with a full ship—and—it don't seem right not to—somehow. I been always first whalin' skipper out o' Homeport, and—don't you see my meanin', Annie? (*He glances at her. She is not looking at him, but staring dully in front of her, not hearing a word he is saying.*) Annie! (*She comes to herself with a start.*) Best turn in, Annie, there's a good woman. You ain't well.

Mrs. Keeney (*resisting his attempts to guide her to the door in rear*)—David! Won't you please turn back?

Keeney (*gently*)—I can't Annie—not yet a while. You don't see my meanin'. I got to git the ile.

Mrs. Keeney—It'd be different if you needed the money, but you don't. You've got more than plenty.

Keeney (*impatiently*)—It ain't the money I'm thinkin' of. D'you think I'm as mean as that?

Mrs. Keeney (*dully*)—No—I don't know—I can't understand. (*Intensely*) Oh, I want to be home in the old house once more, and see my own kitchen again, and hear a woman's voice talking to me and be able to talk to her. Two years! It seems so long ago—as if I'd been dead and could never go back.

Keeney (*worried by her strange tone and the far-away look in her eyes*)—Best go to bed, Annie. You ain't well.

Mrs. Keeney (*not appearing to hear him*)—I used to think Homeport was a stupid, monotonous place. Then I used to go down on the beach, especially when it was windy and the breakers were rolling in, and I'd dream of the fine, free life you must be leading. (*She gives a laugh which is half a sob.*) I used to love the sea then. (*She pauses; then continues with slow intensity*) But now—I don't ever want to see the sea again.

Keeney (*thinking to humour her*)—'Tis no fit place for a woman, that's sure. I was a fool to bring ye.

Mrs. Keeney (*after a pause—passing her hand over her eyes with a gesture of pathetic weariness*)—How long would it take us to reach home—if we started now?

Keeney (*frowning*)—'Bout two months, I reckon, Annie, with fair luck.

Mrs. Keeney (*counts on her fingers—then murmurs with a rapt smile*)—That would be August, the latter part of August, wouldn't it? It was on the twenty-fifth of August we were married, David, wasn't it?

Keeney (*trying to conceal the fact that her memories have moved him—gruffly*)—Don't *you* remember?

Mrs. Keeney (*vaguely—again passes her hand over her eyes*)—My memory is leaving me—up here in the ice. It was so long ago. (*A pause—then she smiles dreamily.*) It's June now. The lilacs will be all in bloom in the front yard—and the climbing roses on the trellis to the side of the house—they're budding—(*She suddenly covers her face with her hands and commences to sob.*)

Keeney (*disturbed*)—Go in and rest, Annie. You're all worn out cryin' over what can't be helped.

Mrs. Keeney (*suddenly throwing her arms around his neck and clinging to him*)—You love me, don't you, David?

Keeney (*in amazed embarrassment at this outburst*)—Love you? Why d'you ask me such a question, Annie?

Mrs. Keeney (*shaking him fiercely*)—But you do, don't you, David? Tell me!

Keeney—I'm your husband, Annie, and you're my wife. Could there be aught but love between us after all these years?

Mrs. Keeney (*shaking him again—still more fiercely*)—Then you do love me. Say it!

Keeney (*simply*)—I do, Annie.

Mrs. Keeney (*gives a sigh of relief—her hands drop to her sides.* Keeney *regards her anxiously. She passes her hand across her eyes and murmurs half to herself*)—I sometimes think if we could only have had a child— (Keeney *turns away from her, deeply moved. She grabs his arm and turns him around to face her—intensely.*) And I've always been a good wife to you, haven't I, David?

Keeney (*his voice betraying his emotion*)—No man has ever had a better, Annie.

Mrs. Keeney—And I've never asked for much from you, have I, David? Have I?

Keeney—You know you could have all I got the power to give ye, Annie.

Mrs. Keeney (*wildly*)—Then do this, this once, for my sake, for God's sake—take me home! It's killing me, this life—the brutality and cold and horror of it. I'm going mad. I can feel the threat in the air. I can't bear the silence threatening me—day after gray day and every day the same. I can't bear it. (*Sobbing*) I'll go mad, I know I will. Take me home, David, if you love me as you say. I'm afraid. For the love of God, take me home! (*She throws her arms around him, weeping against his shoulder. His face betrays the tremendous struggle going on within him. He holds her out at arm's length, his expression softening. For a moment his shoulders sag, he becomes old, his iron spirit weakens as he looks at her tear-stained face.*)

Keeney (*dragging out the words with an effort*)—I'll do it, Annie—for your sake—if you say it's needful for ye.

Mrs. Keeney (*wild with joy—kissing him*)—God bless you for that, David! (*He turns away from her silently and walks toward the companionway. Just at that moment there is a clatter of footsteps on the stairs and* The Mate *enters the cabin.*)

Mate (*excitedly*)—The ice is breakin' up to no'the-'ard, sir. There's a clear passage through the floe, and clear water beyond, the lookout says. (Keeney *straightens himself like a man coming out of a trance.* Mrs. Keeney *looks at* The Mate *with terrified eyes.*)

Keeney (*dazedly—trying to collect his thoughts*)—A clear passage? To no'the'ard?

Mate—Yes, sir.

Keeney (*his voice suddenly grim with determination*)—Then get her ready and we'll drive her through.

Mate—Aye, aye, sir.

Mrs. Keeney (*appealingly*)—David! David!

Keeney (*not heeding her*)—Will the men turn to willin' or must we drag 'em out?

Mate—They'll turn to willin' enough. You put the fear o' God into 'em, sir. They're meek as lambs.

Keeney—Then drive 'em—both watches. (*With grim determination*) They's whale t'other side o' this floe and we're agoin' to git 'em.

Mate—Aye, aye, sir. (*He goes out hurriedly. A moment later there is the sound of scuffling feet from the deck outside and* The Mate's *voice shouting orders.*)

Keeney (*speaking aloud to himself—derisively*)—And I was agoin' home like a yaller dog!

Mrs. Keeney (*imploringly*)—David!

Keeney (*sternly*)—Woman, you ain't a-doin' right when you meddle in men's business and weaken 'em. You can't know my feelin's. I got to prove a man to be a good husband for ye to take pride in. I got to git the ile, I tell ye.

Mrs. Keeney (*supplicatingly*)—David! Aren't you going home?

Keeney (*ignoring this question—commandingly*)—You ain't well. Go and lay down a mite. (*He starts for the door.*) I got to git on deck. (*He goes out. She cries after him in anguish, "David!" A pause. She passes her hand across her eyes—then commences to laugh hysterically and goes to the organ. She sits down and starts to play wildly an old hymn, "There is rest for the weary."* Keeney *re-enters from the doorway to the deck and stands looking at her angrily. He comes over and grabs her roughly by the shoulder.*)

Keeney—Woman, what foolish mockin' is this? (*She laughs wildly and he starts back from her in alarm.*) Annie! What is it? (*She doesn't answer him.* Keeney's *voice trembles.*) Don't you know me, Annie? (*He puts both hands on her shoulders and turns her around so that he can look into her eyes. She stares up at him with a stupid expression, a vague smile on her lips. He stumbles away from her, and she commences softly to play the organ again.*)

Keeney (*swallowing hard—in a hoarse whisper, as if he had difficulty in speaking*)—You said—you was a-goin' mad—God! (*A long wail is heard from the deck above, "Ah, bl-o-o-o-ow!" A moment later* The Mate's *face appears through the*

From a wood engraving by Leon Underwood for "Animalia"
(Payson & Clarke)

skylight. He cannot see Mrs. Keeney.)

Mate (*in great excitement*)—Whales, sir—a whole school of 'em—off the star-b'd quarter, 'bout five miles away—big ones!

Keeney (*galvanized into action*)—Are you lowerin' the boats?

Mate—Yes, sir!

Keeney (*with grim decision*)—I'm a-comin' with ye.

Mate—Aye, aye, sir. (*Jubilantly*) You'll git the ile now right enough, sir. (*His head is withdrawn and he can be heard shouting orders.*)

Keeney (*turning to his wife*)—Annie! Did you hear him? I'll git the ile. (*She doesn't answer or seem to know he is there. He gives a hard laugh which is almost a groan.*) I know you're foolin' me, Annie. You ain't out of your mind— (*anxiously*) be you? I'll git the ile now right enough—jest a little while longer, Annie—then we'll turn home'ard. I can't turn back now, you see that, don't you? I've got to git the ile. (*In sudden terror*) Answer me! You ain't mad, be you? (*She keeps on playing the organ, but makes no reply.* The Mate's *face appears again through the skylight.*)

Mate—All ready, sir. (Keeney *turns his back on his wife and strides to the doorway, where he stands for a moment and looks back at her in anguish, fighting to control his feelings.*)

Mate—Comin', sir?

Keeney (*his face suddenly grows hard with determination*)—Aye. (*He turns abruptly and goes out.* Mrs. Keeney *does not appear to notice his departure. Her whole attention seems centered in the organ. She sits with half-closed eyes, her body swaying a little from side to side to the rhythm of the hymn. Her fingers move faster and faster and she is playing wildly and discordantly as the*

Curtain falls.)

A Musical Instrument

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flow'd the river;
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river!),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notch'd the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan
(Laugh'd while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

A CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF GOD

My uncle shook back the sleeves of his surplice and leant smiling and persuasive over his pulpit, making everything clear and mild like English air, and I felt that if I were given a vision sufficiently penetrating I should see high above the blue ether another such kindly Father, instructing His fortunate world. Under Him in pews, as it were, and looking up to Him, were princes, potentates, and powers all to be credited with the best intentions until there was positive proof to the contrary. Queen Victoria, simple and good and wise, and rather the shape of a cottage loaf with a crown upon it, sat highest of all, not, I felt, so much a Queen and Empress as a sort of Vice Deity in the earth. On Sundays she occupied the big imperial pew right under God's pulpit, and no doubt took Him home to lunch.

Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island.
H. G. WELLS.

ROOTS

MR. MONEYPENNY—You think "The love of money is the root of all evil"!

PROFESSOR—What do you think it is?

MR. MONEYPENNY—The greatest incentive in the world!

PROFESSOR—And the least productive of good.

MR. MONEYPENNY—Love of money creates commerce. . . .

PROFESSOR—And criminals.

MR. MONEYPENNY—It builds railroads. . . .

PROFESSOR—Which would have been built without it. Love of money is like all other love. . . . no longer fine when it becomes mere lust of possession. *That* is the root of all evil!

MR. MONEYPENNY (*smiling*)—We all need a few roots in our diet.

Mr. Moneypenny. CHANNING POLLOCK.

NAPOLEON'S MOTHER

"And the second son—what is his name?"

"Napoléon." She managed the French this time without stumbling. "No—he is not for the Church. He was conceived when we were fighting. I carried him through battles."

The Governor smiled whimsically. "Against the French?"

She flushed and nodded, with a glance toward Carlo. "When I asked him what he wanted his last birthday he said a drum and a gun."

Again the Governor smiled. "Which you refused him."

Her eyes flashed. "Which I gave him."

The Governor nodded. "Ah! Then we must make him a soldier of France!"

The significant suggestion was not noticed.

Mother of Kings. NORVAL RICHARDSON.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR

A young person of natural charm and beauty will certainly prove alluring without any definite knowledge of the art of captivation, but to keep alive and warm the desire she has created, she must have a technique—a technique which is usually the result of numerous and varied experiences, but which an intelligent woman might acquire from observation and instruction. Only one who understands the architecture of the love affair can build the superior structure which houses love itself.

The Technique of the Love Affair.
BY "A GENTLEWOMAN."

A SPY'S HIDING PLACES

But all that Alice seemed to find in the situation was the waste of her candle. Thriftily she blew it out; then cheerfully submitted to the search. The Frog undressed her to the skin; but finding nothing incriminating on her, surlily permitted her to go.

She should have looked, however, inside the candle.

On another occasion, also at night, when another patrol stopped Alice, unobserved she threw a ball of black knitting wool into the bushes. But she held on one end of it until she knew the ball had fallen some distance away. This end she left to rest on a bush she located. Then after she had been thoroughly searched she went back to her bush, found the end of her strand and hauled her report in.

One morning in a hotel she got a bad fright. The night before she had put her shoes outside of the door to be shined. When she looked for them in the morning they were gone. It was not the loss of her shoes, of course, that scared her so badly, as what would happen to her if the slips of paper she had hidden in the heels were found.

As a matter of fact, the German police of the town had taken her shoes. They were minutely examining every transient, and wanted no departure from the town until they had had a chance to examine everyone. Taking a guest's shoes was one way of insuring this. And after they got around to Alice they gave her back her shoes neatly shined, questioned her, then let her go.

Other hiding places used for reports were corsets and skirt hems; in neckties and shoelaces; the handles of umbrellas, of bags and brief-cases; false bottoms of market bags and boxes of cake or fruit. One day she and Charlotte, her lieutenant, were gathered in by a patrol. The two girls were apparently bound for an innocent picnic, for they were already munching some of the contents of their basket.

They were again taken to be searched by The Frog. Charlotte seemed carefree, even kindly disposed toward all humanity, including The Frog, for she offered the latter a bite of her bar of chocolate. The Frog contemptuously spurned the bribe to her good nature. She searched Charlotte only the more thoroughly, but found nothing forbidden on her—because she had spurned the chocolate.

Spies. JOSEPH GOLLOMB.

PARTICIPATING IN LIFE

So of all life; when we regard it with interest and enjoyment as a spectacle, we are enjoying æsthetic experience. But life presses upon us. As soon as childhood has passed, and, in many ways, sooner, we find that we cannot be a mere spectator at the play—we must participate. Then we talk about life in terms of practical, scientific, and moral judgments.

But æsthetic experience is there all the time, for those who can enjoy it, and some people, as a result of their enjoyment, wish to make a record of what moves them. These men are artists, and whether they work in words, in sounds, in colours, or in the masses which are sculpture, they are doing the same thing—recording, in the medium which will best express it, their vision of life. And their works, read or seen by us, will give us æsthetic experiences roughly equivalent to those that gave impetus to the artists.

How to Criticize Books. LLEWELLYN JONES.

"GOD, I THANK THEE——"

How narrow his vision, how cribbed and confined!
  How prejudiced all of his views!
How hard is the shell of his bigoted mind!
  How difficult he to excuse!

* * *

His face should be slapped and his head should be [banged;
  A person like that ought to die!
I want to be fair, but a man should be hanged
  Who's any less liberal than I.

Column Book of F. P. A. FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

HOW GRANT HANDLED HIS FIRST REGIMENT

When Grant took command, the regiment had become so rowdy and insubordinate that it was a terror to the citizens in the neighbourhood. General John E. Smith wrote:

> I shall never forget the scene when his men first saw him. Grant was dressed in citizen's clothes, an old coat worn out at the elbows, and a badly damaged hat. His men, though ragged and barefooted themselves, had formed a high estimate of what a colonel should be, and when Grant walked in among them, they began making fun of him. . . . One of them, to show off to the others, got behind his back and commenced sparring at him, and while he was doing this another gave him such a push that he hit Grant between the shoulders.

"They're an unruly lot," one of the governor's aides remarked. "Do you think you can manage them?"

"Oh, yes, I think I can manage them," Grant replied in his quiet, even tone.

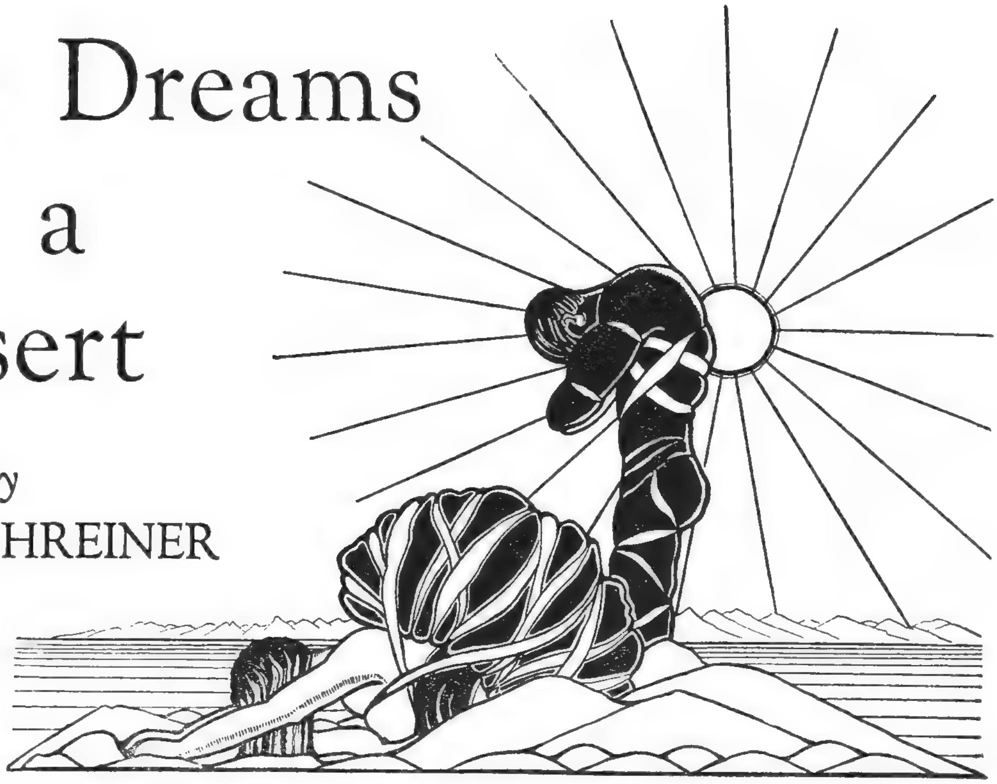
Within a week he had scraped off the regiment's hard crust, and found that there was nothing underneath but a lot of good-natured farm youths, full of high spirits, and a little rough.

Meet General Grant. W. E. WOODWARD.

Three Dreams in a Desert

By

OLIVE SCHREINER



As I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And, in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

* * *

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie there motionless with the sand piled round her?

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move: the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look——"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on to the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?' "

AND I LOOKED. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who had stood by her: but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out; and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle: and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her: *she must help herself*. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

* * *

AND I AWOKE: and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high.* And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what she wanted; and she said "I am woman; and I am seeking for the land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labour, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered. "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

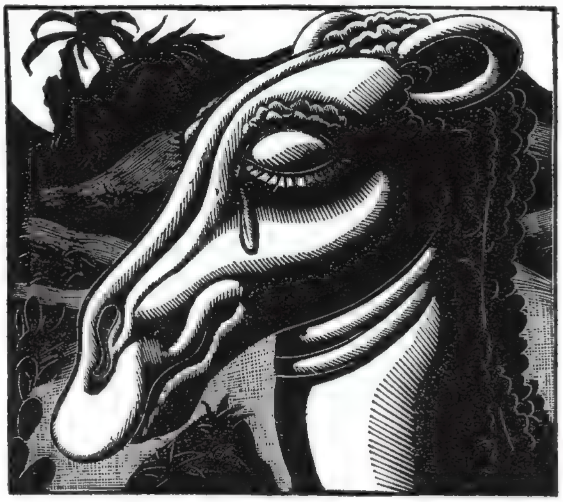
She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have *tried!*"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with



From a wood engraving by Leon Underwood from "Animalia"
(Payson & Clarke)

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* The banks of an African river are sometimes a hundred feet high, and consist of deep shifting sands, through which in the course of ages the river has worn its gigantic bed.

her hand; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert: they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way: where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay; what is that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings——"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long; so long I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive; put him down that he may grow."

And she shook her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? *Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!*"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes and then another, and then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over."

She said, "And, of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their foibles do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more—and what of that?" he said.

"And what of that——" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge——" And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "*The entire human race.*"

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

* * *

AND I AWOKE; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

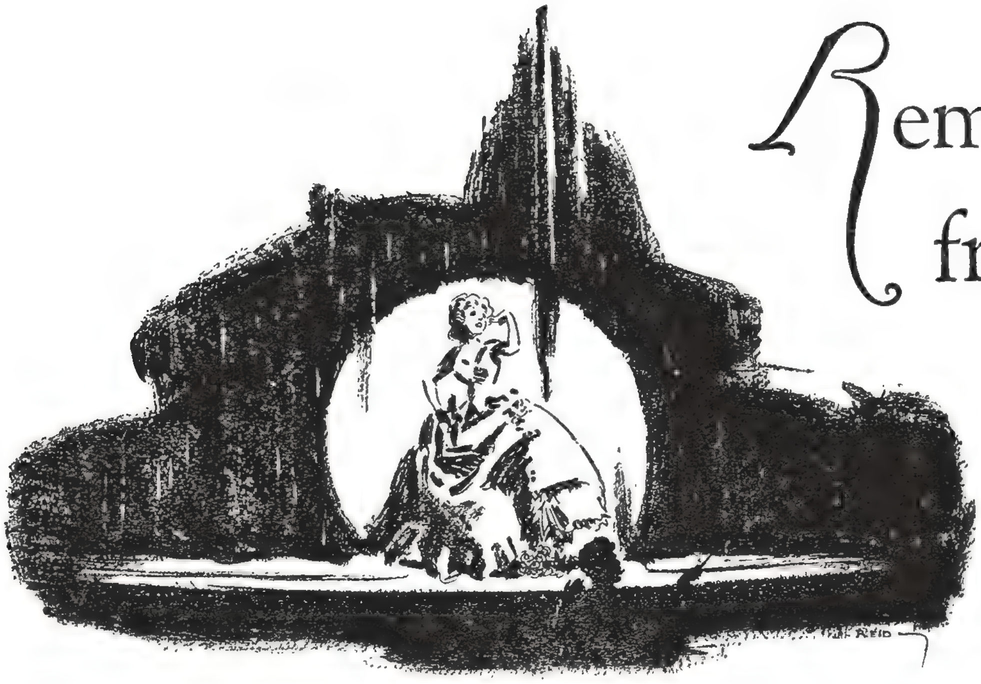
And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "IN THE FUTURE."

AND I AWOKE, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would arise again.



Remembered from the Play

"PETER PAN"

PETER PAN (*the fairies are nearly all dead now*)—You see, Wendy, when the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thousand pieces and the pieces all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies. And now when every new baby is born its first laugh becomes a fairy. So there ought to be one fairy for every boy or girl.

WENDY—Ought to be? Isn't there?

PETER PAN—Oh, no. Children know such a lot now. Soon they don't believe in fairies, and every time a child says "I don't believe in fairies" there is a fairy somewhere that falls down dead.

By Sir James M. Barrie, London, 1904; revived, New York, 1928.

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"

JULIUS BEAUFORT—All life is dangerous when you come to live it.

MRS. HENRY VAN DER LUYDEN—Many happy marriages are one long sacrifice.

By Margaret Ayer Barnes, from Edith Wharton's novel of the same title, New York, 1928.

"THE SACRED FLAME"

MAURICE TABRET—Love is always diffident. One is never sure of love—one is sure only of affections.

MRS. TABRET—Our most spectacular victories over temptations are over those which do not tempt us at all.

By W. Somerset Maugham, New York, 1928.

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD"

SISTER GRACIA—We needn't wait for God to call us. If we call to him, he'll answer . . . even though in ourselves we're of no account.

MARIA ISABEL—So like a man! Easy to see that you don't suffer to bring children into the world.

DON LORENZO—We sweat blood, though, sometimes, to keep them alive in it.

SISTER GRACIA—The man who keeps more than he needs robs the man who's in need. Turn away your eyes when your brother is dying . . . and you are an accomplice in his death. I'm only an ignorant girl. What can I do? I'm of no use; I'm nobody. I've nothing to give but my happiness . . . so I want to give that, you see, to those that have none. Because no one seems to think of giving that. Food, oh yes . . . but happiness! Why, if it's only to amuse them a little . . . to joke with them . . . and then to make believe, so that just for a little they *may* believe that there's still something left for them to hope for . . . that they still count for something in the world . . . that they're human beings still. That's what matters, isn't it?

SISTER GRACIA—Don't cry . . . for men don't cry, you know. And they don't complain. They suffer . . . but they work and hope.

By Gregorio Martinez Sierra (author of "The Cradle Song"), Madrid, 1926; New York, 1928.

"HOLIDAY"

JOHNNY CASE—You asked me if I knew any prominent people. I know damn few.

LINDA SETON—There aren't but damn few.

JOHNNY CASE—Retire early and work old. That's what I want to do.

LINDA SETON—I had a nice little seven-word motto for my life: "Not very good—but pretty good entertainment."

LINDA SETON—We are all grand at seventeen. It's after that that the sickness sets in.

By Philip Barry, New York, 1928.

"A MOST IMMORAL LADY"

HUMPHREY SARGENT—I never saw a bachelor yet who didn't believe in divorce at first sight.

JOAN PORTER—It used to be that a musician wouldn't dream of being seen without long hair and a flowing tie, but now they go to the best tailors, talk sport and play golf. But you mustn't be fooled by that. They always have been and always will be a hell of a proposition for a woman to fall in love with.

ALEC PRYOR—It seems to me that life in first youth is a good picture seen in a bad light.

HUMPHREY SARGENT—Tell me the news—what's happened while I've been away?
ALEC PRYOR—Nothing. It's always like that. You go away for a month, or even a year, and come back expecting to find everything changed. But everything's the same; and to make matters worse, people have the annoying habit of not realizing you've been away.

JOAN PORTER—I should have thought that once you were married you'd have stopped looking around for romance.
LAURA SARGENT—There's no age limit to romance, and I assure you that one never stops looking for it.

LAURA SARGENT—The sooner you stop complicating the simple matter of being in love, with pride and scruples and so forth, the better for you. The situation is absurdly simple. You love a man, and at the moment he has found somebody he cares more about than he does about you; there's nothing you can do about it. Unfortunately, it all depends on the other woman.

LAURA SARGENT—We women must think ourselves very complex and mystifying. It's the one illusion that is fatal for a man to destroy.

By Townsend Martin, New York, 1928.

"CONGAI"

CAPTAIN PAUL LEHRISSON—Myths are the things older people tell the young to cover up their own faults.

COL. URBEN CHAUVIT—The best way to learn to know a country is through its women.

By Harry Hervey and Carleton Hildreth,
New York, 1928.

"MAJOR BARBARA"

LADY BRITOMART—Just as one doesn't mind men practising immorality so long as they own that they are in the wrong by preaching morality, so I couldn't forgive Andrew for preaching immorality while he practised morality.

ADOLPHUS CUSINS—Let me advise you to study Greek. Greek scholars are privileged men. Few of them know Greek; and none of them knows anything else; but their position is unchallengeable. Other languages are the justifications of waiters and commercial travelers; Greek is to a man of position what the hallmark is to silver.

ADOLPHUS CUSINS—They prayed for the anonymous donor of the £5,000. Mr. Undershaft would not let his name be given.
CHARLES LOMAX—That was rather fine of the old man, you know. Most chaps would have wanted the advertisement.
CUSINS—He said all the charitable institutions would be down on him like kites on a battlefield if he gave his name.
LADY BRITOMART—That's Andrew all over. He never does a proper thing without giving an improper reason for it.
CUSINS—He convinced me that I have all my life been doing improper things for proper reasons.

LADY BRITOMART—In good society in England, Charles, men drivel at all ages by repeating silly formulas with an air of wisdom. Schoolboys make their own formulas out of slang, like you. When they reach your age, and get political private secretaryships and things of that sort, they drop slang and get their formulas out of the *Spectator* or the *Times*. You had better confine yourself to the *Times*. You will find that there is a certain amount of tosh about the *Times*, but at least its language is reputable.

STEPHEN UNDERSHAFT—I know the difference between right and wrong.
ANDREW UNDERSHAFT—You don't say so! What! No capacity for business, no knowledge of law, no sympathy with art, no pretension to philosophy; only a simple knowledge of the secret that has puzzled all the philosophers, baffled all the lawyers, muddled all the men of business, and ruined most of the artists: the secret of right and wrong? Why, man, you're a genius, a master of masters, a god!

ANDREW UNDERSHAFT—Hatred is a coward's revenge for being intimidated.

ADOLPHUS CUSINS—What is human conduct but the daily and hourly sale of our souls for trifles?

ANDREW UNDERSHAFT—Poverty is the worst of crimes. All the other crimes are virtues beside it: all the other dishonours are chivalry itself by comparison. Poverty blights whole cities; spreads horrible pestilences; strikes dead the very souls of all who come within sight, sound or smell of it. What you call crime is nothing: a murder here and a theft there, a blow now and a curse then. What do they matter? They are only the accidents and illnesses of life: there are not fifty genuine professional criminals in London. But there are millions of poor people, abject people, dirty people, ill-fed, ill-clothed people. They poison us morally and physically: they kill the happiness of society: they force us to do away with our own liberties and to organize unnatural cruelties for fear they should rise against us and drag us down into their abyss. Only fools fear crime: we all fear poverty.

By George Bernard Shaw, London, 1906;
revived New York, 1928.

The Tenth Muse: Advertisa

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

NATIONAL 10c
Indep & Hardesty.
Shows 6:15-8:30
BELLE BENNETT in
"THE DEVIL'S TRADE MARK"
Story of the struggle of a lonely girl whose every wish was holy—yea, a girl in whose veins ran the desire to sin. *Kansas City (Kan.) Star.*

EXPERIENCED farmer desires to share crop and wife to raise chickens for honest and reliable man. Address EX, Lyles, Tenn. *Nashville Tennessean.*

DOG—Lost; mixed male; brown with black mouth; name "Bucky"; reward. 454 37th Street.
New York Herald Tribune.

JAPANESE woman wants washing or otherwise; after 6. Phone Bay 3361L.
Vancouver (B. C.) Province.

FURNISHED house to let in Miami, with or without owner (lady); very reasonable. Call or write Apt. 215, 115 West 16th Street. *New York Times.*

A New Roaster will make that foul taste better at Thanksgiving time. We have oval and oblong in aluminum and enamel ranging in price from $1 to $6.50. Potter's Hardware, 723 Wheeling Ave.
Cambridge (Ohio) Jeffersonian.

WANTED half day work, will work for nothing if have to, tired of being idle. NEstor 2127. Joe.
Richmond (Va.) News-Leader.

FOR SALE—Scripps Booth car for sale in good condition. 5 passenger. All but tires wanted. Used but very little. A good car for boys to use for school. Mrs. T. G. McCreary, Carrington, N. D.
Good Will Messenger (Valley City, N. Dak.)

LIESKE'S BEN BOLT, a very mild cigar, now 5 cents.

Maximum temperature	62
Minimum temperature	30
Temperature 6 p. m.	49
Precipitation	None
Wind	West

Eau Claire (Wis.) Leader.

BOAT FOUND ADRIFT—Owner may have same by paying for this ad and keep of the bull. Inquire at 337 or 335 Alturas St., Modesto.
Modesto (Cal.) Herald.

WANTED—Married man and wife or single man and wife; man to be farmer and good cook to be lady. Address . . . *Montana Free Press.*

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

SHOWER CURTAIN
Rubberized shower curtains will last much longer if care is taken to spread them out across the road immediately after using, each time.
Aurora (Ill.) Daily Beacon News.

SHERMAN, Aug. 10.—Miss Ruth Mitchell was injured at the farm of her grandfather, Whitney Dean, Thursday by being ignored by a cow.
Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening News.

Vitiligo is a disease characterised by the disappearance of pigment from the skies.
Akron (Ohio) Times-Press.

In order to view all sides of this monument one must walk something like a mule to get around it but which slopes as it goes up till the top consists of about half an acre in area.
Rapid City (S. Dak.) Weekly Journal.

Her farm career began this year. Starting in a small way with a few hogs she sold $40 worth of English peas to Ardmore hotels and stores this Spring.
Fort Worth (Tex.) Star-Telegram.

Mr. Breault had been confined to his bed for about two months. . . . He leaves 1½ grandchildren.
Providence (R. I.) Evening Bulletin.

Charley Tabor's barn at East Lynn washed against George Gibson's house, knocked it from its foundations and destroyed all of their household gods.
Wayne County (W. Va.) News

In the Time of the Terror

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC

de Balzac

On January 22, 1793, about eight o'clock in the evening, an old lady was walking down the steep incline which ends in front of the Church of Saint Laurente in Paris. It had snowed so hard all day that her footsteps were scarcely audible. The streets were deserted, and the feeling of fear which silence naturally inspires was increased by the remembrance of the terror under which France then groaned. The old lady had met no one on the way, and her eyesight, which had long been failing, did not allow of her distinguishing in the lamplight the few passersby, scattered here and there like shadows along the immense vista of the *faubourg.* She went on bravely alone through the solitude, as if her age were a talisman to preserve her from all harm. When she had passed the Rue des Morts, she thought she could distinguish the firm, heavy tread of a man walking behind her. She fancied it was not the first time that she had heard the sound. She was afraid, thinking that she was being followed, so she tried to walk faster than before, in order to reach a shop-window in which the lights were bright enough for her to test the truth of her suspicions. As soon as she found herself in the gleam of light which streamed out horizontally from the shop, she turned her head suddenly and perceived a human form in the mist. This indistinct glimpse was enough; a feeling of terror fell upon her; she tottered for a moment under it, for now she felt certain that this stranger had accompanied her from the first step she had taken outside her own house. Her desire to escape from this spy gave her strength; incapable of reasoning, she walked twice as fast as before, as though it were possible for her to distance a man necessarily much more active than she. After running for some minutes, she reached a pastry-cook's shop, went in and fell, rather than sat down, on a chair which was standing before the counter. As her hand rattled upon the latch a young woman seated at her embroidery raised her eyes from her work, looked through the square pane of glass, and recognized the old-fashioned violet silk mantle which enveloped the old lady; then she hurriedly opened a drawer, as if to take out something that she had been keeping there for her. Not only did this movement and the expression on the young woman's face betray her desire to get rid of the stranger as soon as possible, as a person whom she did not want to see, but she even let a gesture of impatience escape her when she found the drawer empty. Then, without looking at the lady, she went out hastily from behind the counter into the back part of the shop and called her husband; he appeared at once.

"Wherever have you put—?" she asked, mysteriously, glancing in the direction of the old lady, and not finishing the sentence.

The pastry-cook could see only the old lady's head-dress, a huge black bonnet, trimmed with violet ribands, but he looked at his wife as much as to say, "Do you think I should leave a thing like that in your counter?" and disappeared. His wife, surprised that the old lady sat so still and silent, went close up to her; when she saw her she was seized with a feeling of compassion, and perhaps of curiosity too. Although the old lady's face was naturally pallid, like the face of a person who practices austerities in secret, it was easy to see that some recent emotion had rendered it even more pallid than usual. Her head-dress was so arranged as to hide her hair, which was white, no doubt from age, for it was evident that she did not wear powder, as there was no sign of it upon the collar of her dress. This absence of ornament gave her face a look of religious severity. Her features were proud and grave. In former times the manners and habits of people of rank were so different from those of the other classes that it was easy then to distinguish a noble. Thus the young woman felt sure that the strange lady was a *ci-devant,* who had at one time been attached to the Court.

"Madame?" said she involuntarily, forgetting, in the respect she inspired, that the title was proscribed.

The old lady made no answer; she kept her eyes fixed on the shop window, as if some terrible object were depicted on the glass.

"What is the matter, *citoyenne?*" asked the shopman, returning at this moment.

The worthy pastry-cook awoke the lady from her reverie, by handing her a small cardboard box wrapped up in blue paper.

"Nothing, nothing, my friends," she said in a gentle voice.

She raised her eyes to the pastry-cook, as if to thank him by a look; but seeing a red cap upon his head, she cried aloud:

"Ah! you have betrayed me!"

The young woman and her husband answered with a gesture of horror; the stranger blushed, either with relief, or with regret at having suspected them.

"Forgive me!" she said at once, with childish sweetness. Then she drew a gold louis out of her pocket and gave it to the pastry-cook. "That is the price we agreed upon," said she. There is a state of want recognized instinctively by those in want themselves. The pastry-cook and his wife looked at one another, interchanging the same thought as they glanced at the old lady. The louis was evidently her last. Her hands trembled as she held out the coin to them; she looked at it sorrowfully, but without grudging, though she seemed to be conscious of the full extent of the sacrifice. Hunger and misery were engraved upon her face in as legible characters as her ascetic habits and her present fear. Her clothes still bore the traces of past richness. She was dressed in faded silk, with carefully mended lace, and an elegant though worn mantle—in fact, the rags of former wealth. The shopkeepers, wavering between pity and self-interest, tried to soothe their consciences with words.

"*Citoyenne,* you seem very poorly."

"Would madame like to take anything?" asked the woman, catching up her husband's words.

"We've got some very good broth," said the pastry-cook.

"It's so cold, perhaps you have caught a chill, madame, coming here; you are welcome to rest a bit and warm yourself."

"We are not so black as the devil," said the pastry-cook.

Reassured by the friendly tone of the charitable pastry-cook, the lady admitted that she had been followed by a man, and was afraid to go home alone.

"Is that all?" replied the man with the red cap. "Wait a minute for me, *citoyenne.*"

He gave the louis to his wife; then, moved by that sense of acknowledgment which steals into the heart of a vendor who has received an exorbitant price for goods of slight value, he went and put on his uniform as a *guarde national,* took his hat and sword, and returned under arms. But his wife had had time to reflect. As in many other hearts, reflection closed the hand which benevolence had opened. The woman had become frightened; she was afraid her husband would get into trouble, so she plucked at the lapel of his coat to detain him. However, in obedience to an instinct of charity, the good man offered on the spot to escort the old lady.

"It looks as if the man whom the *citoyenne* is afraid of were still prowling round the shop," said the young woman sharply.

"I am afraid he is," frankly admitted the lady.

"Suppose it were a spy? or perhaps there is a conspiracy! Do not go—and take the box away from her."

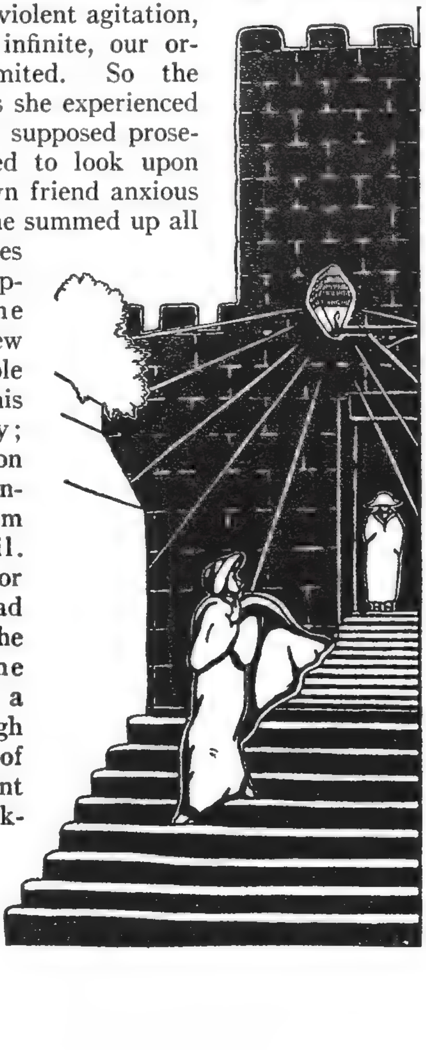
These words were whispered into the pastry-cook's ear by his wife; they froze the extempore courage which had inflated his breast.

"Eh! I'll just go and say a word to him, and he'll be off in a minute," he exclaimed, opening the door and going out precipitately.

The old lady sat down again on her chair as passive as a child; she looked almost silly. The honest shopman speedily returned; his face, red enough to begin with, and further inflamed by the fire of his oven, had suddenly become livid; he was so overcome with terror that his legs tottered under him, and his eyes looked like a drunkard's.

"D'you want us to lose our heads, wretched aristocrat!" he cried, furious. "Come, take to your heels, and never show yourself here again. Don't expect me to become a party to conspiracy!"

As the pastry-cook uttered these words, he tried to snatch back the little box, which the old lady had put into one of her pockets. But scarcely had the impudent fellow's hands touched her clothes, when the strange lady—preferring to face the dangers of her walk unprotected save by God, rather than lose what she had just purchased—regained all the agility of her youth; she sprang to the door, opened it suddenly, and vanished from the gaze of the pastry-cook and his wife, leaving them trembling and stupefied. As soon as she found herself outside, she set off at a quick walk; but her strength soon failed her, for she heard the heavy footsteps of the spy who was following her so pitilessly, crunching the snow behind her. She was obliged to stop; he stopped too. Whether from fear or lack of intelligence, she did not dare either to speak or to look at him. She went on, walking slowly; then the man slackened his steps, always keeping at a distance from which he was able to watch her. The stranger seemed to be the very shadow of the woman. Nine o'clock as this silent pair passed again before the Church of Saint Laurente. It is in the nature of every heart, even the feeblest, that a feeling of calmness should succeed to violent agitation, for, if feeling is infinite, our organization is limited. So the strange woman, as she experienced no harm from her supposed prosecutor, was inclined to look upon him as an unknown friend anxious to protect her. She summed up all the circumstances attendant on the apparitions of the stranger with a view to discover plausible corroboration of this consoling theory; she was bent on finding out good intentions in him rather than evil. Forgetting the terror with which he had recently inspired the pastry-cook, she passed on with a firm step through the higher parts of the faubourg Saint Martin. After walking for half an hour, she reached a house situated at the



corner formed by the principal street of the faubourg and the street which leads to *la barrière de Pantin.* Even now this is still one of the loneliest places in the whole of Paris. The north wind blows over *les buttes de Saint Chaumont* and *de Belleville,* and whistles through the houses—or rather hovels—sprinkled over a nearly deserted valley, divided by walls of mud and bones. This desolate spot seemed the natural refuge of misery and despair. The man, implacable in his pursuit of this poor creature, who was yet bold enough to traverse those silent streets by night, seemed impressed by the scene that rose before him. He stopped to consider, standing upright in an attitude of hesitation. A lamp, whose flickering flame could scarcely penetrate the mist, cast its faint light upon him. Fright gave the old woman eyes. She thought she could descry a sinister look upon the man's features. She felt her fears reawakening—then, taking advantage of a sort of uncertainty which seemed to make him linger, she glided through the darkness to the door of the solitary house, touched a spring, and was gone as swiftly as a dream. The man stood motionless, looking at the house. In a certain measure it might have served for the type of the wretched dwellings of this faubourg. The crazy cabin was built of ashlar smeared with a coat of plaster, so rotten and with such big cracks that it looked as if the least puff of wind would blow the whole thing down. The roof, covered with brown moss-grown tiles, had sunk in several places, and seemed on the point of falling in under the weight of the snow. There were three windows in each story, the frames mouldering with damp and starting with the action of the sun; it was evident that the cold must find its way through them into the rooms. The house was as isolated as an ancient tower that time has forgotten to destroy. The attics at the top of the wretched building were pierced with windows at irregular intervals, and from these shone a dim light, but the rest of the house was in complete darkness. The old woman had some difficulty in climbing the rough, awkward staircase, up which a rope served for a handrail. She knocked mysteriously at the door of a lodging in the attic; an old man offered her a chair; she sat down in it precipitately.

"Hide! hide!" said she. "Though we only go out so seldom, they know everything we do, and spy out every step we take."

"What is it now?" asked another old woman who was sitting by the fire.

"The man who has been prowling round the house since yesterday morning has been following me this evening."

At these words the three inhabitants of the garret looked at each other; they did not try to conceal the signs of profound terror visible on their faces. The old man was the least agitated of the three, perhaps because he was in the most danger. A brave man, under the burden of great misfortune or under the yoke of persecution, has already—so to speak—begun his self-sacrifice; he looks upon each day of his life only as one more victory gained over fate. It was easy to see from the looks the two women fastened on the old man that he and he alone was the object of their intense anxiety.

"Why should we cease to trust in God, sisters?" said he in a hollow voice, but with much earnestness: "we sang His praises amid the shouts of the murderers and the cries of the dying in the Carmelite Convent; if He will that I should be saved from the massacre, it was doubtless to preserve me for a destiny that I must endure without murmuring. God protects His own; He can dispose of them according to His will. It is you we must take thought for, not for me."

"No," said one of the two old women, "what are our lives compared with the life of a priest?"

"When I was once outside the Abbaye de Chelles I looked upon myself as dead," exclaimed the nun who had not been out. "Look," said the one who had just come in, "here are the Hosts. . . . But," she exclaimed, "I can hear some one coming up the stairs."

At these words they all three listened; the noise ceased.

"Do not be alarmed," said the priest, "if some one tries to find you. Some one, on whose fidelity we can count, was to take all necessary steps for crossing the frontier, and will come for letters which I have written to le Duc de Langeais and le Marquis de Beauséant, asking them to consider means for rescuing you from this terrible country, and the death or misery which await you here."

"But will you not follow us?" whispered the two nuns eagerly, with a sort of despair.

"My place is where there are victims," said the priest simply.

The women looked at their guest in silence, with holy admiration.

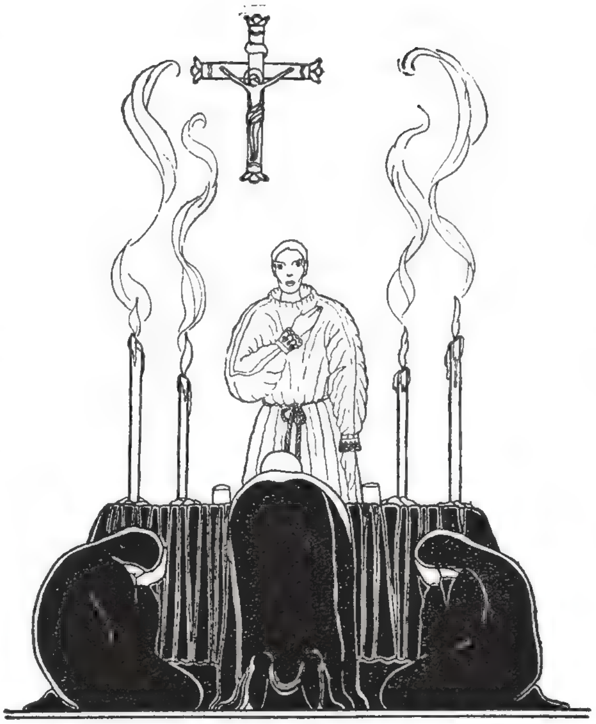
"Sœur Marthe," said he, addressing the sister who had gone out for the Hosts, "this messenger will answer *Fiat voluntas* to the word *Hosanna.*"

"There is some one on the stair!" exclaimed the other nun, opening a hiding-place contrived under the roof.

THIS TIME, in the profound silence, they could easily hear the steps, which were covered with lumps of dried mud, creaking under the tread of a man. The priest squeezed with difficulty into a sort of wardrobe, and the nun threw some clothes over him.

"You can shut the door, Sœur Agathe," said he in a muffled voice.

He was scarcely hidden when there were three raps at the door. The two holy women trembled; they took counsel by looks, not daring to pronounce a single word. They appeared to be both about sixty years old. Cut off from the world for forty years, they were like plants accustomed to the atmosphere of a greenhouse, which die if they are put out of it. They were so habituated to convent life that they could not conceive any other. One morning their gratings had been broken down, and they had shuddered at finding themselves free. It is easy to picture the sort of unnatural numbness that the events of the Revolution had produced in their innocent hearts. Incapable of reconciling their monastic ideas with the difficulties of life, they could not even understand their own situation; they were like children who have been once cared for and then abandoned by their special providence—their mother—praying instead of crying. Thus in the face of the danger they foresaw at this moment, they remained mute and passive, knowing no other defense than Christian resignation. The man who had asked for admittance interpreted their silence as consent; he opened the door at once and presented himself. The two nuns shuddered when they recognized him as the person who had been prowling round their house for some time past collecting information about them. They sat motionless, looking at him with apprehensive curiosity, like a shy child silently staring at a stranger. The man was stout and of lofty stature; there was nothing in his bearing, his manner, or his physiognomy suggestive of an evil nature. He imitated the stillness of the nuns, while his eyes slowly examined the room he had just entered.



Two straw mats, placed on the bare boards, served as beds for the two nuns; there was only one table, in the middle of the room; on it stood some plates, three knives, and a round loaf; a small fire burned in the grate; some pieces of wood piled up in a corner bore further witness to the poverty of the two recluses. The walls were covered with a layer of very old paint, showing, by the stains upon it, the bad condition of the roof, which marked with brown streams the infiltration of the rain. A relic, no doubt rescued from the village of the Abbaye de Chelles, was placed like an ornament upon the mantelpiece. Three chairs, two chests, and a wretched cupboard completed the furniture of the room, but a door near the fireplace suggested that there might be a second.

The person who had introduced himself under such terrible auspices into the bosom of this family did not take long to make an inventory of their cell. His features assumed an expression of pity as he cast a look of benevolence upon the two women; he was at least as embarrassed as they. The strange silence which they all three kept did not last long, for presently the stranger began to comprehend the moral feebleness and inexperience of the two poor creatures, so he said to them in a voice which he tried to make gentle: "I am not come to you as an enemy, *citoyennes—*" He stopped short, and then went on: *"Mes sœurs*, if any misfortune should happen to you, believe me it is not I who will have contributed to it. I have a favour to ask of you."

They still kept silence.

"If I intrude upon you—if I annoy you, tell me so freely—I will leave you; but I hope you will understand that I am entirely devoted to you; that if there is any service I could render you, command me without fear, for I alone, perhaps—now that there is no king—am above the law."

There was a ring of truth in his words. Sœur Agathe, the nun who belonged to the family of Langeais, and whose manners seemed to show that she had formerly been familiar with brilliant society and had breathed the air of a Court, hastened to point to a chair, as if to invite their visitor to sit down. The stranger showed a sort of pleasure mingled with sadness when he saw this gesture; then he waited to sit down until the two worthy ladies had done so themselves.

"You have given refuge," he went on, "to a venerable priest who has not taken the oaths, who escaped miraculously from a massacre of the Carmelites."

"*Hosanna!*" said Sœur Agathe, interrupting him, and looking at him with nervous curiosity.

"No, I do not think that is his name," he replied.

"But, Monsieur," said Sœur Marthe eagerly, "we have not got any priest here; and——"

"Then you should have been more prudent and wary," answered the stranger, stretching out his hand and taking a breviary from the table. "I do not think that you are likely to know Latin, and——"

He did not go on; the extraordinary emotion expressed by the faces of the poor nuns made him afraid he had gone too far; they trembled, and their eyes filled with tears.

"Do not distress yourselves," he said frankly. "I know the name of your guest and your own; three days ago I learned all about your distress, and your devotion to the venerable Abbé de——"

"Sh!" said Sœur Agathe simply, putting her finger to her lips.

"You see, *mes sœurs*, that if I had conceived the horrible plan of betraying you, I might have already accomplished it more than once."

When the priest heard these words he extricated himself from his prison, and appeared in the middle of the room.

"I cannot believe, Monsieur," said he to the strange man, "that you are one of our persecutors; I trust myself to you. What is it that you want of me?"

The holy confidence of the priest, the noble fervour expressed in all his features, would have disarmed a murderer. The mysterious person who had thus brought excitement into this scene of misery and resignation sat for a moment looking at the group of the three before him; then, assuming a confidential tone, he addressed the priest thus: "Mon père, I came to entreat you to celebrate a requiem mass for the repose of the soul of—of a—of a consecrated person whose body will never rest in hallowed ground." The priest shuddered involuntarily. The two nuns, not yet comprehending to whom the stranger referred, remained in an attitude of curiosity, their necks stretched out and their faces turned to the two speakers. The ecclesiastic scrutinized the man; genuine anxiety was visible in his face, and his eyes expressed ardent supplication.

"Eh bien!. Come back tonight, at midnight; I shall be ready to celebrate the only funeral office we can offer in expiation of the crime of which you speak."

THE STRANGER TREMBLED, but he looked as if some feeling of satisfaction, at once solemn and sweet, had triumphed over some secret sorrow. After respectfully saluting the priest and the two holy women, he departed with an expression of mute gratitude understood by these three generous hearts. About two hours after this scene, he returned, knocked cautiously at the outer door of the attic, and was received by Mademoiselle de Beauséant, and led into the second room of their humble retreat. Here all had been prepared for the ceremony. Between the two pillars of the chimney-piece the nun had pushed up the old cupboard; its antique shape was hidden under a magnificent altar frontal of green moiré. A large ebony and ivory crucifix was fastened to the yellow wall, making the bareness only more apparent, and of necessity attracting the eye to itself. The sisters had managed to set up four little slender tapers upon this temporary altar, by fastening them to it with sealing wax. The tapers cast a pale light, almost absorbed by the dead walls, their feeble flicker scarcely reaching the rest of the room; it cast its beams only upon the Holy Instruments, as it were, a ray of light falling from heaven upon the naked altar. The floor was reeking with damp. The roof sloped rapidly on both sides like the roof of the other garret, and was scored with cracks through which came the icy blast. Nothing could have been less stately, yet nothing was more solemn than this mournful ceremony. Profound silence, through which the least sound arising from *la route d'Allemagne* could be heard, cast a veil of sombre majesty over the midnight scene. Indeed, the grandeur of the action contrasted strongly with the poverty of the instruments; therefrom arose a feeling of religious awe. On each side of the altar, regardless of the deadly damp, knelt the two aged nuns upon the tiling of the floor, and prayed together with the priest. Clad in his sacrificial vestments, he set out a golden chalice adorned with precious stones, no doubt one of the sacred vessels saved from the pillage of the Abbaye de Chelles. By the side of this ciborium, recalling by its richness the splendour of the monarchy, were placed two glasses, scarcely good enough for the lowest inn, containing the water and the wine for the Holy Sacrifice. For want of a missal, the priest had placed his breviary upon the corner of the altar. A common towel was put ready for the washing of the innocent and bloodless hands. The whole was infinite yet little; poor but noble; at once holy and profane. The stranger came and knelt down devoutly between the two nuns. The priest had tied a piece of crape around the chalice and the crucifix; having no other means of showing the intention of this requiem mass, he had put God Himself in mourning weeds. Suddenly the man noticed it; he was seized with a memory that held such power over him, that the sweat stood in drops upon his wide and lofty brow. The four silent actors of this scene looked at one another mysteriously. Then their souls, rising with one another in their mutual influence, communicated one to another their own sensations, and were melted together in religious pity. It seemed as if their thought had called upon the martyr whose remains had been devoured by quick-lime, and that his shadow rose before them in all its royal majesty. They were celebrating an *obit* without the body of the dead. Under these gaping laths and tiles four Christians were about to intercede before God for a King of France, were about to celebrate his funeral without the coffin. Here was the purest of all devotion, an astonishing act of fidelity performed without one thought for the future. Doubtless to the eyes of God, it was as the glass of water which weighs in the balance as heavy as the greatest virtues. The whole monarchy was present in the prayers of a priest and two poor women; perhaps, too, the Revolution itself was represented in the man, for his face betrayed too much remorse not to cause the belief that he was fulfilling the vows of a boundless repentance.

INSTEAD OF PRONOUNCING the Latin words, *Introibo ad altare Die*, etc., the priest, by some divine inspiration, looked upon the three assistants—the symbols there of Christian France—and said to them, as though to blot out the wretchedness of the garret: "We are about to enter into the Sanctuary of God!" At these words, uttered with thrilling earnestness, the server and the two nuns were filled with religious awe. God could not have revealed Himself in greater majesty under the vaults of Saint Peter at Rome, than He revealed Himself then to the eyes of these Christians in this refuge of poverty. The truth is so perfect—that between Him and man every intermediary seems useless, and that He draws His greatness only from Himself. The stranger's devotion was real, the sentiment, too, which united the prayers of these four servants of God and the King was unanimous. The holy words rang through the silence like heavenly music. There was a moment when the stranger was overcome with tears; it was at the *Pater Noster.* The priest added, in Latin, this petition, which the man no doubt understood: *Et remitte scelus regicidis sicut Ludovicius eis remisit semetipse.* (And forgive the regicides as Louis himself forgave them.) The two nuns saw two great tears roll down the stranger's manly cheeks and fall upon the floor. The priest recited the Office for the Dead. The *Domine salvum fac regem* intoned in a low voice, went to the hearts of the faithful Royalists when they remembered that the child-king, for whom their prayers ascended to the Most High, at the moment was a captive in the hands of his enemies. The stranger shivered at the thought that a new crime might still be committed, wherein he would no doubt be forced to take part. When the funeral service was over, the priest made a sign to the two nuns, and they went out. As soon as he found himself alone with the stranger he went up to him with a sad and gentle air, and said in a fatherly voice: "My son, if you have stained your hands in the blood of the martyr-king, confide in me. There is no sin which cannot be effaced in the eyes of God by repentance as touching and sincere as yours seems to be."

At the first words pronounced by the ecclesiastic the stranger let a movement of involuntary terror escape him; but his face recovered its calmness and he looked at the astonished priest with confidence.

"Father," said he in a voice visibly affected, "no one is more innocent than I of the blood shed——"

"I must believe you," said the priest. He paused while he once more scrutinized his penitent; then, persisting in the belief that he was one of those timorous *Conventionnels* who betrayed an inviolable and consecrated head in order to save their own, he replied in a grave voice: "Consider, my son, the fact that you have not coöperated in so great a crime is not sufficient to be absolved from it. Those men who were able to defend the King, and left their swords in their scabbards, will have a very heavy account to render to the King of Heaven. Oh! yes," continued the old priest, shaking his head impressively from right to left—"yes, very heavy!—for, by remaining aloof, they became the passive accomplices of this terrible crime."

"You think," asked the stranger in amazement, "that indirect participation will be punished? The soldier commanded to fall into line—is he then responsible?"

The priest hesitated.

The stranger was glad of the embarrassment into which he had thrown this puritan Royalist, by placing him between the dogma of passive obedience—which, according to the Monarchists, was the essence of all military law—and the equally important dogma which magnifies into sanctity the respect due to the royal person; in the priest's silence he eagerly descried a solution to the doubts which tormented him. Then, in order not to leave the venerable *jansenist* time for further reflection, he said to him: "I should blush to offer you any fee for the funeral service you have just celebrated for the repose of the King's soul and the relief of my conscience; one cannot pay for a thing of inestimable value except by an offering also above price. Will you deign, Monsieur, to accept the gift of a holy relic which I offer you? The day will come, perhaps, when you will understand its value."

As the stranger finished these words he presented the ecclesiastic with a little box, which felt extremely light. He took it, as it were, unconsciously, for the man's solemn words, the tone in which he spoke, and the respect with which he held out the box, struck him with the profoundest astonishment. Then they returned into the room where the two nuns were waiting.

"You are in a house," said the stranger, "belonging to a man—Mucius Scaevola, the plasterer, who lives on the first floor—who is well known in the section for his patriotism; but he is secretly attached to the Bourbons. He was formerly huntsman to Monseigneur le Prince de Conti, and owes all his fortune to him. As long as you do not go out of his house, you are safer than in any other place in France. Stay here; there are pious souls who will watch over your wants, and you will be able to wait, without danger, for less evil times. In a year, on the 21st of January"—(as he pronounced these last words he could not hide an involuntary shudder)—"if you do adopt this wretched place for your refuge, I will return to celebrate the expiatory mass with you——"

He did not finish his sentence. Then, saluting the silent inhabitants of the attic, he cast a last look on all the signs of their poverty and disappeared.

For the two innocent nuns, such an adventure assumed all the interest of a romance. As soon, then, as the venerable Abbé had informed them of the mysterious gift which the man had made him so solemnly, they placed the box on the table, and their three anxious faces, faintly lit up by the light of a tallow dip, betrayed an indescribable curiosity. Mademoiselle de Langeais opened the box, and found a very fine batiste handkerchief, soiled with sweat; when they unfolded it they found that there were stains upon it.

"It is blood!" said the priest.

"It is marked with the royal crown!" exclaimed the other sister.

The two nuns dropped the precious relic in horror. For these two simple souls the mystery which enveloped the stranger became inexplicable; as to the priest, from that day he did not even attempt to account for it.

The three prisoners soon perceived, in spite of the Terror, that a powerful hand was stretched out over them. First, they received provisions and fuel; then, the two nuns discovered that there must be a woman coöperating with their protector, for linen and clothes were sent them which enabled them to go out without exciting remark by the aristocratic fashion of the dresses which they had been obliged to continue to wear; finally, Mucius Scaevola gave them two *cartes civiques.* From time to time warnings necessary to the safety of the priest reached them in roundabout ways. These counsels came so opportunely that they were convinced they could only have been given by a person initiated into secrets of state. In spite of the famine which weighed over Paris, these outlaws found rations of white bread regularly brought to the door of their cabin by invisible hands; however, they thought they had discovered in Mucius Scaevola the mysterious agent of these benefactions, which were always both suitably timed and ingeniously carried out. The three nobles, then, who continued to dwell in the same attic, could not doubt that the protector was the person who had come to celebrate the mass of expiation during the night of the 22nd of January, 1793; thus he became the object of their special devotion; he was their only hope, they lived through him alone. They had added to their prayer special prayers for him; night and morning the pious creatures offered their vows for his happiness, prosperity, and safety; they besought God to keep far from him every snare, to deliver him from his enemies and grant him a long and peaceful life. To their gratitude, renewed so to speak every day, was necessarily allied a feeling of curiosity which grew each day more intense. The circumstances that had attended the stranger's apparition were the subject of their conversations; they formed a thousand conjectures concerning him; even the mere distraction of thought which he caused was a fresh source of advantage to them. They promised themselves to make sure of not letting him escape from their gratitude the evening he would come back, according to his promise, to celebrate the sad anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. That night, so impatiently awaited, arrived at last. At midnight, the sound of the stranger's heavy footsteps was heard upon the old wooden staircase; the room had been prepared to receive him, the altar was vested. This time the sisters opened the door to greet him, and both hastened to the stairs with a light. Mademoiselle de Langeais even went a few steps down in order to see their benefactor the sooner.

"Come," she said kindly, in a voice broken by emotion—"come, we were expecting you."

THE MAN RAISED his head, cast a sombre look at the nun, and made no answer. She felt as if a mantle of ice had fallen upon her; she was silent. Gratitude and curiosity expired in their hearts at the sight of him. Perhaps he seemed to them, whose hearts were excited by sentiment and disposed to expand into friendship, more chilling, taciturn, and terrible than he really was. The three poor prisoners comprehended that he desired to remain a stranger to them, and resigned themselves. The priest fancied he saw a smile upon the man's lips at the moment he perceived the preparation that they had made for his reception; but he immediately repressed it. He heard mass and prayed, then he departed, after having replied with a few polite words of refusal to Mademoiselle de Langeais's invitation to partake of the little collation which they had prepared.

AFTER THE 9TH OF THERMIDOR, the nuns and the Abbé de Marolles were able to walk through Paris without the least risk. The first expedition which the Abbé made was to a perfumery shop, at the sign of *La Rein des fleurs,* kept by a *citoyen* and *citoyenne* Ragon, late perfumers to the Court, who remained faithful to the royal family, and whom the Vendéans made use of to correspond with the Princes and the Royalist Committee in Paris. The Abbé, dressed as the times required, was just at the doorstep of this shop, which was situated between Saint Roche and *la rue des Trondeurs*—when a crowd that filled *la rue Saint Honoré* prevented his going out.

"What's this?" said he to Madame Ragnon.

"It is nothing," she replied; "only the tumbril and the executioner going to *la Place Louis XV.* Ah! we saw it often enough last year; but today, just four days after the anniversary of the Twenty-first of January, one can look at the ghastly procession without any pain."

"Why!" said the Abbé, "what you say is not Christian."

"Ah! but it is the execution of Robespierre's accomplices. They defended themselves as long as they could, but now it's their turn—over there, where they have sent so many innocent men."

The crowd filled *la rue Saint Honoré,* and passed by like a flood. The Abbé de Marolles, yielding to an impulse of curiosity, looked, and saw above the heads of the crowd, standing erect on the tumbril, the man who had heard his mass three days before.

"Who is it?" said he; "the man——"

"It's the executioner," answered Monsieur Ragon, calling him by his title under the monarchy.

"Mon ami, mon ami!" cried Madame Ragon; "Monsieur d'Abbé is dying!" and the old lady fetched a flask of vinegar to bring the priest to his senses, for he had fainted. "No doubt what he gave me," said the venerable Abbé, "was the handkerchief with which the King wiped his face when he was going to his martyrdom—Poor man! The axe had a heart in its steel when all France was without one!"

The perfumers thought the poor priest was delirious.

Courage

By SA'DI

Whoever hath washed his hands of living
Utters his mind without misgiving.

In straits which no escape afford
The hand takes hold of the edge of the sword.

Mrs. Packletide's Tiger

By H. H. MUNRO ("SAKI")

H H Munro

It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger. Not that the lust to kill had suddenly descended upon her, or that she felt that she would leave India safer and more wholesome than she had found it, with one fraction less of wild beasts per million of inhabitants. The compelling motive for her sudden deviation towards the footsteps of Nimrod was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an Algerian aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing. Mrs. Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house in Curzon Street, ostensibly in Loona Bimberton's honour, with a tiger-skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation. She had also already designed in her mind the tiger-claw brooch that she was going to give Loona Bimberton on her next birthday. In a world that is supposed to be chiefly swayed by hunger and by love, Mrs. Packletide was an exception; her movements and motives were largely governed by dislike of Loona Bimberton.

Circumstances proved propitious. Mrs. Packletide had offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without over-much risk or exertion, and it so happened that a neighbouring village could boast of being the favoured rendezvous of an animal of respectable antecedents, which had been driven by the increasing infirmities of age to abandon game-killing and confine its appetite to the smaller domestic animals. The prospect of earning the thousand rupees had stimulated the sporting and commercial instinct of the villagers; children were posted night and day on the outskirts of the local jungle to head the tiger back in the unlikely event of his attempting to roam away to fresh hunting-grounds, and the cheaper kinds of goats were left about with elaborate carelessness to keep him satisfied with his present quarters. The one great anxiety was lest he should die of old age before the date appointed for the memsahib's shoot. Mothers carrying their babies home through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might curtail the restful sleep of the venerable herd-robber.

The great night duly arrived, moonlit and cloudless. A platform had been constructed in a comfortable and conveniently placed tree, and thereon crouched Mrs. Packletide and her paid companion, Miss Mebbin. A goat, gifted with a particularly persistent bleat, such as even a partially deaf tiger might be reasonably expected to hear on a still night, was tethered at the correct distance. With an accurately sighted rifle and a thumb-nail pack of patience cards, the sportswoman awaited the coming of the quarry.

"I suppose we are in some danger?" said Miss Mebbin.

She was not actually nervous about the wild beast, but she had a morbid dread of performing an atom more service than she had been paid for.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Packletide; "it's a very old tiger. It couldn't spring up here even if it wanted to."

"If it's an old tiger I think you ought to get it cheaper. A thousand rupees is a lot of money."

Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination. Her energetic intervention had saved many a rouble from dissipating itself in tips in some Moscow hotel, and francs and centimes clung to her instinctively under circumstances which would have driven them headlong from less sympathetic hands. Her speculations as to the market depreciation of tiger remnants were cut short by the appearance on the scene of the animal itself. As soon as it caught sight of the tethered goat it lay flat on the earth, seemingly less from a desire to take advantage of all available cover than for the purpose of snatching a short rest before commencing the grand attack.

"I believe it's ill," said Louisa Mebbin, loudly in Hindustani, for the benefit of the village headman, who was in ambush in a neighbouring tree.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Packletide, and at that moment the tiger commenced ambling towards his victim.

"Now, now!" urged Miss Mebbin with some excitement; "if he doesn't touch the goat we needn't pay for it." (The bait was an extra.)

The rifle flashed out with a loud report, and the great tawny beast sprang to one side and then rolled over in the stillness of death. In a moment a crowd of excited natives had swarmed on to the scene, and their shouting speedily carried the glad news to the village, where a thumping of tom-toms took up the chorus of triumph. And their triumph and rejoicing found a ready echo in the heart of Mrs. Packletide; already that luncheon-party in Curzon Street seemed immeasurably nearer.

It was Louisa Mebbin who drew attention to the fact that the goat was in death-throes from a mortal bullet-wound, while no trace of the rifle's deadly work could be found on the tiger. Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle, accelerated by senile decay. Mrs. Packletide was pardonably annoyed at the discovery; but, at any rate, she was the possessor of a dead tiger, and the villagers, anxious for their thousand rupees, gladly connived at the fiction that she had shot the beast. And Miss Mebbin was a paid companion. Therefore did Mrs. Packletide face the cameras with a light heart, and her pictured fame reached from the pages of the *Texas Weekly Snapshot* to the illustrated Monday supplement of the *Novoe Vremya*. As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger-claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions. The luncheon-party she declined; there are limits beyond which repressed emotions become dangerous.

From Curzon Street the tiger-skin rug traveled down to the Manor House, and was duly inspected and admired by the county; and it seemed a fitting and appropriate thing when Mrs. Packletide went to the County Costume Ball in the character of Diana. She refused to fall in, however, with Clovis's tempting suggestion of a primeval dance party, at which everyone should wear the skins of beasts they had recently slain. "I should be in rather a Baby Bunting condition," confessed Clovis, "with a miserable rabbit-skin or two to wrap up in, but then," he added, with a rather malicious glance at Diana's proportions, "my figure is quite as good as that Russian dancing boy's."

"How amused everyone would be if they knew what really happened," said Louisa Mebbin a few days after the ball.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Packletide quickly.

"How you shot the goat and frightened the tiger to death," said Miss Mebbin, with her disageeably pleasant laugh.

"No one would believe it," said Mrs. Packletide, her face changing colour as rapidly as though it were going through a book of patterns before post-time.

"Loona Bimberton would," said Miss Mebbin. Mrs. Packletide's face settled on an unbecoming shade of greenish white.

"You surely wouldn't give me away?" she asked.

"I've seen a week-end cottage near Dorking that I should rather like to buy," said Miss Mebbin with seeming irrelevance. "Six hundred and eighty, freehold. Quite a bargain, only I don't happen to have the money."

* * *

Louisa Mebbin's pretty week-end cottage, christened by her "Les Fauves," and gay in summer-time with its garden borders of tiger-lilies, is the wonder and admiration of her friends.

"It is a marvel how Louisa manages to do it," is the general verdict.

Mrs. Packletide indulges in no more big-game shooting.

"The incidental expenses are so heavy," she confides to inquiring friends.

The Garden of Love

By WILLIAM BLAKE

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briers my joys and desires.

The Queen's Necklace

By ALEXANDER DUMAS

a toi Alex Dumas

The Story So Far:

King Louis XVI. presents his Queen, Marie Antoinette, with a diamond necklace costing one and one-half million francs. He is, however, very well pleased when she refuses the gift, which is sent back to the royal jewelers, Boehmer and Bossange. The King is thus enabled to purchase a new ship of the line, which is named the *Suffren* in honour of Admiral de Suffren, who has just won a great naval victory.

The Admiral's nephew, Comte Olivier de Charny, comes to the court at Versailles, and immediately becomes a favourite of the Queen's. His chief rival is the Chevalier Philippe de Taverney Maison Rouge, whom he replaces in the Queen's affections. As a result, the two young men fight a duel, and de Charny is slightly wounded. This serves to add the Queen's sympathy to her favour for him.

There is a third person ambitious to be rival to both, Prince Louis, Cardinal de Rohan, who has been in disfavour with Marie Antoinette ever since he was Ambassador at the Court of Austria. Now he is anxious to win her support for his purpose of becoming Prime Minister, and he is also seriously in love with her. An adventuress whom he befriends, the Comtesse de La Motte Valois, gains the confidence of the Queen, and learns that she would still very much like to have the famous diamond necklace. At the suggestion of the Comtesse, the Cardinal buys the necklace for the Queen, who refuses to accept it as a gift, but consents to borrow money from him for the first payment. At the same time, she relents from her former rigorous treatment of him, and he is led to expect greater favours than she has any intention of granting.

Unfortunately, when the first payment becomes due, the King refuses to approve an appropriation of five hundred thousand francs for the Queen, since she has not told him what it is for. She therefore turns to the Cardinal again. Unfortunately, Prince Louis has just been asked by the Comte Cagliostro for immediate payment of an old debt which he cannot in honour refuse. He is therefore forced to deny the Queen's request, and she decides to return the necklace once again to the jewelers. For this purpose, she entrusts it to Jeanne, Comtesse de La Motte.

The impoverished Jeanne, however, succumbs to temptation, and determines to keep the necklace herself. She therefore has recourse to a certain Reteau de Villette, a forger, who makes for her a receipt which she gives to the Queen, and a request from the Queen to the jewelers for further credit. She thus gains a month, in which she hopes to compromise both the Cardinal and the Queen enough to buy their silence, and force one of them to pay for the lost necklace.

It is again the Comte Cagliostro who supplies her with the means, though she is unaware of his agency in the matter. He places her in contact with Mademoiselle Oliva, a woman of the town who bears an extraordinarily close resemblance to the Queen. With Oliva's assistance, Jeanne dupes the Cardinal into the amazing supposition that he is actually having an affair with Marie Antoinette. Again she goes to Reteau de Villette, who writes letters to the Cardinal purporting to come from the Queen, and thus she obtains very damaging replies from him. This is quite simple, since she is supposedly acting as the confidante and intermediary for both parties. At the same time, Jeanne arranges that the Cardinal will be seen with Oliva under such circumstances that gossip will accuse the Queen. The Comte Cagliostro intervenes again at the psychological moment, and makes arrangements for Mademoiselle Oliva to run away with her rascally lover, Beausire. Jeanne is thus able only partially to complete her plot, when the Cardinal presents himself before the real Marie Antoinette, and accuses her of becoming suddenly cold to him. Of course, the astounded Queen denounces him to the King, who immediately has him arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille. The circumstances surrounding the purchase of the diamond necklace also begin to come to light, and in view of these new developments seem to confirm the gossip which is being circulated about the Queen and the Cardinal.

While this is going on, the Queen finds herself embroiled in another difficulty. Her favourite maid-of-honour, Andrée de Taverney, Philippe's sister, has retired to a convent because she is in love with the Comte de Charny, and therefore jealous of the Queen. Marie Antoinette, finding that the young man is inclined to overstep the bounds of propriety, orders him to retire to his estates in the country. He falls on his knees before her, begging her to rescind the decree, and protesting his love and loyal devotion. At this unfortunate moment, the King enters the room. Despite the innocence of her relations with Charny, the Queen realizes the seriousness of the suspicion which has arisen in the King's mind. Desperately she racks her brain for a reason which shall plausibly explain the compromising scene upon which the King has come, and, as a prelude to the explanation, she states that her subject has asked a favour she cannot grant.

CHAPTER LXXXI

"Come, Madame, what is this favour which Monsieur de Charny has solicited in vain, and for which he kneels before you? I shall perhaps be more happy than you, Madame, and Monsieur de Charny will not be under the necessity of kneeling before me."

"Sire, I told you that Monsieur de Charny asked something impossible."

"But tell me, at least, what it is."

"What can a man ask on his knees?" the queen asked herself; "what can he beg of me that it is impossible to grant? Let me see! let me see!"

"I am waiting," said the king.

"Sire, it is—what Monsieur de Charny asks is a family secret."

"There are no secrets from the king, the sovereign of his kingdom, and a father interested in the honour and safety of his subjects, who are his children, even," added Louis XVI., with great dignity, "when these unnatural children attack the honour and the safety of their father."

"Monsieur de Charny," cried she, her mind disturbed and her hands trembling, "wished to obtain from me——"

"What, Madame?"

"Permission to marry."

"Really!" cried the king, at first reassured, then relapsing again into his jealous anxiety. "Well, then," he said, without remarking the suffering of the poor woman in uttering these words, or how pale Charny had become on seeing this suffering; "well, why is it impossible for Monsieur de Charny to marry? Is he not a man of good family? Has he not a handsome fortune? Is this woman whom Monsieur de Charny decides to marry a princess of the blood, or is she already married? Tell me her name, and if she be in neither of these two positions, I will remove every difficulty to please you."

The queen, induced by the still increasing danger, urged on by the consequences even of the first falsehood, replied quickly, "No, Monsieur: no; there are difficulties which even you cannot overcome."

"All the more reason that I should know the thing which is impossible to the king," interrupted Louis XVI., with rising anger.

Charny looked at the queen, who seemed about to fall. He would have gone to her, but the king's immobility prevented him. By what right could he, who was nothing to this woman, offer his hand or his assistance to her whom her husband and her king abandoned?

"What power is that?" she asked herself, "against which the king cannot contend? Give me this idea, give me this aid, my God!" Suddenly a gleam of light shot across her mind. "Ah, God himself sends me this aid," she murmured. "Those who belong to God cannot be taken from him even by the king." Then, raising her head, "Monsieur," she said to the king, "the person Monsieur de Charny wishes to marry is in a convent."

"Ah," cried the king, "that is an objection; in fact it is very difficult to take from God that which is his, to give it to man. But it is strange that Monsieur de Charny should have conceived so sudden a passion; no one has ever spoken to me about it, not even his uncle, who can obtain anything he asks of me. What is the name of this woman whom you love, Monsieur de Charny?"

The queen was in agony. She was about to hear a name pronounced by Olivier; she was about to undergo the tortures consequent upon her falsehood. Charny might utter the name of one formerly loved, a still fresh memory of the past; or the name of one whom he was beginning to love, a vague hope of the future. To escape this terrible blow, Marie Antoinette cried out suddenly: "Why, Sire, you know the person whom Monsieur de Charny asks to marry; it is Mademoiselle Andrée de Taverney."

Charny uttered a cry, and hid his face in his hands. The queen placed her hand on her heart, and fell almost fainting upon her chair.

"Mademoiselle de Taverney!" repeated the king, "Mademoiselle de Taverney, who has retired to the convent at Saint Denis?"

"Yes, Sire," the queen said in a weak voice.

"But I do not know that she has yet taken her vows?"

"But she is to take them."

"We will make a condition to that," said the king. "And yet," he aded, with a remnant of mistrust, "why should she take vows?"

"She is poor," said Marie Antoinette; "you have enriched only her father," she added severely.

"That is a wrong I will repair, Madame; Monsieur de Charny loves her——"

The queen shuddered, and darted at the young man an eager look as if imploring him to deny it. Charny looked steadily at Marie Antoinette, and did not reply.

"It is well," said the king, who took this silence for respectful assent; "and doubtless Mademoiselle de Taverney loves Monsieur de Charny? I will give Mademoiselle de Taverney as dowry the five hundred thousand francs which, the other day, I refused to Monsieur de Calonne, who wanted them for you. Thank the queen, Monsieur de Charny, for relating to me this affair and securing the happiness of your life."

Charny took a step forward and bowed, looking like a white statue to which, for a moment, life had been miraculously imparted.

"Oh, that is worth the trouble of getting down on your knees again," said the king, with a touch of that vulgarity which, in him, qualified the traditional nobility of his race.

The queen shuddered, and impulsively extended her hands to the young man. He kneeled down and kissed them, praying to God that in that kiss upon the queen's cold hands he might give up his life.

"Now," said the king, "we will leave to Madame the charge of your affairs. Come, Monsieur, come." He went out first, and so quickly that Charny was able to look back for an instant and see in the eyes of the queen the ineffable grief of an eternal farewell. Then the door was closed between them, a barrier henceforth impassable to innocent love.

The queen remained alone, and in despair. So many blows had assailed her at the same time that she did not know which one had given her the most pain. After having remained an hour in this state of doubt and dejection, she said to herself that it was time to seek a way out of her difficulties. The danger was increasing. The king, proud of a victory he had obtained over appearances, would hasten to spread the report of it. It might happen that this report would be so received outside that the advantage to be gained by the deception would all be lost. That deception, alas! how the queen reproached herself with it; how gladly she would have recalled what she had said; how much she wished to take away, even from Andrée, the chimerical happiness which she would perhaps refuse.

Here was another difficulty. Who could be sure that so proud a person as Mademoiselle de Taverney would consent to sacrifice her liberty, or her future, for the advantage of a queen whom only a few days before she had left in enmity? Then, if Andrée should refuse, and that was probable, all this scaffolding of falsehood would fall. The queen would appear to be an intriguing woman of small intellect, Charny a mere liar, and the calumny would be transformed into an accusation, perhaps, of adultery.

Marie Antoinette felt that her reason was giving way under these reflections; she sank her burning head between her hands and meditated. In whom could she confide? Who was her friend? Madame de Lamballe? Oh, she was pure reason, cold and inflexible reason! She could think of no one but Mademoiselle de Taverney herself, whose invincible steadfastness and perfect purity would enable her to sympathize with the heavy sorrows of a queen. She would go then to Andrée, relate to her her misfortunes, and entreat her to sacrifice herself. Of course, Andrée would refuse, because she was not one of those who allow themselves to be imposed upon; but by degrees, softened by her entreaties, she would consent. Besides, a delay might be obtained. The king, appeased by the apparent consent of the affianced parties, might finally forget. Then a voyage would settle everything, and after a while Charny and Andrée might declare that they had annulled their engagement; thus no one would surmise that the projected marriage had been a feint.

In this way the liberty of Mademoiselle de Taverney would escape being compromised; and Charny would not lose his own. The queen would not suffer from the remorse of having sacrificed the happiness of two beings to save her own honour; and yet that honour, which was also that of her husband and her children, would be transmitted unsullied to the future queen of France.

When she had fortified herself by these arguments and reflections, Marie Antoinette determined on going to Saint Denis.

It was then three o'clock, the hour at which a grand ceremonious dinner had been ordered; then came presentations and the reception of visits. The queen received everybody with a serene countenance, and an affability which did not derogate from her well-known pride. She affected, even with those whom she considered her enemies, a calmness which is not ordinarily shown by guilty persons.

Never had there been so great a crowd at court; never had curiosity more narrowly investigated the features of a queen in peril. Marie Antoinette faced it all, confounded her enemies, and enchanted her friends. Those who were indifferent became zealous, and the zealous enthusiastic. Indeed, she appeared so lovely and so noble that the king publicly offered her his congratulations.

Then, when all this was over, laying aside her smiles, and resuming her painful thoughts, alone, all alone in the world, she changed her costume, put on a gray silk dress, and a gray hat trimmed with ribbons and blue flowers, entered her carriage, and without guards, accompanied only by one lady, she was driven to Saint Denis. She asked to see Mademoiselle Andrée de Taverney in the parlour.

The latter, on her knees, wrapped in her white woolen robe, was watching through her window the moon rising behind the linden-trees, and in the poetry of the early night she found the theme of all the prayers, fervent and passionate, which she addressed to God to receive the anguish of her soul. She was drinking in long draughts of the bitter pain of voluntary absence. This torture is known only to brave souls; it is at once a torture and a pleasure. It resembles in its anguish all ordinary griefs; at the same time it almost amounts to a pleasure, which they alone can feel who know how to sacrifice happiness to pride.

Andrée had left the court of her own free will. Proud as Cleopatra, she could not bear the idea that Monsieur de Charny had thought of another woman, even if that woman were the queen. She had no proof of his burning passion for another; but had she not seen him pass her by indifferently? Had she not suspected the queen of possessing, innocently no doubt, his homage and preference? Of what use, after that, to remain at Versailles? To beg for compliments? To obtain from time to time the offer of an arm, or the help of a hand, when in their walks the queen would lend her the polite attentions of Charny, because she could not just at that moment accept them herself?

No; no cowardly weakness, no such compromise for this heroic soul. Life with love and preference; the cloister with love and wounded pride! "Never! never!" the proud Andrée said to herself; "he whom I love in secret; he who is for me but a cloud, a portrait, a remembrance, he never offends me, he always smiles on me, he smiles only on me."

Her mute contemplations of pure love, the divine ecstasies of the solitary dreamer, constituted a life more suited to the untamable Andrée than the brilliant fêtes at Versailles, where she would be under the necessity of bowing down before rivals, and would be haunted by the fear of divulging the secret shut up in her heart.

While Andrée was in the midst of her meditations, one of the sisters came to tell her that the queen was in the large parlour and wished to see her.

Strange thing! Andrée, whose heart was softened by love, needed no more than this to make her spring forward to meet this perfume wafted to her from Versailles, a perfume she had cursed the evening before, the more precious in proportion as it was remote from her: precious as everything which evaporates, as everything which is forgotten; precious as love. "The queen," she murmured, "the queen at Saint

Denis! The queen calls for me!"

Andrée threw over her shoulders the long mantle worn by nuns, and without pausing for a glance at her mirror, followed the sister who had come for her. But almost immediately she began to be ashamed of the joy she felt. "Why does my heart bound?" she said to herself. "How does it concern me that the queen comes hither? Come, be calm, unworthy nun: thou belongest neither to God nor to the world—try, at least, to belong to thyself."

Thus Andrée reprimanded herself as she descended the stairs. Controlling herself, she banished from her cheeks the fugitive flush of haste, and checked the rapidity of her movements. When she entered the reception-room she was cold and pale. On hearing her name announced, and seeing Marie Antoinette in the chair of the abbess, and around her the most noble heads of the chapter bowed in reverence, Andrée was seized with a sudden agitation, and paused in her approach.

"Ah!" said the queen, half smiling; "come nearer, Mademoiselle; I wish to speak with you."

Andrée approached, and bowed her head.

"You will permit me, Madame?" said the queen, turning toward the superior.

The superior replied with a reverence, and left the salon, followed by the nuns.

The queen remained alone with Andrée.

CHAPTER LXXXII

A Dead Heart

The queen opened the conversation. "You are here then, Mademoiselle," she said, with an expressive smile. "You make a strange impression on me, dressed thus as a nun."

Andrée made no reply.

"To see a former companion," continued the queen, "already lost to the world, in which we others continue to live, is like receiving a warning from the grave. Are you not of my opinion, Mademoiselle?"

"Who, then," replied Andrée, "would venture to give a warning to your Majesty? Even death cannot forewarn the queen."

"How is that?"

"Because, Madame, a queen is appointed, by virtue of her station, to endure in this world only the unavoidable hardships. All that can mitigate hardship, she possesses. All that another has which she can use for her own comfort, she takes from that other."

The queen made a movement of surprise.

"And that is her right," Andrée hastened to add. "Others are, to the queen, only so many subjects, whose property, honour, and life are hers."

"These are doctrines that astonish me," said the queen, speaking slowly. "You make of a sovereign, in this country, a sort of ogress who devours the fortunes and the happiness of the citizens. Am I a woman of that kind, Andrée? Have you then really had occasion to complain of me?"

"Your Majesty had the goodness to ask me that question on the day I left you. I replied then, as I now reply, 'No, Madame.'"

"But sometimes," continued the queen, "one is wounded by an injury which is not personal to one's self. Have I, then, by offending anyone in whom you are interested, deserved the harsh words that you have spoken? Andrée, the retreat which you have chosen is an asylum against all the evil passions of the world. God there teaches us gentleness, patience, forgetfulness of injuries. In coming hither to meet a sister in Jesus Christ, am I to find a forbidding face and bitter words? Must I, coming as a friend, encounter the reproaches, or the veiled hostility, of an irreconcilable enemy?"

Andrée raised her eyes, astounded by that gentleness of the queen, usually so haughty and severe toward her servants. "Her Majesty well knows," she said, "that the Taverneys cannot be enemies to the queen."

"I understand," replied the queen; "you cannot forgive me for my coldness to your brother; and he, perhaps, accuses me of fickleness, even of caprice."

"My brother is too respectful a subject to accuse the queen," said Andrée, maintaining the same unyielding formality.

The queen saw clearly that she would excite suspicion by increasing the dose of honey with which she had sought to pacify this Cerberus. She therefore made a pause. "At any rate," she resumed, "having occasion to come here to speak with Madame, I wished to see you and to assure you that I am always your friend."

Andrée perceived the change in the queen's tone. She feared that she had given offence; and she feared still more that she had exposed her hidden wound to the clairvoyant eye of a woman. "Your Majesty covers me with honour and happiness," she said in a melancholy tone.

"Do not speak so, Andrée," replied the queen, pressing her hand; "you will break my heart. What! cannot a wretched queen have a friend in whom she can confide, and in whose eyes she may look without seeing there self-interest or resentment? Yes, yes, Andrée; direct your envy toward those queens, those mistresses of the fortunes, honour, and lives of all. Oh, yes, they are queens; they possess the gold and the blood of their subjects. But their hearts? Never! never! Hearts cannot be taken; they must be given."

"I assure you, Madame," said Andrée, shaken by the warmth of these words, "that I have loved your Majesty as much as I shall ever love in this world." In saying these words she blushed and inclined her head.

"You—have—loved me!" said the queen; "You love me then no longer?"

"Oh, Madame!"

"I ask nothing of you, Andrée. Accursed be the cloister which so soon extinguishes memory in certain hearts."

"Do not blame my heart," said Andrée, quickly; "it is dead."

"Your heart is dead! You, Andrée, young and beautiful, you say your heart is dead! Ah, do not

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trifle with those funereal words. The heart is not dead in one who still retains that smile, that beauty; do not say that, Andrée."

"I repeat to you, Madame, that nothing at the court, nothing in the world, has now any interest for me. I live here like the grass and the plants; and I have pleasure here which I alone can understand."

"What! you find pleasure in the convent?" exclaimed the queen.

"I adopt with happiness the life of retirement."

"There is nothing, then, which urges you toward the joys of the world?"

"Nothing."

"My God!" thought the queen, "am I not to succeed? I will tempt her; if that fails I will resort to entreaty. Oh, to entreat her to that! to entreat her to accept Monsieur de Charny, great God, what wretchedness!"

THE QUEEN SHUDDERED, but controlling her emotion, she said, "Andrée, you have expressed your contentment in such terms that you have robbed me of a hope which I had entertained."

"What hope, Madame?"

"We will not speak of it, since you are so decided."

"But, Madame, though it be only for your own satisfaction, explain to me—"

"To what purpose? You have retired from the world, have you not?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Willingly?"

"Oh, with all my heart!"

"And you are satisfied with the course you have taken?"

"More than ever."

"You see, then, it is superfluous for me to speak. God is my witness, I thought for a moment that I might make you happy."

"Me?"

"Yes, you, who were ungratefully upbraiding me. But now that you are cherishing other joys, and you know better than I your own tastes, I relinquish—"

"But, Madame, do me the honour to give me some idea."

"Oh, it is very simple; I wished to draw you back to the court."

"Oh!" cried Andrée, with a bitter smile, "I return to court! No, no! Never, Madame!—much as it may cost me to disregard your Majesty's wishes."

The queen was much agitated. Her heart was filled with an indescribable grief. She, the mighty ship, was wrecked upon an atom of granite. "You refuse?" she murmured, and to hide her distress, she covered her face with her hands.

Andrée, thinking her overcome with sorrow, knelt by her, and sought to mitigate the wound she had given to friendship, or to pride. "Come, now, tell me," she said, "what you would have done with me at court, with me, a nobody, without fortune, under a ban, whom everyone avoids because I am not even able—unfortunate that I am—to arouse in women the vulgar anxiety of rivalry, or in men the vulgar sympathy that springs from difference of sex. Ah, Madame, leave the poor nun to her retirement."

"Ah," said the queen, raising her eyes, "the position which I was about to offer you gives a direct contradiction to all the humiliations of which you complain. The marriage in question would have made you one of the first ladies in France."

"A—marriage!" stammered Andrée, stupefied.

"You refuse?" said the queen, more and more discouraged.

"Oh, yes; I refuse, I refuse!"

"Andrée—"

"I refuse, Madame; I refuse."

Marie Antoinette then prepared herself, with an oppressed heart, to begin her entreaties. She arose, and stood undecided, trembling, distracted; but before she could utter the first word of her supplication, Andrée, seizing her robe, under the impression that she was going away, exclaimed—

"At least, Madame, do me the kindness of naming to me the man who would accept me as his companion. I have suffered so many humiliations in my life that the name of that generous man—" she smiled with bitter irony—"will be," she continued, "a balm which I shall henceforth apply to all wounds of my pride."

THE QUEEN hesitated, but she was impelled to go on to the end. "Monsieur de Charny," she said in a dull, indifferent tone.

"Monsieur de Charny!" cried Andrée, with a sudden explosion, "Monsieur Olivier de Charny!"

"Monsieur Olivier, yes," said the queen, looking at the young girl in surprise.

"The nephew of Monsieur de Suffren?" continued Andrée, with glowing cheeks and eyes shining like stars.

"The nephew of Monsieur de Suffren," replied the queen, more and more amazed at the sudden change in Andrée.

"It is to Monsieur Olivier that you wish to marry me?"

"To him."

"And—he consents?"

"He asks for you in marriage."

"Oh, I accept, I accept," cried Andrée, wild with joy. "It is I whom he loves!—I whom he loves as I love him!"

The queen, with a suppressed groan, drew back, pale and trembling. She fell, crushed, into an arm-chair, while the overjoyed Andrée kissed her knees and her robe, covered her hands with tears of delight, and devoured them with burning kisses.

"When shall we set out?" she asked

at length, when she was able to speak.

"Come," murmured the queen, who felt as if her life were departing, and who wished, before dying, to save her honour. She rose, leaning on Andrée, whose ardent kisses sought her icy cheeks.

When Andrée left her to make ready for the departure, the queen exclaimed. "My God! is not this enough of suffering for a single heart? And yet, I thank thee. Thou hast saved my children from disgrace; thou hast given me the right to die wearing the royal mantle."

CHAPTER LXXXIII

THE BARON UNDERSTANDS

WHILE THE QUEEN was deciding the destiny of Mademoiselle de Taverney at Saint Denis, Philippe, whose heart was torn by all that he had discovered, pushed on his preparations for departure. A soldier, accustomed to range over the world, needs no long time to pack his trunks and put on his traveling-cloak; and Philippe had special reason to hasten his departure from Versailles: he would avoid witnessing the threatened dishonour of the queen. When he had completed his preparations, he sent word to Monsieur de Taverney the elder that he wished to speak with him.

The baron had just returned from the palace in a very agreeable state of mind. He had laid in a new supply of scandals and small infamies, and was happy. Instead, therefore, of waiting for Philippe to come to him, he himself on receiving the message went immediately to Philippe's room. He entered without warning, and found the room in that state of disorder which signifies an intended departure.

Philippe expected no outbreak of affectionate regret when his father should be informed of his purpose, nor, on the other hand, did he anticipate complete indifference. But he was greatly astonished on hearing his father cry out joyously, "Ah, very good! he is going away; he is going away!"

Philippe looked at his father in surprise.

"I was sure of it," continued the baron; "I might have predicted it. Well played, Philippe, well played!"

"What do you mean, Monsieur? What is it that is well played?"

The old man winked at Philippe, as a sign to him to dismiss his valet. Philippe obeyed. The baron closed the door on the heels of the retiring valet, and then turning to Philippe, "Admirable!" he said in a low voice, "admirable!"

"You bestow compliments on me, Monsieur," replied Philippe, "without my knowing how I have deserved them."

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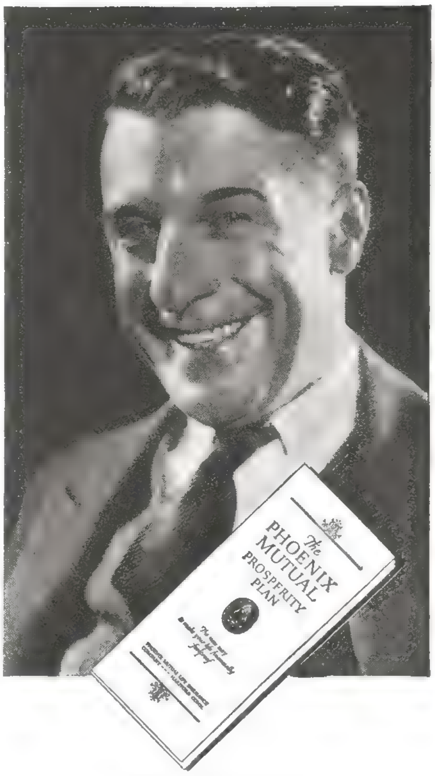
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"Ah! ah! ah!" said the old man, dancing about.

"Unless all this hilarity, Monsieur, is occasioned by my departure, which rids you of my company."

"Oh! oh! oh!" laughed the old baron, on another note. "There, there, don't restrain yourself before me, it is not worth while. You know I am not taken in—Ah! ah! ah!"

Philippe crossed his arms, and wondered if the old man was losing his mind. "Taken in by what?" he asked.

"By your departure, of course. Do you imagine that I believe in your departure?"

"You do not believe in it?"

"Your servant is no longer here; there is no use in being so reserved. Well, I admit that you had no other course to take; you have taken this, very good!"

"Monsieur, you surprise me."

"Yes; it is surprising enough that I should understand this matter. But, Philippe, there is no man living more curious than I am; and when I am curious I investigate. There is no man more fortunate than I in making discoveries; and so I have found out that you are making a pretended departure, and I congratulate you."

"I am pretending?" said Philippe, in bewilderment.

The old man went up to him, touched his breast with his bony fingers, like those of a skeleton, and with a manner more and more confidential said, in a low tone, "On my word of honour, had you not resorted to this expedient I am sure all would have been discovered. You act in season; tomorrow would have been too late."

"Monsieur," said Philippe, in an icy tone, "I protest that I do not understand one word—one single word—of all that you have done me the honour to say to me."

"Where will you hide the horses?" continued the old man. "You have a mare that is easily recognized. Take care she is not seen when you are believed to be in— By the way, to what place do you pretend you are going?"

"I am going to Taverney-Maison-Rouge, Monsieur."

"Good, very good. You pretend to go to Maison-Rouge. No one will go there to inquire. But be prudent; there are many eyes fixed on you both."

"On us both! Who, then?"

"She is impetuous, you know," continued the old man; "she has fits of passion that might ruin everything. Be careful; you must be more reasonable than she—"

"Why," said Philippe, with rising anger, "I really believe that you are seeking to amuse yourself at my expense. That is not kind; nor is it wise for you expose me, sorrowful and irritated as I am, to a failure in my respect toward you."

"Ah, well, respect; I dispense with it. You are old enough to manage your affairs, and you manage them so well that you inspire *me* with respect. Come, give me an address to which I may send you information, if anything should happen."

"To Taverney, Monsieur," said Philippe, thinking that the old man was coming to his senses.

"Eh! to Taverney, eighty leagues. Do you imagine that when I may have urgent advice to give you, I shall amuse myself with killing couriers on the road to Taverney, for the sake of appearances? Come, now; I don't ask you to give your address at your house in the park; my messengers might be followed, or my livery recognized; give me another address at a distance that may be covered in a quarter of an hour. What the devil! you have imagination. A man who does for his love affairs what you have done for yours is a man of resources."

"A 'house in the park,' 'love affairs,' 'imagination'! Monsieur, we are playing at enigmas, and you keep the key to yourself."

"Your reserve becomes offensive," said the father, angrily. "One would think you are afraid of being betrayed by me!"

"Monsieur!" said Philippe, exasperated.

"Very well; very well! Keep your secrets to yourself; keep the secret of the huntsman's lodge that you have hired."

"I — have hired the huntsman's lodge?"

"Keep the secret of your walks at night between two adorable friends."

"I—I have taken walks?" murmured Philippe, turning pale.

"Keep the secret of those kisses dropped like honey beneath the flowers and the dew."

"Monsieur!" roared Philippe, mad with jealousy, "will you be silent?"

"It is good, I say again; all that you have done. I have known. Had you any suspicion that I knew it? *Mordieu!* that should inspire you with confidence. Your intimacy with the queen, your prosperous adventures, your excursions to Apollo's Baths, great God! these are life and fortune to us all. Have no more fear of me, Philippe; confide in me."

"Monsieur, you fill me with horror!" cried Philippe, covering his face with his hands.

It was really horror which the unhappy Philippe felt toward the man who attributed to him all the happiness of another, and who, intending to congratulate him, scourged him with the successes of his rival.

All that the father had learned and guessed, all that common rumour had ascribed to Monsieur de Rohan or the Comte de Charny, he had placed to the account of his son. According to his understanding of the matter, it was Philippe whom the queen loved, and by degrees was secretly lifting to the heights of favouritism.

When Philippe had discovered this new slough of infamy he shuddered, as he saw himself plunged into it by the one person who should have made a stand with him for honour. But the blow had been so violent that he remained stunned and silent, while the baron went on chattering with more energy than ever.

"See," said he, "you have achieved a master-stroke of art; you have thrown everyone off the scent. This afternoon fifty eyes have said to me, 'It is Rohan.' A hundred have said to me, 'It is Charny.' Two hundred have said to me, 'It is Rohan and Charny.' Not one, mark you, not one said, 'It is Taverney.' I repeat, you have achieved a masterpiece, and the least I can do is to offer you my congratulations. It is a connection that honours you both, my dear fellow; her, because she has taken you; you, because you have a hold on her."

AT THE MOMENT when Philippe, now rendered furious, flashed lightning glances at the pitiless old man—glances portending a storm—the noise of a carriage was heard in the court-yard, and presently the valet was hear exclaiming, "Mademoiselle! it is Mademoiselle!" And several voices repeated, "Mademoiselle!"

"What! Mademoiselle?" said Taverney. "Who can it be?"

"It is my sister!" murmured Philippe, at the window, seized with astonishment on recognizing Andrée as she alighted from a carriage.

"Your sister!" repeated the old man. "Andrée? Is it possible?"

The valet came, and informed Philippe that Andrée was in the boudoir adjoining the grand salon, and wished to see him.

"Let us go to her," cried the baron.

"It is to me that she wishes to speak," said Philippe, bowing to the old man; "I will go first, if you please."

At that moment a second carriage rolled noisily into the court-yard.

"What the devil!" said the baron; "still another? This is an evening of adventures."

"Monsieur le Comte Olivier de Charny!" cried the guard to the footmen.

"Conduct Monsieur le Comte to the salon," said Philippe; "Monsieur le Baron will receive him. I am going to the boudoir to speak with my sister."

The two men slowly descended the stairs.

"For what does the count come here?" Philippe asked himself.

"For what has Andrée come here?" the baron asked himself.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

THE FATHER AND THE DAUGHTER

THE SALON of the hôtel was situated in the front part of the ground floor. On its left was the boudoir, with a door opening upon the staircase leading to Andrée's apartment. To the right was another smaller salon, through which one must pass in order to enter the large salon.

Philippe went straight to the boudoir where his sister was waiting for him. As soon as he had opened the door Andrée rushed to met him, throwing her arms about his neck with a joyful air, to which this sad lover, this unhappy brother, had been for a long time unaccustomed.

"Good Heavens! what can have happened?" asked the young man.

"Something happy! oh, yes, something very happy, brother!"

"And you have come here to tell me of it?"

"I shall never go back!" cried Andrée, in a transport of joy.

"Speak lower, little sister," said Philippe; "the wainscoting of this house is not accustomed to joyful sounds; and more than that, there is in the little room next us a person who will hear you."

"A person," said Andrée, "who can it be?"

"Listen," replied Philippe.

"Monsieur le Comte de Charny!" said the valet, announcing Olivier as he passed from the small parlour into the salon.

"He! he!" cried Andrée, redoubling her caresses to her brother. "Oh, I know what he has come for!"

"You know it?"

"Yes, I know it, so well that I perceive the disordered state of my dress; and as I foresee the moment when I shall myself enter that salon to hear with my own ears what Monsieur de Charny has to say—"

"Do you speak seriously, my dear Andrée?"

"Listen, listen, Philippe! and then let me go up to my own room. The queen has brought me back somewhat hastily; I am about to exchange my convent-robe for the attire—of a betrothed." And when she had spoken this word to Philippe in a very low tone, and accompanied it with a joyous kiss, Andrée, buoyant with happiness, ran up the stairs to her apartment.

Philippe remained alone, and putting his ear to the door communicating with the salon, listened. Monsieur de Charny was already there. The Baron de Taverney, in his turn, came into the room, and advanced to salute the count with studied politeness.

"To what," he said, "do I owe the honor of this unexpected visit, Monsieur le Comte? At all events, I beg you to

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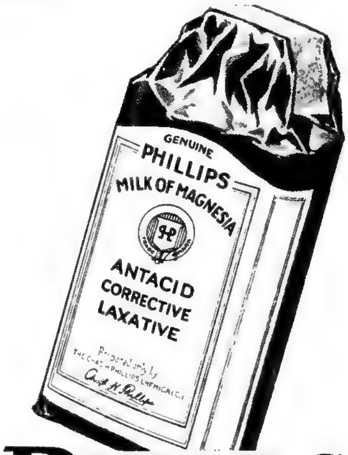

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believe that it overwhelms me with joy."

"I have come, Monsieur, ceremoniously, as you see, and I beg you will excuse me for not bringing with me my uncle, Monsieur de Suffren, as I ought to have done."

"What!" stammered the baron; "but I excuse you, my dear Monsieur de Charny."

"It would have been more consistent with propriety, I know, considering the request I am about to make."

"A request?" said the baron.

"I have the honour," said Charny, in a voice full of emotion, "to ask of you the hand of Mademoiselle Andrée in marriage?"

"My daughter!" murmured the baron; "you ask of me Andrée in marriage?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Baron; unless Mademoiselle de Taverney should feel some repugnance to this union."

"How is this?" thought the old man. "Can the favour of Philippe have already become so marked that one of his rivals hopes, by marrying his sister, to profit by it? Upon my word, not so badly played, Monsieur de Charny!" Then aloud, with a smile, "This suit is so honourable for our house, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "that I accept it with pleasure, as far as I am concerned; and as I desire that you should bear with you a full consent, I will go to call my daughter."

"Monsieur," interrupted the count, coldly, "that would be unnecessary trouble. The queen has been kind enough to consult Mademoiselle de Taverney on this subject, and your daughter's reply was favourable to me."

"Ah!" said the baron, more and more astounded, "it is the queen—"

"Who has taken the trouble to go to Saint Denis; yes, Monsieur."

The baron rose. "There only remains for me, then, to inform you as to the condition of Mademoiselle de Taverney's pecuniary affairs. I have upstairs the deeds of her mother's property. You do not marry a rich girl, Monsieur le Comte; and before deciding anything—"

"There is no need of it, Monsieur le Baron," said Charny, dryly. "I am rich enough for both; and Mademoiselle de Taverney is not the sort of woman to be bargained for. But it is indispensable that I should make some statement of my own affairs."

He had just finished these words when the door of the boudoir opened, and Philippe appeared, pale and agitated, one hand in the breast of his coat, and the other convulsively clenched.

Charny bowed ceremoniously, and Philippe responded in the same manner.

"Monsieur," said Philippe, "my father was quite right to propose to inform you as to the pecuniary condition of the family; we both of us have explanations to make. While Monsieur le Baron goes to find the papers of which he speaks, I shall have the honour of considering the question with you more in detail"; and Philippe, with a look of authority not to be disregarded, dismissed the baron, who went out ill at ease, fearing that something was about to happen which would prevent this marriage.

PHILIPPE accompanied the baron to the door of the little parlour, in order to be sure that this room was empty. Then returning, "Monsieur de Charny," he said, crossing his arms as he stood before the count, "how is it that you dare to ask my sister in marriage? Is it in order better to conceal your love for that woman whom you pursue, with that woman whom you love? Is it because if you were married it perhaps would not be said so freely that you had a mistress?"

"Indeed, Monsieur," said Charny, staggering.

"Is it," added Philippe, "that having become the husband of a woman who would be always about your mistress, you would have greater facilities for seeing this adored mistress?"

"Monsieur, you are going beyond all bounds."

"It is, perhaps, and I think this more apt to be the case," continued Philippe, drawing nearer to Charny, "you think, doubtless, that having become your brother-in-law I should not disclose what I know of your past love."

"What you know?" cried Charny, terrified. "Take care! take care!"

"Yes," said Philippe, becoming excited; "your renting the wolf-hunter's lodge, your mysterious walks in the park of Versailles in the night, your pressing of hands, your sighs, and especially that tender interchange of glances at the small gate of the park—"

"Monsieur, in the name of Heaven! —Monsieur, say that you know nothing of all this!"

"I know nothing!" cried Philippe, with bitter irony. "How know nothing? —I who was concealed in the shrubbery behind Apollo's Baths when you came out with the queen on your arm!"

Charny started back two paces like a man who had received his death-blow. Philippe looked at him in stern silence. He let him suffer; he let him expiate by this momentary torture the hours of ineffable delight with which he had just reproached him.

Charny recovered his self-control. "Well, Monsieur," he said to Philippe, "even after what you have said, I ask of you the hand of Mademoiselle de Taverney. If I were only a mean calculator, as you accused me of being only a moment ago, if I were about to marry for my own sake, I should be so miserable that I should be afraid of a man who possesses my secret and that of the queen. But the queen must be saved, Monsieur!"

"And in what manner is the queen lost? Because Monsieur de Taverney saw her press the arm of Monsieur de Charny and raise to heaven her eyes moist with happiness? Is the queen lost because I know that she loves you? Oh, that is no reason for sacrificing my sister, Monsieur; and I will not allow her to be sacrificed."

"Monsieur," replied Olivier, "shall I tell you why the queen is lost if this marriage does not take place? It is because this very morning, while Monsieur de Rohan was being arrested, the king surprised me on my knees before the queen."

"My God!"

"And the queen, questioned by the jealous king, replied that I was kneeling to ask of her the hand of your sister. That is the reason, Monsieur, why the queen will be lost if I do not marry your sister. Do you understand now?"

A two-fold noise cut short Olivier's sentence, a shriek and a sigh. The one came from the boudoir, and the other from the little parlour. Olivier ran to the room from which the sigh had come; he saw Andrée de Taverney dressed in white like a bride. She had heard all, and had fainted. Philippe ran to the little parlour from which the cry had issued. He there saw the body of the Baron de Taverney, whose hopes this revelation of the queen's love for Charny had completely crushed. The baron, struck with apoplexy, had breathed his last; and the prediction of Cagliostro was fulfilled.

Philippe, who comprehended everything, even the disgrace of this death, silently left the dead body, and returned to the salon where Charny was contemplating, trembling, and without daring to touch it, this beautiful girl, now cold and inanimate.

Philippe, with swelling heart, his eyes wet with tears, had the courage to resume the conversation by saying to Monsieur de Charny, "Monsieur le Baron de Taverney has just died. I am now the head of my family. If Mademoiselle de Taverney survives, I will give her to you in marriage."

CHARNY LOOKED at the baron's dead body with horror, at the form of Andrée in despair. Philippe tore his hair with his hands, and uttered to Heaven a cry which might move the heart of God upon his eternal throne.

"Comte de Charny," he said, after having quieted the tempest within him, "I make this engagement for my sister, who does not hear me. She will sacrifice her happiness for the queen, and I may some time be happy enough to give my life for her. Adieu, Monsieur de Charny; adieu, my brother-in-law," and bowing to Olivier, who could not leave the room without passing near one of

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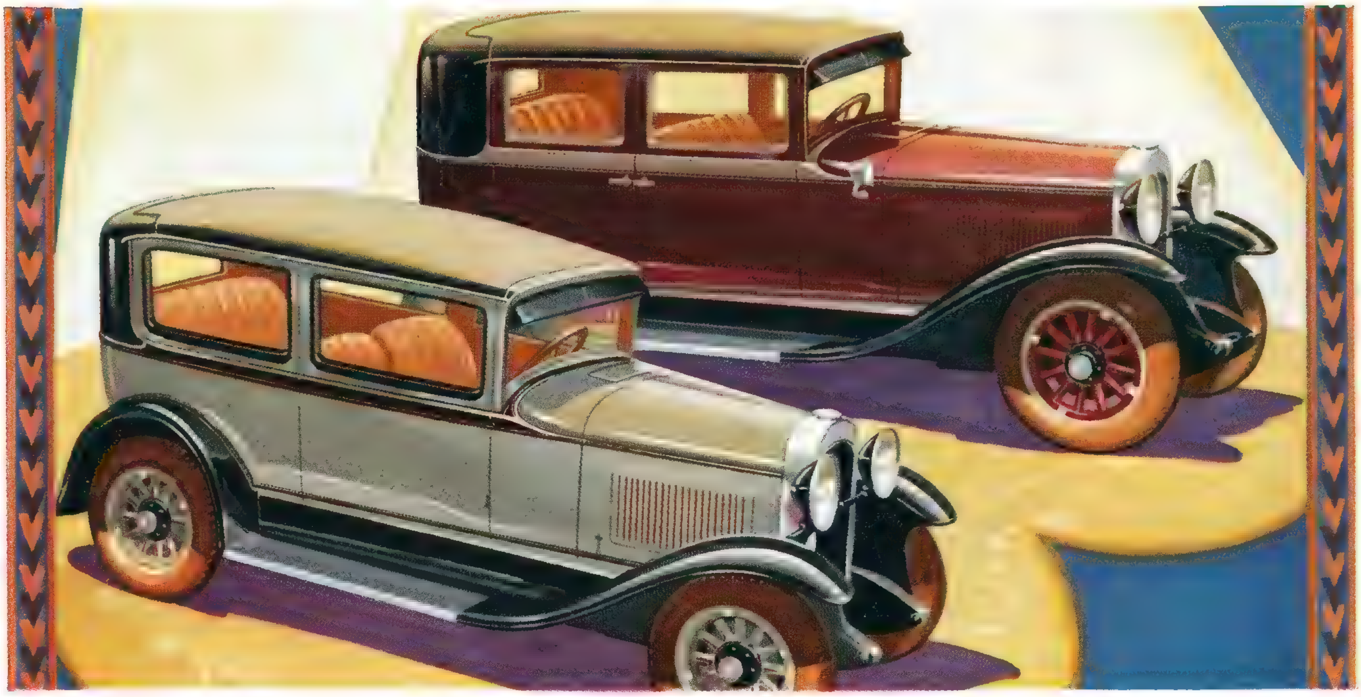

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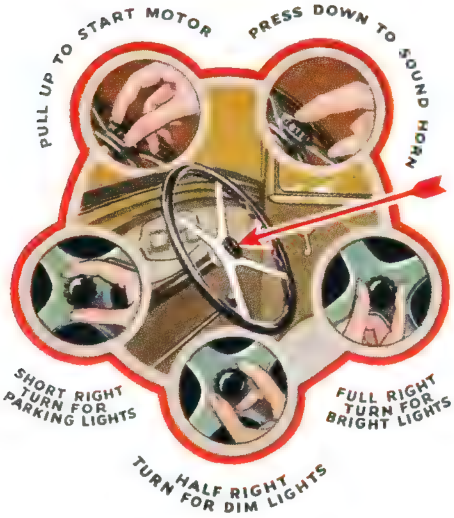
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CHAPTER LXXXV

AFTER THE DRAGON, THE VIPER

It is now time to return to those personages of our history whom necessity and intrigue as well as historical truth have forced into the background.

Oliva was getting ready for flight according to Jeanne's advice, when Beausire, informed by an anonymous letter, Beausire, panting with impatience to see Nicole once more, found himself conducted right into her arms. He carried her away from Cagliostro's house while Monsieur Reteau de Villette was waiting in vain at the end of the Rue du Roi-Doré.

In order to find the happy lovers whom Monsieur de Crosne had so much interest in discovering, Madame de La Motte, who felt sure that she had been duped, set every person on whom she could rely to search the country for them. It may be easily imagined that she would prefer watching over her secret herself to leaving it to the care of others, and for the success of the plan she had in hand it was indispensable that Nicole should not be forthcoming. It is impossible to depict her suffering as each of her emissaries returned with a report that their search was unavailing. At this time, also, she was receiving, in her hiding-place, order after order to appear before the queen to answer for her conduct with regard to the necklace. One night, closely veiled, she set out for Bar-sur-Aube, where she had a small house; and having arrived there by cross-roads and without being recognized, she took time to examine her position in its true light. She thus gained two or three days in which to commune with herself. Two days of such solitude would be sufficient to this profound soul for the struggle through which she must pass before so mastering body and mind that her conscience, being discharged from service, would not return, and that her blood might not mount to her face to betray shame or surprise.

The king and queen, who had instituted a search for her, were not informed of her having established herself at Bar-sur-Aube until she had already prepared herself for war. They sent a messenger to bring her back to Versailles.

At about the same time Jeanne heard of the cardinal's imprisonment.* "The queen has burned her ships," she coldly meditated. "It is impossible for her to revoke what she has done. In refusing to come to an understanding with the cardinal and pay the jewelers, she is playing double or quits. That proves that she is acting without reference to me, and that she has no suspicion of the forces at my command."

While Jeanne was contemplating thus her defensive armour, a messenger suddenly presented himself before her and announced that he was charged *to return her to the court.*

The messenger proposed to take Jeanne directly to the king; but she, with her usual cunning, said to him, "Monsieur, you love the queen, do you not?"

"Can you doubt it, Madame la Comtesse?"

"Well, then, in the name of that loyal love, and of the respect you cherish for the queen, I adjure you to conduct me first to her."

The officer objected.

"You must know," said Jeanne, "even better than I, what is in question; and therefore you must know that it is necessary for the queen to have a secret interview with me."

The messenger, acquainted with the calumnious rumors that filled the air of Versailles, concluded that he would really render a service to the queen by taking Madame de La Motte to her at once.

Imagine the haughtiness and pride of the queen on seeing in her presence that demon whom as yet she did not know, but whose treacherous influence in her affairs she suspected. Imagine Marie Antoinette, inconsolably widowed in her love, blighted by the breath of scandal; Marie Antoinette, crushed by the insult of an accusation which she could not refute, imagine her, after so many sufferings preparing to put her foot on the head of the serpent which had bitten her.

Supreme disdain, anger unrestrained, the hatred of woman for woman, the sense of an incomparable superiority in position, such were the weapons of one of the adversaries. The queen began by calling in two of her women as witnesses.

Cast-down eyes, closed lips, a reverence slow and solemn, a heart full of mysteries, a mind full of ideas, despair her impelling power, such was the second champion.

Madame de La Motte, on seeing the two witnesses, said to herself, "Good! here are two witnesses who will very soon be dismissed."

"Ah, here you are at last, Madame!" cried the queen. "You have been found at last!"

Jeanne bowed a second time.

"You were in hiding, then?" said the queen, impatiently.

"I in hiding! No, Madame," in a soft and slightly tremulous voice, as if she were oppressed by the royal presence; "had I been in hiding I should not have been found."

"You had fled, however, call it as you please."

"That is to say, I left Paris—yes, Madame."

"Without my permission?"

"I did not think my presence so necessary to your Majesty that I must give you notice of a week's absence."

"Eh! you are right, Madame. Do you, then, hold any office at court?"

There was too much contempt in these last words. "Madame," she replied, with humility, "I hold no office at court, it is true; but your Majesty honoured me with a confidence so precious to me that I held myself more bound to you by gratitude than others are by official duty."

Jeanne had found that word "confidence" after a search for the fitting word, and laid much stress upon it.

"That 'confidence,'" said the queen with a contempt more crushing than before, "we shall give its place in the account. Have you seen the king?"

"No, Madame."

"You will see him."

Jeanne bowed. "That will be a great honour for me," she said.

The queen for a moment sought to calm herself that she might enter properly upon the examination. Jeanne took advantage of the pause to exclaim, "But, *mon Dieu!* Madame, how harsh your Majesty is toward me! I tremble all over."

"You have not reached the end," said the queen, abruptly. "Do you know that Monsieur de Rohan is in the Bastille?"

"I have been told so, Madame."

"You of course know the cause of his imprisonment?"

Jeanne looked steadily at the queen, and turning toward the two women, whose presence seemed to annoy her, replied, "I do not know, Madame."

"You know, however, that you have spoken to me of a necklace, do you not?"

"A diamond necklace—yes, Madame."

"And that in the name of the cardinal you proposed an arrangement for the purchase of that necklace?"

"That is true, Madame."

"Did I accept or refuse that arrangement?"

"Your Majesty refused."

"Ah!" said the queen, with satisfaction, and also with surprise.

"Your Majesty even gave two hundred thousand francs on account," added Jeanne.

"Well—afterward?"

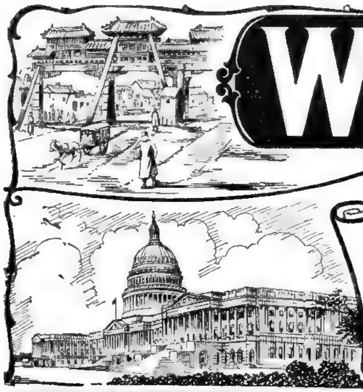
"Your Majesty, not being able to pay, sent back the diamonds to the jewelers."

"By whom did I send them?"

"By me."

"And you, what did you do with them?"

"I," said Jeanne, deliberately, and conscious of the weight of the words she was about to speak, "I gave them to Monsieur le Cardinal."



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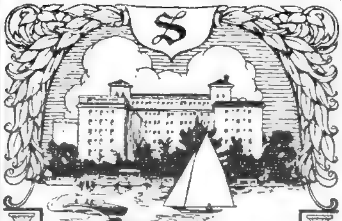

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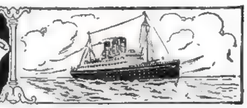

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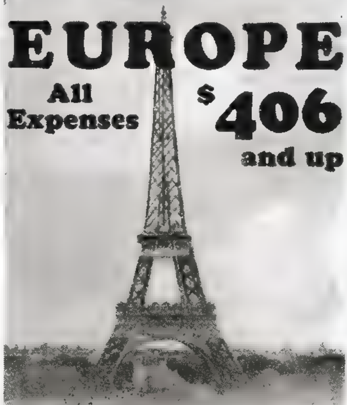

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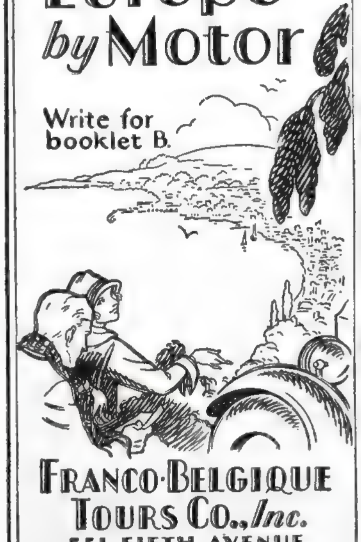

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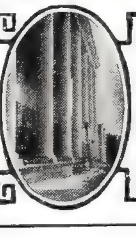

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"Because, Madame, Monsieur de Rohan being interested in the affair, to give pleasure to your Majesty, I should have wounded him had I not given him the opportunity to bring it to a proper conclusion."

"How then did you obtain from the jewelers a receipt for the necklace?"

"Monsieur de Rohan gave me that receipt."

"And that letter which it is said you gave the jewelers as coming from me?"

"Monsieur de Rohan begged me to deliver it."

"It is then Monsieur de Rohan who is at the bottom of this affair?"

"I do not understand your Majesty," said Jeanne, assuming a vacant air.

"That receipt from the jewelers is a forgery!"

"A forgery!" innocently exclaimed Jeanne. "Oh, Madame!"

"The pretended letter of acceptance, signed, it is said, by me, is a forgery!"

"Oh!" cried Jeanne, apparently more astonished than before.

"You will have to be confronted with the Cardinal de Rohan, that the affair may be cleared up."

"Confronted! Why, Madame, what need is there for my being confronted with the cardinal?"

"He himself demands it."

"He?"

"He has sought you everywhere."

"But, Madame, it is impossible."

"He wished to prove to you, he said, that you had deceived him."

"Oh, then, Madame, I demand to be confronted with him."

"You will be, Madame, you may rest assured. So then you deny knowing where the necklace is?"

"How should I know?"

"You deny having aided Monsieur le Cardinal in certain intrigues?"

"Your Majesty has every right to disgrace me, but none to insult me. I am a Valois, Madame."

"The cardinal has maintained, in the king's presence, calumnies which he expects to support by serious proof."

"I do not understand."

"The cardinal declares that he has written to me."

Jeanne looked steadily at the queen, and made no reply.

"Do you hear me?" asked the queen.

"I hear, yes, your Majesty."

"And what do you reply?"

"I will reply when I am confronted with Monsieur le Cardinal."

"Meanwhile, if you know the truth, give us your assistance."

"The truth, Madame, is that your Majesty blames me without cause, and is severe toward me without reason."

"That is not an answer."

"I shall, however, make no other here, Madame," and Jeanne looked again toward the two women.

The queen understood, but did not yield. Her curiosity could not prevail over her self-respect. The whole attitude of Jeanne seemed to indicate that she was in possession of an important secret. Perhaps by gentleness the queen might win from her that secret; but she rejected that method as unworthy of her.

"Monsieur de Rohan has been sent to the Bastille," said Marie Antoinette, "for saying too much; beware, Madame, of incurring the same fate through saying too little."

Jeanne dug into her hands with her nails, but she smiled. "To a pure conscience," she said, "what matters persecution? Will the Bastille convict me of a crime that I have not committed?"

The queen looked at Jeanne angrily. "Will you speak?" she asked.

"I have nothing to say, Madame, except to you."

"To me? Very well, is it not to me that you are now speaking?"

"Not to you alone."

"Ah, that is it!" cried the queen. "You wish for secrecy, for closed doors. You fear the scandal of a public avowal, after inflicting on me the scandal of public suspicion."

Jeanne drew herself up. "Let us say no more about it," she said. "I was proposing to render you a service."

"What insolence!"

"I submit respectfully to the wrongs inflicted by my queen," said Jeanne, without changing colour.

"You will sleep in the Bastille tonight, Madame de La Motte."

"Be it so, Madame. But before going to bed I shall, as usual, pray that God will preserve to your Majesty, honour and happiness."

The queen, rising in great anger, went into the adjoining chamber, and violently slammed the door. "After overcoming the dragon," said she, "I shall certainly crush the viper."

"I know her game by heart," thought Jeanne. "I think that I have won."

CHAPTER LXXXVI

THE PURSUER OVERTAKEN

MADAME DE LA MOTTE was imprisoned, as the queen had wished. Nothing could be more agreeable to the king, who instinctively hated the woman.

Meantime the Cardinal de Rohan was living at the Bastille as a nobleman might have lived in a hired house. Everything was granted him on demand, except liberty.

The law-proceedings were at first of a trivial character, considering the rank of the persons accused. There was great astonishment that a Rohan should be charged with theft, and for that reason the governor of the Bastille and all the officers showed great deference and respect to the cardinal as to a person who was unfortunate. To them he was not a person accused, but a man who had fallen out of favour; and when it was rumoured that he was a victim to the intrigues of the court, public sympathy rose to public enthusiasm. And Monsieur de Rohan, one of the chief nobles of the kingdom, did not understand that the love of the people was bestowed on him only for the reason that he was persecuted by those more noble than he. The last victim of despotism, he was in fact one of the earliest revolutionists in France.

SINCE THE DAY of his incarceration the cardinal had persistently demanded to be confronted with Madame de La Motte, and at length he obtained that satisfaction. His interview was marked by a noticeable incident. The countess, who was permitted to speak low whenever she spoke of the queen, at last succeeded in saying to the cardinal, "Send everyone away, and I will give you the information you want."

Then Monsieur de Rohan expressed a desire to be left alone with the countess; but this was refused. His counsel, however, was permitted to have an interview with her. In this interview Jeanne denied all knowledge as to what had become of the necklace, and broadly intimated that it should have been given to her. And when the counsel cried out, astounded by this audacity, she asked him if the service she had rendered to the queen and the cardinal was not worth a million.

The advocate repeated this to the cardinal, who turned pale and bowed his head; he saw that he had fallen into a trap. But while he was thinking that he must stifle the affair before it should bring ruin to the queen, it was represented to him that his honour was at stake; accused as he was of theft he must push the matter to a verdict, that his innocence might be established. But to prove his innocence it would be necessary to prove his relations with the queen, that is to say, her criminality.

When this consideration was presented to Jeanne she replied that she was not disposed to accuse either the queen or the cardinal, but if they persisted in making her responsible for the necklace she might be obliged to show that the queen and the cardinal had a secret reason for charging her with falsehood.

When these words were reported to the cardinal he expressed his scorn for her who could thus speak of sacrificing him. He added that up to a certain point he could understand Jeanne's conduct, but the queen's he could not understand at all.

The queen, in her turn, was informed of what the cardinal had said, and became very angry. She directed a private examination to be made as to the mysterious phases of the affair. The great grievance of the nocturnal interviews then came out, and was enlarged upon by scandal-mongers. Then the queen found herself in danger. Jeanne, when in presence of those who represented the queen, declared that she understood nothing of what was said to her; but with those who represented the cardinal she was less discreet, and frequently reiterated, "If they do not leave me in peace I will speak out."

This delicate reserve, this modesty, so complicated the situation that no examining judge dared to prosecute the inquiry.

Had the cardinal been less firm, more ready to speak? Had he to some friend avowed his love-secret? We ought not to think so, for the prince was a noble-hearted and devoted man. But whether he had spoken or not, a rumour that he had been at Apollo's Baths with the queen, at midnight, was spread around. The question was not now, "Did the queen steal the diamonds?"—a question sufficiently dishonouring—but, "Has the queen permitted the necklace to be stolen by some one who had penetrated the secret of her adulterous love?"

Thus Madame de La Motte had succeeded in averting the difficulty. Thus the queen found herself forced into a path which could lead only to dishonour. She was not cast down; she resolved to fight. The king supported her resolution; the ministry also sustained her with all their resources.

FROM THIS TIME all the enginery of the prosecution was directed against Jeanne, and a diligent search was made for the necklace. The queen, by accepting the issue as presented, threw back upon Jeanne the crushing charge of robbery.

Jeanne perceived that she had taken a false course, and that the queen, in submitting to the accusation of infidelity and withstanding public opinion, engaged the cardinal to imitate her. She was sure that these two loyal souls would at last come to an understanding, and would fathom the mystery. Even if they should fall, they would in their fall crush beneath them the little Valois, princess of a stolen million, who had no money at hand to bribe the judges.

While affairs were in this state an incident occurred which changed their complexion.

Monsieur de Beausire and Mademoiselle Oliva were living prosperously and happily in the country, when one day Beausire, who had left Oliva at home while he went hunting, fell into company with two of the detectives whom Monsieur de Crosne had scattered over all France in search for the key to this intrigue.

The two lovers knew nothing of what was happening at Paris; they were thinking only of themselves. Beausire on that day had started out to chase the hare. He started a covey of partridges, which drew him out of his course. And thus in looking for that of which he was not in search, he found what he did not wish to find. The detectives too were searching for Oliva, and found Beausire. Such are the usual caprices of the chase.

One of these detectives was a person of intelligence. When he was sure of his man, instead of making the arrest then and there, he said to his companion, "Beausire hunts; he is therefore free and prosperous. He perhaps has five or six louis in his pocket, and two or three hundred at home. Let us, therefore, arrest him at home, and make him pay a ransom."

Thereupon they followed Beausire wherever he went, and joined in his sport with ostentatious eagerness.

Beausire, observing them, was at first astonished, then angry. But being still reluctant to make new acquaintances, he sent his gamekeeper to question them. The strangers replied that they were shooting with their friend, the gentleman yonder, pointing to Beausire. The gamekeeper therefore conducted them to him.

"Monsieur de Linville," said the gamekeeper, "these gentlemen say that they are shooting with you."

"With me!" cried Beausire, angrily. "Ah, indeed!"

"So, then," said one of the detectives, in a low tone, "you are Monsieur de Linville, my dear Beausire?"

Beausire was startled; he had so carefully concealed his name. He looked at the men with a frightened air, and dismissed the gamekeeper.

"You know them, then?" said the latter.

"Yes; we have recognized one another," replied one of the detectives.

Beausire was then left alone with the strangers, very uncertain how he could speak to them without compromising himself.

"Ask us to breakfast, Beausire," said the more adroit detective, "at your house."

"At my house! but—" cried Beausire.

"You will not be so impolite to us, Beausire!"

Beausire lost his self-possession, and led them, or rather was led by them, to his house. The detectives, as soon as they saw the house, began to praise its beauty, its situation, and the fine view it commanded. "How well," said one of them, "a man might hide himself here!"

Beausire shuddered at this pleasantry, and led the way into his court-yard, welcomed by the barking of his dogs. The detectives followed him, with every observance of ceremony.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

THE TURTLE-DOVES ARE CAGED

BEAUSIRE had his reasons for entering by the court-yard gate; he wished to make noise enough to put Oliva on her guard. Beausire, although knowing nothing of the affair of the necklace, knew enough about the Opera-ball and Mesmer's vat to dread Oliva's being seen by strangers. He acted wisely; for the young woman, hearing the dogs bark, looked down into the court, and saw that Beausire was accompanied by two men; therefore she did not go down to meet him as usual. Unfortunately, it being necessary to order breakfast, an awkward servant asked two or three times if he should get directions from Madame. This word attracted the attention of the two bloodhounds. They rallied Beausire very pleasantly upon this concealed lady. Beausire allowed them to jest, but did not allow them to see Oliva.

A substantial repast was served, to which the two agents of Monsieur de Crosne did honour. They drank a great deal, and frequently to the health of the absent lady. The police agents thinking it inhuman to prolong the suspense of their host, adroitly led the conversation to the subject of the pleasure of meeting old acquaintances. Beausire asked in what place and under what circumstances he could have met them before.

"We were," said one of them, "the friends of one of your associates in a little affair you entered into in company with several others, the affair of the embassy of Portugal."

Beausire turned pale. "Ah, certainly," he said, trembling with embarrassment, "and you come in behalf of your friend?"

"That is a good idea," one of the men said to the other; "to demand restitution in the name of an absent friend is a moral action."

"My dear Monsieur Beausire, it would be agreeable to us if you would return to one of us that friend's share, about ten thousand francs, I believe."

"At the very least; for we will say nothing of interest," said the positive companion.

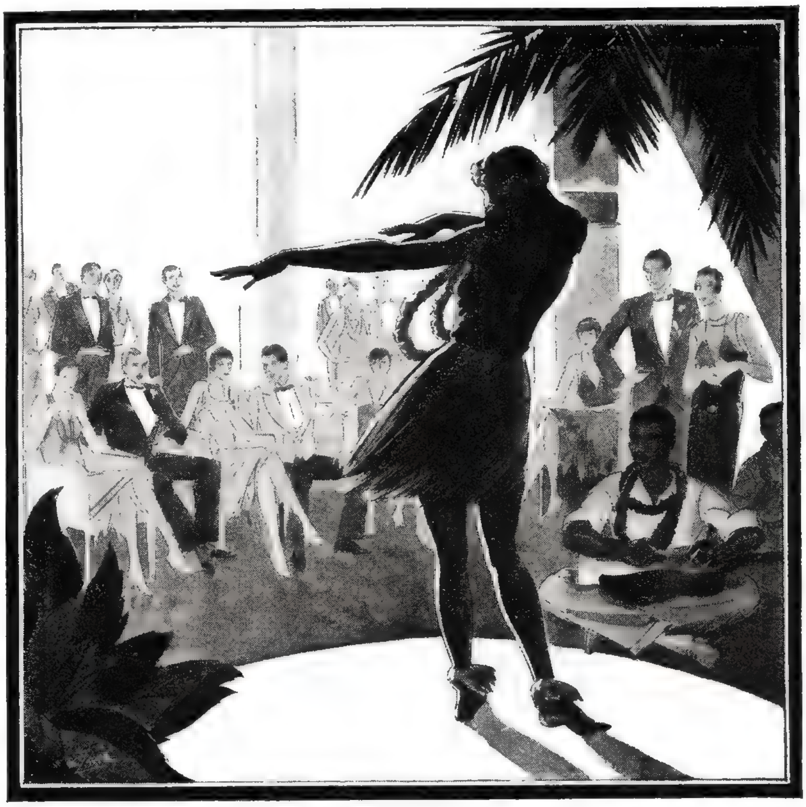
"Gentlemen," replied Beausire, "a man does not keep ten thousand francs in his house in the country."

"We understand that, dear Monsieur; and we do not ask the impossible. How much could you give us at once?"

"I have fifty or sixty louis, no more."

"We will take those to begin with, and thank you for your courtesy."

"Ah," thought Beausire, charmed at their easy way of arranging matters, "they are easily satisfied! Are they, perchance, as much afraid of me as I am of them? Let us try"; and he began to reflect that these gentlemen, were



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*Name*____________________ *Address*____________________ they to cry out very loudly, would only the more clearly acknowledge themselves his accomplices, which with the provincial authorities would be a bad recommendation. Beausire concluded that these men would declare themselves perfectly satisfied, and would preserve an absolute silence. He even went so far as to repent not having offered them thirty louis instead of sixty; he meant to get rid of them, however, as soon as he had paid them that amount.

But he reckoned without his guests; they were too comfortable under his roof, and were enjoying that blissful content arising from a good digestion.

"Beausire is a charming friend," said the positive to his friend. "The sixty louis he has given us are pleasant to take."

"I will give them to you immediately," cried the host, alarmed to see his guests breaking out into somewhat bacchanalian familiarity.

"There is no hurry," said the two friends.

"Yes, yes; I shall not have a free conscience until I have paid you. One either has delicate feelings, or he has not," and he was about to leave them to get the money.

A GOOD sheriff's officer, having once caught his victim, never lets him escape from his grasp or his sight. Therefore both the men, with admirable accord, began to cry out, "Monsieur Beausire! my dear Beausire!" and they seized him by the skirt of his green shooting-jacket.

"What is the matter?" asked Beausire.

"Do not leave us, for mercy's sake!" they said, forcing him to sit down again.

"But how can I give you the money if you do not let me go upstairs for it?"

"We will go with you," replied the positive, with alarming tenderness.

"But it is—my wife's chamber," replied Beausire.

"Oh, indeed!" cried the first of the agents, "why do you conceal your wife from us?"

"Yes," said the second. "Are we not presentable?"

"If you knew what we are doing for you, you would be more polite," continued the first.

"And you would give us all that we ask," added the second, boldly.

"It seems to me that you are taking a very high tone, gentlemen," said Beausire.

"We want to see the wife," replied the positive.

"And I declare to you that I will put you both out of doors," cried Beausire, who thought that he was stronger than they, intoxicated as they were.

They replied by a burst of laughter which should have made him prudent. He paid no attention to it, and obstinately continued, "Now you shall not have even the money I promised you, and you shall get out of the way at once."

They laughed more obstreperously than before.

Beausire, trembling with rage, said, "I understand you. You will make a noise, and you will speak out; but if you speak of these things you will be ruined as well as I."

They continued to laugh; the joke seemed a pleasant one. It was their only answer.

Beausire thought he could terrify them with a vigorous measure, and rushed toward the staircase, not like a man who is going in search of louis, but like a furious man who goes in quest of a weapon. The officers rose from the table, and ran after Beausire, and caught hold of him with their strong hands. The latter cried out; a door opened and a woman appeared, agitated, terrified, upon the threshold. When they saw her the two men let Beausire go, and uttered a cry, a cry of joy, of triumph, of wild delight. They recognized the woman who resembled the queen of France.

Beausire, who thought that the men were disarmed by the appearance of a woman, was soon and cruelly undeceived. The positive approached Mademoiselle Oliva, and in a tone not very polite, "Ah, ah," he said, "I arrest you!"

"Arrest her!" cried Beausire; "and why?"

"Because Monsieur de Crosne has ordered us to do so," replied the other agent, "and because we are in the service of Monsieur de Crosne."

"You see what comes of not behaving prettily," said the positive to Beausire.

This agent was not logical, and his companion remarked to him, "You are wrong, for if Beausire had behaved more prettily, he would have introduced us to Madame, and so in any case we should have taken her."

Beausire had pressed both hands to his burning forehead. An idea presented itself to him; it at once revived him. "Did you come to arrest me?" he said to the agents.

"No, that was mere chance," they said innocently.

"No matter, you might have arrested me, and for sixty louis you would have set me at liberty."

"Oh, no; our intention was to demand sixty more."

"And we have really received only a promise; now for one hundred and twenty louis we will give you your liberty."

"But — Madame?" said Beausire, trembling.

"Oh, Madame, that is different," replied the positive.

"Madame is worth two hundred louis, you mean?"

The detectives again broke out with that terrible laugh, which now, alas! Beausire understood.

"Three hundred," he said, "four hundred—a thousand louis if you will leave her at liberty." Beausire said this with flashing eyes. "You do not answer," he continued. "You know that I have money, and you mean to make me pay. Very well; I will give you two thousand louis, forty-eight thousand francs, a fortune for both of you, if you will leave her at liberty."

"You love her very much, then," said the positive.

It was Beausire's turn to laugh; and his ironical laughter was so frightful, it declared so vividly his love and desperation, that the two detectives judged it prudent to take some precautions. They drew each a pair of pistols.

"Not for a hundred thousand crowns," said one of them, "would we give up this woman. The Cardinal de Rohan will pay us five hundred thousand francs for her, and the queen a million."

Beausire raised his eyes with an expression which would have softened the heart of any other savage beast than an agent of police.

"Come, let us be going," said the positive. "You must have here a carriage of some sort; have it made ready for Madame; you owe her as much as that."

"And as we are good fellows," said the other, "we will take no advantage of you. We will arrest you for form's sake, but on the road will allow you to escape. Isn't that generous, eh?"

"Wherever she goes," replied Beausire, "I will go. I will never leave her while this life lasts."

"Oh, nor in the other!" added Oliva, frigid with terror.

"Well, so much the better," said the positive; "the more prisoners we bring to Monsieur de Crosne, the more he laughs."

A quarter of an hour later, Beausire's carriage set forth from his house, with the two captive lovers and their guards.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

THE QUEEN'S LIBRARY

THE EFFECT produced by this capture on Monsieur de Crosne may be imagined. He repaired to Versailles in a carriage, which was followed by another carefully closed. He ordered the two carriages to be driven to Trianon, and there he alighted, leaving the closed carriage in charge of his clerk. He had previously sent to the queen a request that she should meet him there.

When Monsieur de Crosne was admitted to the presence of the queen,

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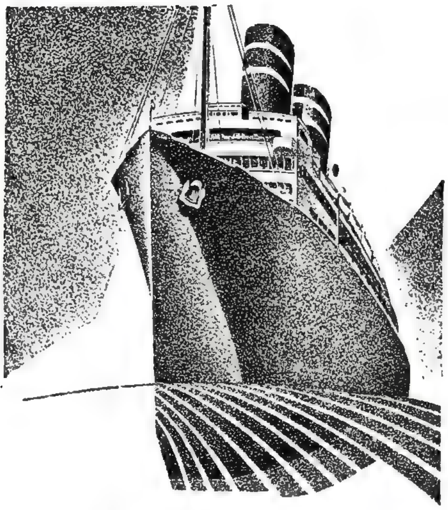

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she at once inferred from his radiant manner that he was the bearer of good news.

"Madame," said the magistrate, after he had kissed her hand, "is there here a room from which you can see all that happens in an adjoining room without being seen yourself?"

"There is my library," replied the queen, "into which I can look from the breakfast-room, through openings specially designed for that purpose."

"Very good, Madame. Be pleased, then, to go with me into the breakfast-room, and give orders that my clerk may be admitted to the library, with what he brings."

TEN MINUTES LATER, the queen with much agitation was looking into the library through the secret openings. She saw a veiled form enter the library. The clerk removed the veil, and the queen uttered a cry of fright. It was Oliva, dressed in one of the favourite costumes of Marie Antoinette. It was Marie Antoinette herself, less the blood of the Cæsars. The queen thought she was looking at herself in a mirror; she gazed eagerly at the apparition.

"What says your Majesty to this resemblance?" said Monsieur de Crosne, triumphant at the effect he had produced.

"I say—I say—Monsieur—" stammered the queen, bewildered. "Ah, Olivier," she thought, "why are you not here?"

"What does your Majesty desire?"

"Nothing, Monsieur, nothing except that the king should be informed—"

"And that Monsieur de Provence should see this woman. Is not that your wish, Madame?"

"Oh, thanks, Monsieur de Crosne, thanks! But what will be done with this woman?"

"Is it really to this woman that everything which has been done is to be attributed?" asked Monsieur de Crosne.

"You have, doubtless, obtained a clew to the conspiracy?"

"Very nearly so, Madame."

"And Monsieur de Rohan?"

"Monsieur de Rohan knows nothing of this at present."

"Oh," said the queen, hiding her face in her hands, "that woman yonder, Monsieur, is—I see it now—the whole cause of the cardinal's error!"

"That may be, Madame; but if there was error on the cardinal's part, there was crime on the part of some other person!"

"Make a thorough investigation, Monsieur; you have in your hands the honour of the house of France."

"And be assured, Madame, that it is in good hands," replied Monsieur de Crosne.

"And the prosecution?"

"Is going on. Everything is denied; but I shall at the proper time bring forward that piece of convincing testimony which you have in your library."

"And Madame de La Motte?"

"She does not know that I have found this girl. She accuses Monsieur de Cagliostro of having deceived the cardinal almost to the point of destroying his reason."

"And Monsieur de Cagliostro?"

"Monsieur de Cagliostro, who has been questioned, has promised to come to see me this morning."

"He is a dangerous man."

"He will be a useful man. Stung by a viper like Madame de La Motte, he will absorb the venom, and furnish us with a counter-poison."

"You hope for revelations from him?"

"I am sure to have them."

"Why do you think so, Monsieur? Oh, tell me all that can reassure me."

"These are my reasons, Madame: Madame de La Motte lived in the Rue Saint Claude—"

"I know that!" said the queen, blushing.

"Yes; your Majesty did that woman the honour of being charitable to her."

"Has she not repaid me well? Well, she lived in the Rue Saint Claude."

"And Monsieur de Cagliostro lived exactly opposite."

"And you suppose—"

"That the secret of either one of these two neighbours would be known to the other. But pardon, Madame, it is nearly time for me to meet Monsieur de Cagliostro in Paris; and I would not for the world delay receiving his explanations."

"Go, Monsieur, go; and let me again assure you of my gratitude."

"This," she cried, weeping bitterly, when Monsieur de Crosne had left the room, "is the beginning of my justification. I shall read my triumph on every face, but that of the only friend to whom I wish to prove my innocence, that one I shall not see!"

In the mean time Monsieur de Crosne was hastening to Paris, to his own house, where Monsieur de Cagliostro was waiting for him. The latter knew all that had happened. On the day before, he was on his way to Beausire's house to urge him to leave France, when on the road he saw him sitting in the carriage between the two officers. Oliva was hidden on the back seat.

Beausire saw the count, recognized him, and immediately the idea occurred to him that this mysterious and powerful nobleman might be of use to him. He reminded the agents of the proposal they had made to allow him to escape; they accepted the one hundred louis which he offered them, and let him go notwithstanding Oliva's tears. Beausire whispered in the ear of his mistress, "Hope; I am going to do something to save you." And he ran off in the direction that Cagliostro had taken. The latter had no need to seek further for Beausire, since Beausire was returning to Paris. It would be expedient, however, to wait for Beausire, if by chance the latter should send after him. Cagliostro therefore waited at a turn in the road for about half an hour, when he saw the unhappy lover of Oliva approaching, pale and out of breath. Beausire, on seeing that the count's carriage had stopped, uttered a cry of joy.

"What is the matter, my boy?" said the count, helping him to a seat beside him.

Beausire related his lamentable story, to which Cagliostro listened in silence.

"She is lost!" said the count.

"How can that be?" cried Beausire.

Cagliostro then related to him what he did not know before, the intrigue of the Rue Saint Claude and that of Versailles.

Beausire almost fainted. "Save her! save her!" he said, falling upon his knees in the carriage, "and I will give her to you if you love her still."

"My friend," replied Cagliostro, "you are in error; I never loved Mademoiselle Oliva; my only object was to take her from that life of debauchery which you made her share."

"But—" said Beausire, surprised.

"That astonishes you? Know then that I am one of the directors of a moral reform society, whose aim is to snatch from vice all who offer any chance of cure. I took Oliva away from you to cure her. Ask her if she has ever heard from my lips a word of gallantry; ask her if my services in her behalf have not always been disinterested!"

"All the more reason, Monsieur; save her! save her!"

"I will try; but this will depend on you, Beausire."

"Ask of me my life."

"I will not ask so much as that. Return to Paris with me, and if you will follow my instructions to the letter, perhaps we can save your mistress; this on one condition only."

"What is that, Monsieur?"

"I will tell you on our way back to Paris."

"Oh, I consent to it in advance; oh, to see her again! to see her again!"

"That is just what I intend; in less than two hours you shall see her again."

"And I shall embrace her?"

"I think so; and you will also tell her what I am about to say to you."

Cagliostro went back to Paris with Beausire. Within two hours they had overtaken Mademoiselle's chaise; and in another hour Beausire was purchasing of the two police agents, for fifty louis, the privilege of embracing Nicole, and of whispering to her the instructions of the count. The officers were charmed with this passionate love. They calculated on receiving fifty louis at least at

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every second relay. But Beausire did not appear again; the chaise of Cagliostro was rapidly bearing him to Paris, where so many important events were about to happen. So much it was necessary to inform the reader before exhibiting Monsieur Cagliostro talking business with Monsieur de Crosne. Now we may introduce him to the cabinet of the lieutenant of police.

(To be concluded)

Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

(Continued from page 95)

A Brahmin Gives a Birthday Dinner

That night, as it was the eve of my birthday, we were invited to dine at the home of a high-caste but liberal Brahmin, and a most interesting function it was. Both this gentleman and his wife had been educated in England, and we found them charming, cultured, and really delightful friends. Before dinner, our heads were sprinkled with rosewater and we were given pink roses from a huge tray which was laden with the fragrant blossoms. We dined sitting flat on the floor with large plantain leaves spread in front of us. There were no knives, forks, or spoons, as it is against the customs of their religion to use any utensil twice for eating purposes, no matter how thoroughly it has been washed. We were obliged to eat rice and curry and sweetmeats, and in fact all the eighteen different kinds of food which were spread out so lavishly on our plantain leaf, with our fingers. According to rigid custom, you must use the right hand only, and you must not let the fingers touch the lips either, as the saliva is defiling. As a concession to modern and Western civilization and guests, we had lemonade in glasses, which we raised with the left hand. The food was piping hot with spices and curry. After dinner came more roses and more rosewater, and finally Indian opera records on a very up-to-date gramophone, and an exhibition by our host of the proper manner of putting on a ceremonial turban. The dearest little daughter of the house, Indu, aged three years, and a perfect linguist, gave us a recitation which ran thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen, be good always, do good always, and God will bless you."

Her mother told us that in the middle of a lecture given that afternoon which she and her daughter were attending, Indu suddenly rose, walked up to the lecturer, and asked in a clear voice:

"Are you nearly finished? Let us all clap hands."

Labrador Looks at the Orient.
Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell.

ALCIBIADES' BANQUET TO LADY TIY, EGYPTIAN

When she spoke the antagonism suffered increase, for her voice was deep and authoritative.

"You have honoured me by asking me to your house, O Alcibiades," she said, "and I have seen fit to pay you homage by wearing the head-dress of my great ancestress Tiy, Queen of Amenhotep III and mother of the immortal Akhnaton—which is one of the treasures of my house. Would that I could visit Athens as Queen of Egypt, but, alas, the glory of my house departed even before the last of the Pharaohs, and I come only as a humble visitor to view the beauties of your city and to meet its great men."

"I knew it!" said Critias. "She's after our armies and treasure. But she'll have a rude awakening. If ever we fight Persia again it will not be for a woman three inches too tall."

The Jealous Gods. GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

DOUBLE-ENTENDRE

So, nachally, they all got against Tom Daring and sided with Miss Eden and told her not to give a hoop about breaking off with him. But that didn't help Miss Eden any in regard to the two thousand dollars that Mr. Daring had "invested" for her and heaven knew what happened to.

I felt pretty sorry for Miss Eden because she looks a mess when she cries, and I always look a mess, too, and know just how it feels. I have never learned how to cry beautifully. So I leaned over and put my arms around Miss Eden, and gave her a good hug and I said:

"Never mind, Miss Eden dear. I'll give you my teddy bear to sleep with all this week!"

Now, I thought that was real nice, because there is nothing so effective as to say something sweet and childish whenever any one is upset or blue. But there was a big whoop of laughing when I said that, and Miss Eden got very red in the face, and pushed me away from her real mad. So I wrinkled up my face and cried. So mama took me by the hand and got up.

"Don't be evil," she said to the whole crowd. "The poor little darling just made an innocent remark. Come, angel child."

Angel Child. GRACE PERKINS.

THE POWER OF LOVE

The scientific evolutionists tell us that it has taken millions and millions of years to change an animal into a man. Love can do that in one second.

Love. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

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THE PATHOS OF HUMAN FAITH AND LOVE

Yes, a miracle in itself. The silversmith who had worked his metal into those lines of mystical simplicity had known something that had since been lost in the chaos of time. He had known what the miracle really stood for, and why an incredulous humanity clung to it as though for succour, hiding its passionate weariness in that creative virginity . . .

Baise was deeply moved. He felt that there was something contrite and pleading about her love for him, and that she was asking him to forgive her. He didn't know what there was to forgive. But he did know, queerly and deeply, as he had never done before, that love, generally speaking, was a pathetic business. People meant so well, they were often so heroic and generous and faithful. And yet they made such a mess of things. They didn't seem able to make each other happy.

The Silver Virgin.

IDA R. WYLIE.

THE FIRST TELEPHONE TALK

Watson was just about to disconnect the telephone, reinstall the telegraph instruments, and telegraph his failure to Bell when he thought of something, which, he says, "I should have thought of before." There might be another telegraph relay in some other part of the factory connected into the wire he was using. If there was, he knew it would wipe out their delicate voice-generated undulations. The watchman had been an uneasy witness of all this frantic behaviour—"watching me," Watson said, "as if he thought I must be crazy, shouting into a brass contraption and expecting some one over in Boston to hear me!" Now, Watson asked whether there was another telegraph instrument in the building. The watchman did not know. He wasn't going to have anything to do with these goings-on. Watson wanted to be shown where the wire entered the factory, and unwillingly, for he didn't like it at all, the watchman showed him and followed with his lantern while Watson traced the wire through the building. It led to the door of one of the offices, and when the watchman unlocked it and flashed the light of his lantern inside, Watson saw to his relief the relay he had suspected.

"I cut it out with a piece of wire across its binding posts, rushed downstairs, followed at a much slower pace by the watchman, and listened at the telephone.

"It was no longer dumb! More loudly and distinctly than I had ever heard it talk between two rooms, Bell's voice was vibrating from it, shouting, 'Ahoy! Ahoy! Are you there? Do you hear me? What is the matter?' I could even hear that he was getting hoarse, for he had been shouting all the time I had been hunting over the factory building. I ahoyed back and I could hear his sigh of relief as he asked me, 'Where have you been all this time?' in a tone that indicated he thought I'd been loafing."

Then they began the first long-distance conversation ever held.

Alexander Graham Bell.

CATHERINE MACKENZIE.

A NATURE LOVER

De Chanaud loved Nature, and knew it as those never know it who write beautiful and touching descriptions of flowers, butterflies, singing birds, light little clouds. . . . When one night we encamped on the savannah among several carite-trees, lit by a moon that endeavoured to peer into every corner, under every grass-blade and into the black depths of the undergrowth, we listened to the undying murmur and rustle of the jungle. We heard the quiet foot-falls and muffled breathing of animals prowling quite close to us, allured from afar by the smoke of our dying fire and the appearance of our spectrally glimmering tents.

De Chanaud, resting his head on his hand, was utterly absorbed in listening.

"A snake is creeping through the grass," he whispered. "It is moving quickly; without doubt it is making its escape from red ants. . . . A hyena or jackal has got into those bushes. . . . I know it is standing motionless now and is gazing through the network of branches and leaves in our direction, cautiously pricking up its ears and snuffing. . . . On that little hillock something just twinkled and disappeared as though it had dropped into the ground. It is a 'kobo' (large antelope) . . . I saw its track on the savannah today. . . . Do you hear that continual murmur—like a light whisper, or the quiet ringing of a pocket-watch? That is the echo of the life of the termites. . . . Somewhere near they have their subterranean tunnel, possibly right underneath us. . . . It is a splendid little creature, the termite. We civilized people we go into raptures over architects of genius who raise cathedrals shooting up to heaven, while meantime the common mounds of the termite excel our edifices by 6,000 times. What a power! What a range of audacious creative ability! When Eiffel raised his celebrated tower, 155 times higher than an average European, what a stir it caused? But do you see that termite mound? It is a good four yards high, while the architects who built it do not exceed a quarter of an inch. Doesn't that mean that their edifice is 8,000 times higher than ours, and so calls for much greater admiration than Eiffel's creation? Isn't that so?"

Slaves of the Sun.

FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI.

Travel News

A Digest of Travel Announcements

RAILROADS - STEAMSHIPS - RESORTS - TOURS

Over, Afar and Beyond

There are sounds from the Western Ocean . . . gentle murmurs . . . songs. We hear the lilting cadence of a low-voiced Hawaiian chant. Out in the Island playground of the Pacific . . . diving boys plunge into the depths of cobalt . . . lei-girls greet you with posies. New fragrance of the lehua, ginger flowers and plumeria. Long, lean combers from the Pacific caress the coral strands of the Islands. Then, at evensong, when you sit on the lanai of your hotel, the torches of native fishermen twinkle from a distant reef. You talk to your friends from the great continent and there is a precious sense of remoteness which sweeps away all cares.

Famous Hostelries

Imperial Hotel, Tokio. The Imperial Hotel in the capital of Japan has many claims to prominence in the class of world-famous hotels. First of these is its strange and weird style of architecture. One feels that the architect must have been mad, or that several dozen designs were combined. The hotel was built to withstand earthquake shocks, and it did this exceedingly well during the terrific earthquake in September, 1923.

Cambridge, an Adventure

Cambridge, the mighty and modern, is still steeped in the greatness of yesterday. Picture King's College with its dream of lace-like vaulting. Venerable Peterhouse, founded in 1284. Emmanuel, mother of American universities, which sent seventy sons to Winthrop in America. Imagine the loveliness of Tudor and Renaissance—at their best in Cambridge; the gentle sloping lawns; the world-renowned river Cam; great, old trees . . . bathed in a golden sun. Then leisurely wander to enchanting Ely, the home of the watchful Hereward; to wondrous Peterborough, to Sulgrave of the Washingtons; to Norwich, Lincoln, York, and Durham. Up and down the East Coast of England for a refreshing tonic, reads the invitation to American visitors in 1929.

Death Valley

What is this tale of mystery from the Golden State? What causes the popularity of Death Valley, at one time a spot to be avoided by all men? You cross the ancient Coso mountains and silent parched valleys of untold mysteries . . . Stretching north and south into the distant haze, lies this famous Death Valley, guarded on one side by the solemn Funeral Range. At one part the valley is 300 feet below the level of the sea . . . the lowest spot on earth. The mirages of the prospectors and pioneers of former years now are true. There *are* roads instead of trails . . . and good all the way . . . hotels have sprung up and *you* view the dreary, drab desert in cosy comfort.

Orleans

Celebrating the 500th anniversary of its deliverance by Joan of Arc, the city of Orleans soon holds another series of fêtes and festivities, rivalling those held by Carcassonne last year, on the occasion of its 2,000th birthday. It is intended to revive all the traditional, military, civil, and religious fêtes . . . there will be a brilliant pageant portraying the history of France . . . armoured knights will joust in tournament . . . faithfully reproducing life in the days of chivalry.

Healthful Harrogate

Harrogate has become a happy haven for the American visitor abroad. Health, history, and happiness is her slogan. Health, says she, pointing to her curative waters—88 constant springs and 100 scientific treatments. History? See the glories of this ancient town, surrounding battlefields and earthworks. Happiness? This she proves with her buzzing cafés, theatres, and fêtes. Fifty thousand people each year enjoy the air which blows in from the Yorkshire moors.

Seville

What does that lovely old name most readily call to mind? Surely La Giralda, the glorious spire which marks the embodiment of the best of architecture in Christianity and Islam in Europe and Africa. The wondrous Alcazar, the university. Then swiftly our thoughts fly to Mozart, Rossini, and Puccini. Quickly we see Figaro, Basilio, Sussanah, Carmen, and Don Giovanni—a chorus of gaiety, laughter, tears. Surely all the loveliness of Andalusia is centered in Seville. Many have been the great men who came from this province since Trajan Hadrian entered the books of history. Seville plans an exhibition this year and those who come will surely be welcomed.

Norway

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Is not the only country in which the gorgeous spectacle of a simultaneous "sunset" and "sunrise" can be seen; for that is possible anywhere north of the Artic Circle. *B U T*—no other country offers anything even approaching the sublime scenic setting for the Midnight Sun that Norway does—and that is far more than half the wonder.

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INVESTMENT TRENDS

Investment Ratio

By KENNETH S. VAN STRUM

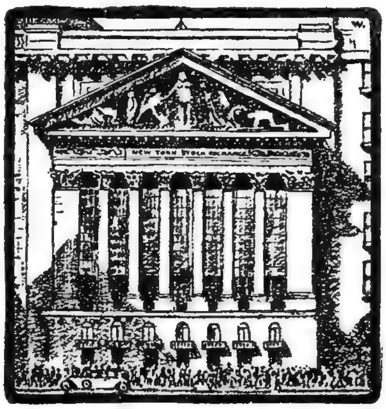
A FEW YEARS AGO it seemed to be a radical step when investment advisors first began to recommend that investors divide their savings between common stocks and bonds. Investors had received a lesson from the course of events during the preceding twenty years. The cost of living had soared, while the income from high-grade bonds had remained the same in dollars, which meant that those erstwhile conservatives who had invested in bonds were receiving the same number of dollars in income, but the dollar was worth only half as much in purchasing power. This situation forced investors to turn to stocks, for stocks increase in value as the cost of living rises. Finally, it has been recognized that the truly conservative investment list should contain both stocks and bonds—stocks to make up for any loss of purchasing power through rising commodity prices, bonds to stabilize the investments on a dollar basis.

Returns from Stocks

It is easy to demonstrate both the advantages and disadvantages of common stocks. For example, let us suppose that in 1897 an investment list of twenty stocks had been made out which included such leaders as American Telephone, Anaconda, General Electric, Sears Roebuck, Standard Oil, U. S. Rubber, Western Union, American Sugar, American Tobacco, National Lead, Tennessee Coal and Iron, and other equally representative issues in twenty different industries. Statistics prove that if these stocks had been held for a quarter century, until 1922, the investor would have found that for each $100 invested his securities would be worth $350. Many statistical surveys show that such return from stock investment is entirely within reason.

Notwithstanding such gains, however, the upward path of stock values is not smooth. The list mentioned above suffered many sharp price declines before the investor could finally count his stock worth $350 on each $100 invested. Although the broad trend was upward, throughout the period, on many occasions, values declined sharply. For instance, from 1899 to 1900 these stocks dropped 33% in value; from 1901 to 1903, they declined 47%; 1906 to 1907, 44%; 1916, 40%; and again from 1919 to 1920, 50%—and these declines do not include drops ranging from 15 to 20 per cent. Since this list of stocks of the most substantial companies can shrink an average of 40 to 50% in value, it is obviously impossible to compose a list which will be impregnable against all market declines.

More recent evidence of what may happen to even the best possible list of stocks may be seen by comparing the prices of the above list on November 28th of last year and again eight days later, after the early December break. In that period of slightly more than a week, values declined 13%. Of course, the present stock values are so far above the price paid for them in 1897, that these older investors will not be disturbed by a 13% decline from the peak.



THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

But the craze for common stocks did not exist thirty years ago, and there are only a fortunate few who are unaffected by sudden drops. The majority of investors have been buying stocks only during the past few years—some of them even at the peak prices of November 28th.

There is little doubt among those who believe in the future of the country that some day stocks will sell higher than they are today. The prices of leading stocks always have and always will come back from a period of depression to reach new high levels as long as the country continues to grow. The problem confronting many investors today, however, is how to protect oneself against loss should one find it necessary to sell securities to obtain cash in a sharp bear market.

Stability of Bonds

Because the price variations of bonds are extremely moderate compared to stocks, they have a valuable stabilizing influence on an investment list. On November 28th, when the stock market touched its high, a group of forty high-grade bonds sold at an average price of $96.69. At the bottom of the decline they averaged $96.14, a drop of about ½ of 1%. During the same period, the leading stocks declined 13%.

It is impossible to determine exactly the correct proportions of stocks and bonds in all investment lists, because of various immeasurable personal factors which must be considered in each individual case. At the same time, the broad rule followed by most authorities today is helpful. In general, the amount of stocks any investor should buy depends upon his surplus capital. The greater the possibility of his having to fall back on his principal in case of need, the more bonds he should carry; the more risks he can afford to take, the larger the proportion of stocks he can safely buy.

(*Continued on page* 140)

Investment Suggestions

Below you will see summaries of booklets issued by reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers and other financial institutions. Strict rules of eligibility are made concerning companies advertising in this magazine. In writing to them please mention the Golden Book.

The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40,000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

10. FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS, a booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

15. BANKING BY MAIL—a booklet showing how this means can be profitably followed toward a regular program of saving, offered by the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, Atlantic and Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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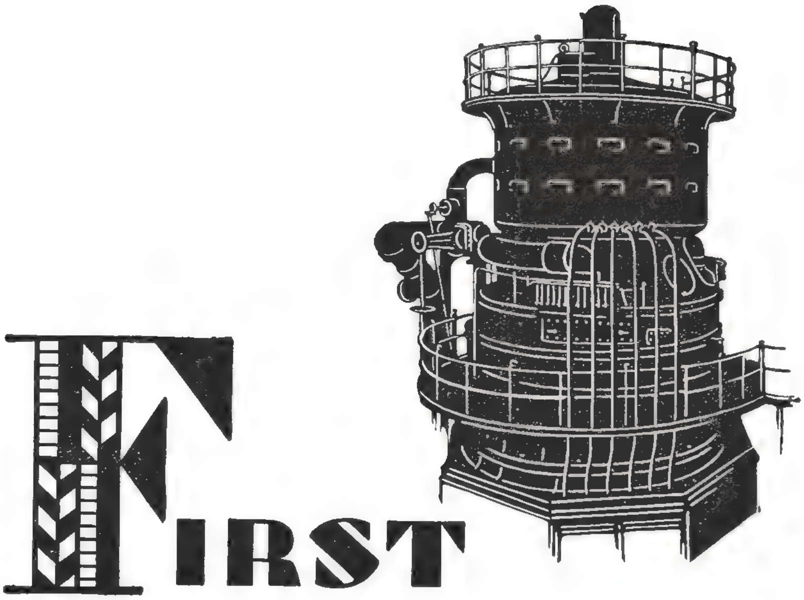

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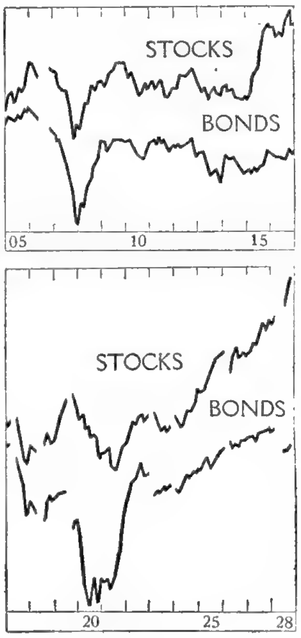
Proper Apportionment of Funds

Barron's Weekly was responsible for some interesting investigations along these lines when it sponsored a contest in which over a thousand plans were submitted advising a widow how to invest $100,000. The average recommendation was that she place 60% in bonds and 40% in stocks. A similar contest was held to receive suggestions of how a business man should invest the same amount of money. The general opinion was that a business man could take greater risks than the widow, for the average adviser recommended that he put 40% in bonds and 60% in stocks. Recently the investments of two very large estates were made public, revealing that even more than 60% were in stocks.

The fact remains, however, that almost every well-planned list contains a certain number of bonds, for it is obvious that any person or estate may need cash at just the moment when stock-values are low. Bonds are usually recommended to meet such contingencies. Because they can be so readily turned into cash at relatively small loss, if any, the inclusion of a certain number of bonds gives an investor a greater sense of security and faith in his investments.



Shifting from Stocks to Bonds

Stock and bond prices do not move in opposite directions. Some of the older theories of investment did not recognize this fact, and many investment advisers told investors to put their money in common stocks during a period of depression, carry the stocks until business showed signs of over-expansion, and then shift their funds into long-term bonds. The theory was to hold the bonds until a business depression again brought low stock prices.

This system is not entirely without merit, although one ought not to buy bonds if he believes stocks are going to decline. The only advantage of owning bonds during a stock market decline is that high-grade bonds will not decline so much as stocks. If an investor wants to take the precaution to shift his investments, he would probably do better to put his money into a savings account or short-term notes.

In recent years this theory that stocks and bonds move in opposite directions during certain periods has fallen into disuse, because the prices of both types of securities have advanced steadily, with only temporary reactions. Some who believe they see a period of greater uncertainty ahead for the security markets, have recalled this theory, but there are no statistics to back their arguments.

Stocks and Bonds Move Together

Many statements have appeared recently to the effect that the rise in the stock market has been overdone, and that a period of readjustment will set in, during which stocks will fall, while bonds—regaining some of their old favour—will advance. The facts, however, do not favour such a theory, for stock and bond prices tend to move together, and one cannot expect the one to rise while the other declines.

The chart shows the trend of the stock and bond markets since 1905. When the trends were in agreement the two markets are represented by a solid black line, but when stocks moved in the opposite direction from bonds there is a break in the two lines. Incidental variations are omitted, and only those periods are shown during which the trends are in opposite directions for several months at a time.

On only eight occasions, or for only 10% of the time, did bonds move in the opposite direction from stocks, while during 90% of the time they moved in the same direction. Furthermore, when they did disagree it was usually at the top of a broad rise in both types of securities, where bonds turned down a few months in advance of stocks, and stocks followed later. Or it was during the war period, or early in 1928, when upset credit conditions brought about by the credit-tightening policy of the Reserve Banks caused bonds to decline sharply. Usually stocks and bonds move almost exactly together.

Conservative advisers are therefore emphasizing the fact that an investment list requires both stocks and bonds to be safe; the proportion of each in an individual list being determined by the probable need of the owner for ready cash. One should realize, however, that although bonds are more stable than stocks—their fluctuation being only one-fourth that of stocks—the prices of stocks and bonds move upward or downward at the same time.

* * *

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY warns us not to look gift-horses in the mouth; but the lessons of the past point in the other direction. Troy would still be standing had the advice of the old saw been disregarded.

E. V. LUCAS.

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

That America's contribution to the art of music will consist in a good measure of the scientific study of sound and the application of ideas worked out during that study, is the promise held out tantalizingly by John Redfield in his recent book, *Music, A Science and an Art* (Knopf). The author, sometime lecturer in physics at Columbia University, has taken tone into his laboratory, and recorded its fingerprints, temperature, Bertillon measurements, and the state of its hair and teeth. That he would uncover makeshifts and slipshod compromises was a foregone conclusion; but it is his fascinating and completely believable prophesy of a regeneration of music in the hands of science that leaves one gasping.

He investigates our shaky, even temperament, and suggests not a return to the pure scale we have lost, but the adoption of an even more logical scale than the old. He investigates harmony and melody and tone-quality, and having covered the ground of what is, plunges into what can be.

Among the first ideas presented is the necessity for some scientific determination of the intensity of musical sounds. How many sopranos are needed to balance a given number of tenors? Will ten violins give twice as much tone as five? There is at present no way of determining exactly, but the practical value of such determination is obvious. Does the composer know the actual sounds that will be produced in the atmosphere when his music is played? Redfield finds he doesn't, for the differential tones arising from written harmonies are not taken into account by our harmonic theory.

Are our instruments perfect creations? It is this question, and Redfield's answer to it, that seems to the writer the most valuable part of his book. He points out the fact, known to all, and by all overlooked, that in loud passages in orchestral music the woodwind instruments are entirely lost. An orchestral fortissimo is a fortissimo of strings, brass and percussion. Redfield suggests an increase in the woodwind body to meet the intensity of the strings and brass. The very listing of this new orchestra sends one's mind off into music-making flights.

Eight flutes, two E-flat clarinets, four clarinets, two alto and two bass clarinets, two oboes, English horn, heckelphone, two bassoons, contrabassoon and contrabass sarrusophone, and four saxophones comprise it. But the instruments of this new woodwind band would be materially improved, in the way of intonation, tone quality and ease of execution. Here, it seems to me, Redfield commits his only error. His suggested improvements deal only with the boring of tubes and tone holes and the arrangement of keys, leaving out of consideration the paper-thin strips of Fréjus cane that are the essential mechanisms, and which will make trouble until eliminated.

He suggests new instruments—a flute worked with a slide, like a trombone, an amazing drum of heroic size made of elephant hide, a Vibraharp operated with a keyboard, and becoming in effect a new type of piano.

That Vibraharp, by the way, is a product of one of the few scientific musical instrument factories in this country. J. C. Deagan, its manufacturer, is said to be the person responsible for the official adoption of the A440 pitch in use in this country. The Deagan plant has been something of a laboratory for musicians interested in percussion instruments. The next time you hear one of Percy Grainger's symphonic pieces with their elaborate batteries, think of Deagan, for part of the responsibility is his. The next time you hear the tones of chimes from a church tower playing a hymn tune, think of him again, for the chances are that the instrument is his. But think of no musician in dim loft next a Gothic window, for the richly human sounds you are hearing like as not are commanded by a perforated roll of paper, connected to a clock mechanism, the whole being a complex electrical organism that is quite able to play a complete musical program without the touch of a finger. Such are the results of mechanical engineering applied to music.

But to get back to Redfield and his book. He has interesting things to say about the voice. He tells us that if a boy soprano were to continue to exercise his high voice after the adolescent "break," and were to develop the male voice that comes with maturity, he would have a complete range enabling him to sing almost any vocal part. And such male soprano voices, he feels, would be superior to the female.

Blithely he asks the violinists, why, if their sacred Cremona varnish were so essential to the tone of old violins, their instruments are not varnished inside as well as outside. And when one ponders the implications of the question one realizes that the last fetish is gone.

The music journals continue to be agitated over the various types of mechanical music now in use. In *Singing and Playing,* however, "Ariel" believes that transmission of music over the radio will lead to a higher standard of taste in music. He says:

"Radio is shoving the best—and the worst—of all the world's musical literature into millions of American homes. . . . The radio—always the radio, we cannot keep off the subject for an instant in musical circles—is bringing about a completely new system of musical entertainment. . . . The movietone, vitaphone, picturephone, and other varieties of sound motion pictures are engaging musicians by the hundreds; whole operas and plays will be made at once; in New York, Chicago, Boston, and elsewhere many orchestral players are tortured with the belief that the new talking pictures will invade the theatres and film theatres."

"Ariel" finds that the era of mechanical music has swelled enormously the number of Americans interested in music—with obvious benefits to those professionally interested. Where only eight years ago there were perhaps 400,000 Americans concerned about good music, he believes the number is now 2,000,000. Some would even say 5,000,000, he declares, adding that his figure does not count the potential music lovers who are now children in public schools.

"For the first time in our history," he points out, "we are letting these children come in contact with the best music in a systematic and intelligent manner. Thanks to Walter Damrosch, some 2,000,000 school children are listening to the music of the masters regularly—over this very broadcasting system."

In the same magazine appears another comment on this theme, but with vastly different conclusions. It is by Wilfred Heck, of the celebrated family in which is transmitted from father to son the job of box-office man at Carnegie Hall in New York. Mr. Heck tells a gloomy tale. After speaking of the concert-goers who wish to leave their children or their pet monkeys with the box-office man, or who hold him personally responsible for their lack of enjoyment in philharmonic concerts, Mr. Heck writes:

"Two or three days before a concert we average between four and five hundred telephone calls every twenty-four hours, and the burden of their inquiry is this: 'Will this concert be broadcast?' If the answer is yes, the sale of tickets

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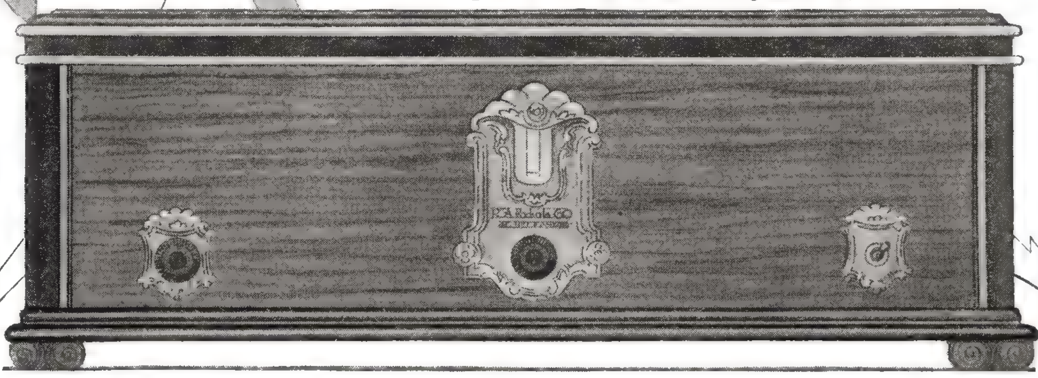

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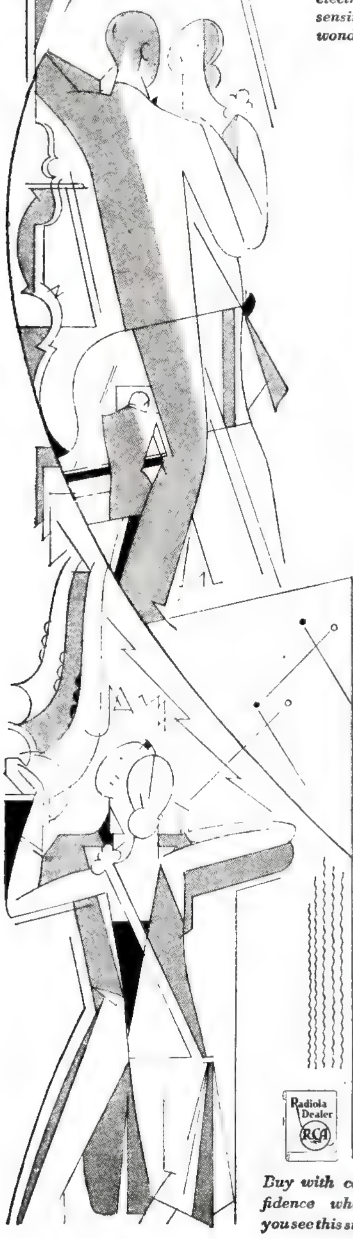

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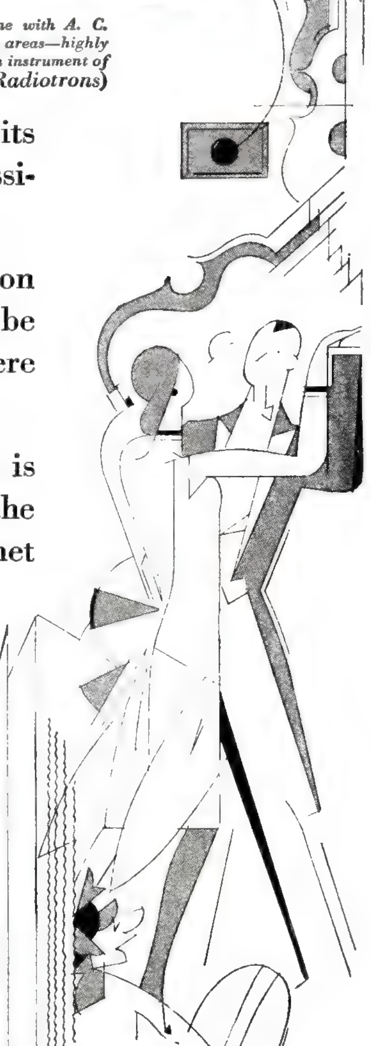

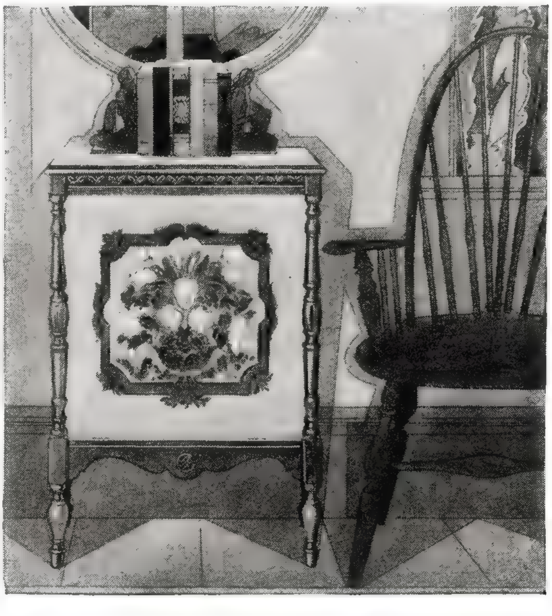

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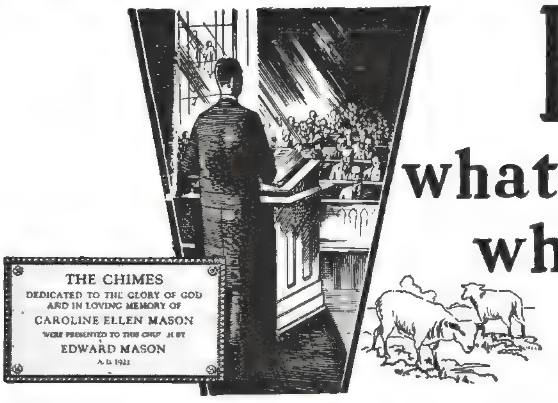
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drops off perceptibly. . . . And this is not my experience alone, by any manner of means."

Arthur Honegger is now touring America. He seems to stand for wilful, calculating noisiness in the minds of many concert-goers, who do not take the trouble to listen to his music. While he is here, much startled conversation will pass about the man who writes music about steam engines. Wherefore some words on Honegger and his music are in order.

Ten years ago in Paris there lived a fabulous group of six modernists, who nailed to their masthead the flag of the strange and lovable Erik Satie. Of all the six, Honegger was the one best fitted to carry on the tradition of Satie. He has held to the healthy childishness of the composer of the "Pieces in the Shape of a Pear" and gone one step further.

It was the German in Honegger, perhaps, that led to that further step. And the result is rather startling. What was a tiny vein of the father of the Group of Six, begins in the music of Honegger to swell, expand, take on monumental size. The gay little tunes become big, shouting tunes, but the essential drive of the style remains much the same. Honegger has thus effected what might seem at first an impossible union—the joining of simplicity with the modern grand style.

Among his works there is the tone poem, "Pacific 231," which is concerned with the emotions of a heavy-duty locomotive under way. There is "King David," an oratorio. There is "Horace Victorious," which is perhaps Honegger's masterpiece to date—a ballet with a vigorous and bloody plot. There is the Biblical opera, "Judith," which Mary Garden sang for the first time in America three years ago, and promises to do again. And there are many other pieces in the department of pure music. Pianists and violinists know the rich, round sweep of his melody, as revealed in the sonatas.

The tour is another occasion for affirming a state of health in the music of today.

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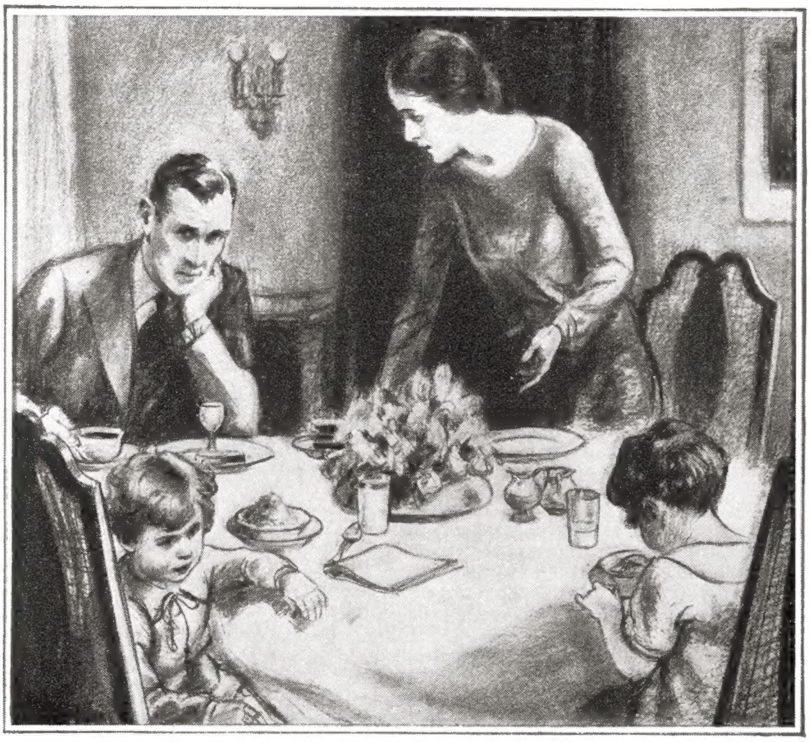

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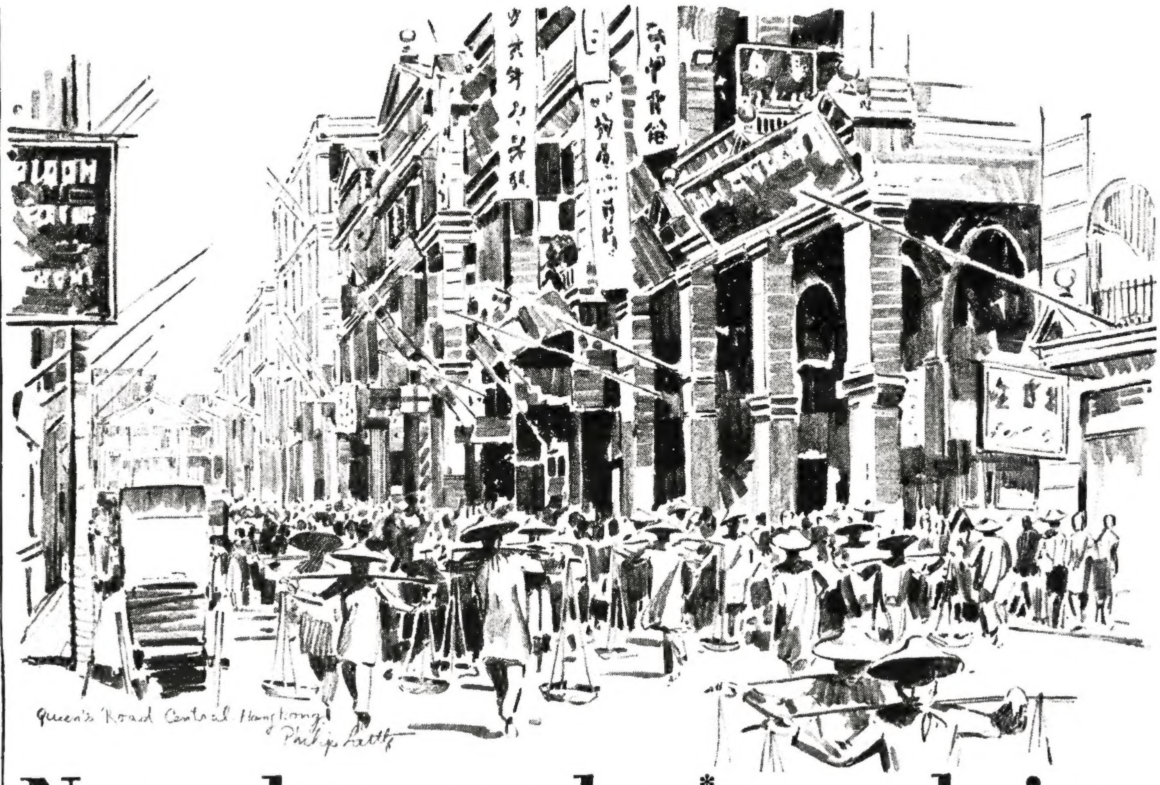

Noted traveler* explains new way to see the World

*HARRY A. FRANCK

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Harry A. Franck

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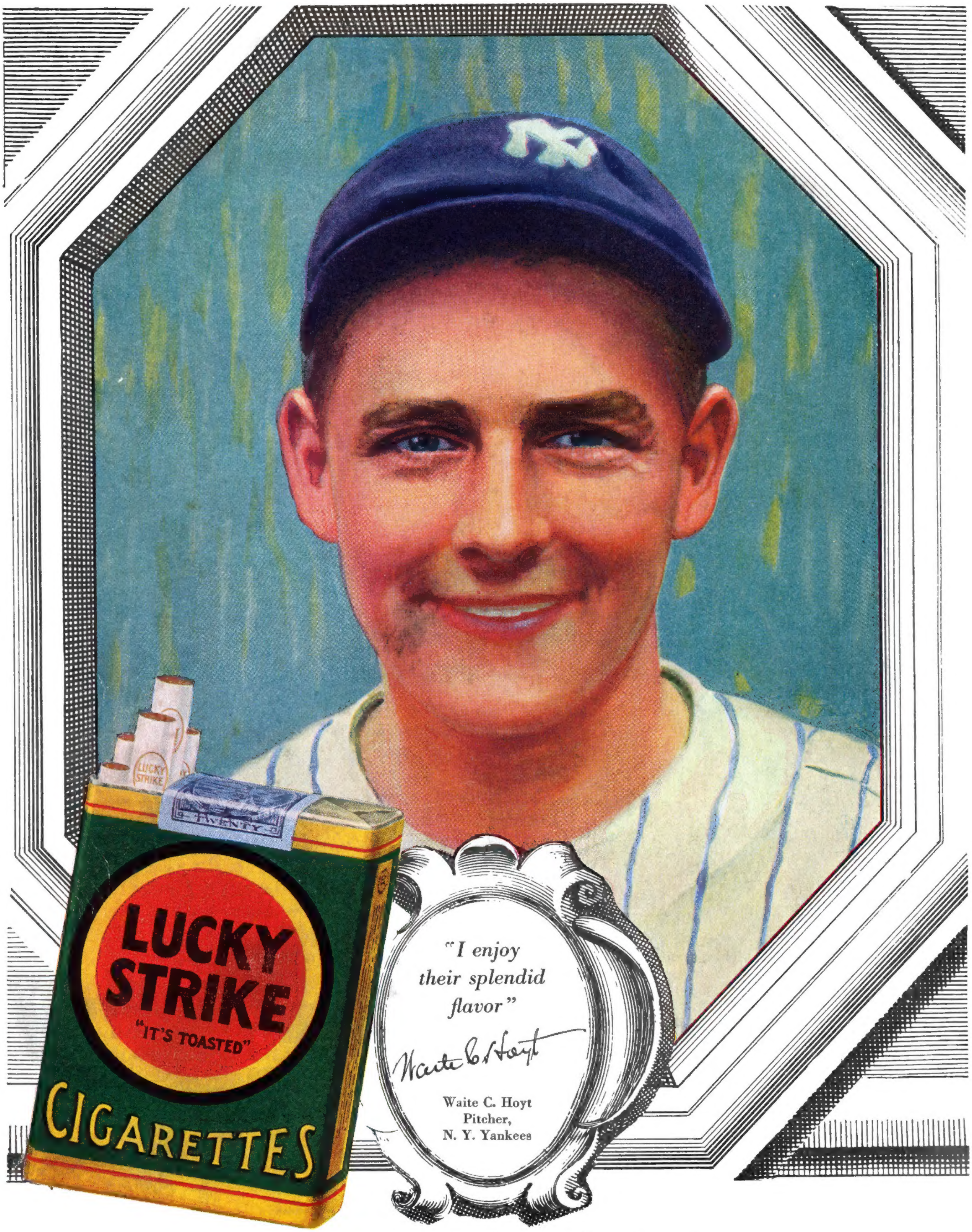
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